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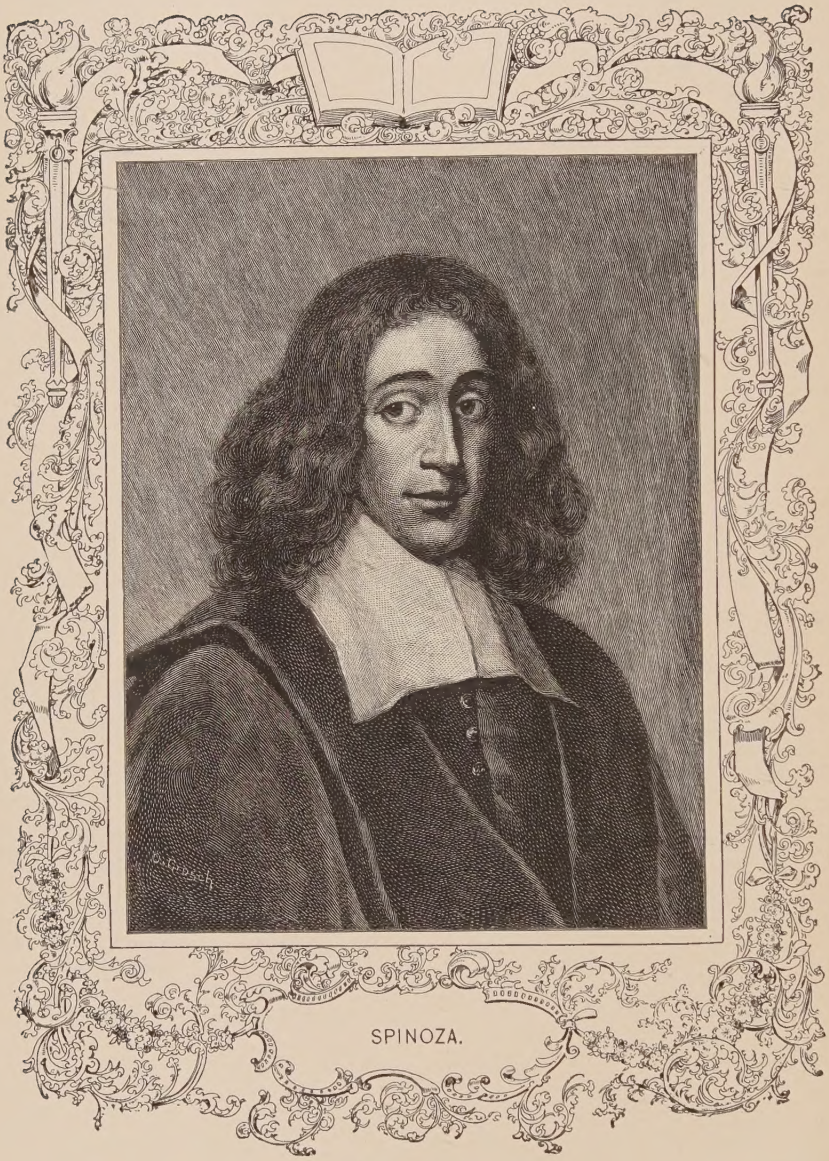

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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XXIII

NEW YORK

R. S. PEALE AND J. A. HILL

PUBLISHERS

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SHAKESPEARE

[Selections continued from Volume xxii.]

DOGBERRY CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: A Street. Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

DOGBERRY — Are you good men and true?

Verges — Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry — Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges — Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogberry — First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch — Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogberry — Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Second Watch — Both which, master constable,—

Dogberry — You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Second Watch — How, if 'a will not stand?

Dogberry — Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges — If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry—True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Second Watch—We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry—Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Second Watch—How if they will not?

Dogberry—Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Second Watch—Well, sir.

Dogberry—If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watch—If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry—Truly, by your office you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges—You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry—Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges—If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Second Watch—How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogberry—Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges—'Tis very true.

Dogberry—This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges—Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

Dogberry—Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verges—By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry—Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbor.

Second Watch—Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry—One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

SHYLOCK—

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is a badge of all our tribe.
You called me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to, then,—you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this?—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time

You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

Antonio— I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock— Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

LAUNCELOT AND OLD GOBBO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Street. Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

LAUNCELOT — Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo"—or as aforesaid—"honest Launcelot Gobbo: do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most contagious fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend: "'fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son: for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "Budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the

Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the Devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very Devil incarnation; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

[*Going out in haste.*

Enter Old Gobbo, *with a Basket*

Gobbo — Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot [*aside*] — O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not; — I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo — Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot — Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo — By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot — Talk you of young master Launcelot? — [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. — [*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo — No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot — Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gobbo — Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot — But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo — Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Launcelot — *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased; or as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo — Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot [*aside*] — Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gobbo — Alack the day: I know you not, young gentleman. But I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Launcelot — Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo — Alack, sir, I am sand-blind: I know you not.

Launcelot — Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gobbo — Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot — Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo — I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot — I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo — Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot [*rising*] — It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gobbo — Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Launcelot — Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man; — to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Court of Justice.

PORTIA—
I am informèd throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke— Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia— Is your name Shylock?
Shylock— Shylock is my name.
Portia— Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
[*To Antonio*]—
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Antonio— Ay, so he says.
Portia— Do you confess the bond?
Antonio— I do.
Portia— Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock— On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia— The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock— My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

LORENZO AND JESSICA

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House. Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

LORENZO —
The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica — In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica — In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jessica — In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica — I would out-night you, did no body come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano

Lorenzo — Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Stephano — A friend.
Lorenzo — A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Stephano — Stephano is my name: and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo — Who comes with her?

Stephano — None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lorenzo — He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot

Launcelot — Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo — Who calls?

Launcelot — Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lorenzo — Leave hallooing, man: here.

Launcelot — Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo — Here.

Launcelot — Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo — Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; — why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.— [*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress's ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica — I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

ROSALIND, ORLANDO, JAQUES

From 'As You Like It'

Scene: The Forest of Arden.

CELIA — Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind — Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Celia — So you may put a man in your belly.

Rosalind — Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia — Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind — Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia — It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind — Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Celia — I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind — Orlando?

Celia — Orlando.

Rosalind — Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia — You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind—But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia—It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind—It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia—Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind—Proceed.

Celia—There lay he stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind—Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia—Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind—Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia—I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind—Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques

Celia—You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind—'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Rosalind and Celia retire.*

Jaques—I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando—And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques—Good-by, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando—I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques—I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando—I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaques—Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando—Yes, just.

Jaques—I do not like her name.

Orlando—There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques — What stature is she of?

Orlando — Just as high as my heart.

Jaques — You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando — Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques — You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orlando — I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques — The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando — 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques — By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando — He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques — There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando — Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaques — I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando — I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.— Rosalind and Celia come forward.*]

Rosalind [*aside to Celia*] — I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.— [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orlando — Very well: what would you?

Rosalind — I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orlando — You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind — Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orlando — And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind — By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando — I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind — Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orlando — Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind — With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando — Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind — With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando — Who stands he still withal?

Rosalind — With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orlando — Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind — With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando — Are you native of this place?

Rosalind — As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando — Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind — I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando — Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind — There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando — I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Rosalind — No: I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our

young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind; — if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando — I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind — There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orlando — What were his marks?

Rosalind — A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; — but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. — Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando — Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind — Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando — I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind — But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando — Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind — Love is merely a madness: and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando — Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind — Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me:

at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a loving humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando—I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind—I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orlando—Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Rosalind—Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando—With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind—Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

RICHARD II. IN PRISON

From 'King Richard II.'

Scene: Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle. Enter King Richard.

KING RICHARD—

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humors like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word;
As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last: like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am; then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king.
Then am I kinged again; and by-and-by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives;
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string,
But for the concord of my State and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for the sound that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Prince Henry, Poins. *Enter* Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

POINS — Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince Henry — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff — You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry — How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Falstaff — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore

thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince Henry—Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff—Are you not a coward? answer me to that! and Poins there?

Poins—Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Falstaff—I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

Prince Henry—O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Falstaff—All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince Henry—What's the matter?

Falstaff—What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince Henry—Where is it, Jack! where is it?

Falstaff—Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince Henry—What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff—I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum.* [*Drawing it.*] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! —Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince Henry—Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bardolph—We four set upon some dozen,—

Falstaff—Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bardolph—And bound them.

Peto—No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff—You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bardolph — As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Falstaff — And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince Henry — What! fought ye with them all?

Falstaff — All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince Henry — Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff — Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince Henry — What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff — Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins — Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff — These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince Henry — Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff — In buckram.

Poins — Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff — Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry [*to Poins*] — Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Falstaff — Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Henry — Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff — Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

Prince Henry — So, two more already.

Falstaff — Their points being broken,—

Poins — Down fell their hose.

Falstaff — Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince Henry — Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Falstaff—But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back, and let drive at me; —for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince Henry—These lies are like the father that begets them: gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Falstaff—What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Henry—Why, how couldst thou know these men were in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins—Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff—What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince Henry—I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Falstaff—Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stockfish,—oh for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck—

Prince Henry—Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins—Mark, Jack.

Prince Henry—We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins — Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff — By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

FALSTAFF'S ARMY

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: A public road near Coventry. Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

FALSTAFF — Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bardolph — Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff — Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph — This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff — An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all,— I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bardolph — I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Falstaff — If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded

unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old pieced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat; — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one: they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Westmoreland

Prince Henry — How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Falstaff — What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your Honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

Westmoreland — Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Falstaff — Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince Henry — I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack: whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff — Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince Henry — I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff — Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Westmoreland — Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Falstaff—Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince Henry—No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff—What, is the King encamped?

Westmoreland—He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff—Well—

> To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
> Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

FALSTAFF IN BATTLE

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: Plain near Shrewsbury. Prince Henry *fights with* Hotspur. *Enter* Douglas: *he fights with* Falstaff, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* Douglas. Hotspur *is wounded, and falls.*

HOTSPUR—O Harry! thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool:
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. Oh, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies*

Prince Henry—
For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough;—this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.—
[*Seeing Falstaff on the ground.*]
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spared a better man.
Oh! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Emboweled will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff [*rising*]—Emboweled! If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me; therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Prince John

Prince Henry—
Come, brother John: full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.
Prince John— But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prince Henry—
I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive, or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seemest.

Falstaff—No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing down the body*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince Henry—Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Falstaff—Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it—'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Prince John—

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince Henry—

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*

Falstaff—I'll follow as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him: if I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, dragging out Percy's body.*

HENRY'S WOOING OF KATHARINE

From 'King Henry V.'

Scene: An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

KING HENRY—Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katharine—Your Majesty shall mock at me: I cannot speak your England.

King Henry—O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Katharine—*Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

King Henry—An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Katharine—*Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice—*Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit il.*

King Henry—I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Katharine—*O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

King Henry—What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice—*Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King Henry—The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Katharine—*Sauf vostre Honneur*, me understand well.

King Henry—Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off: but before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee

plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy: for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katharine—Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

King Henry—No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Katharine—I cannot tell vat is dat.

King Henry—No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see, what then? St. Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Katharine—*Sauf vostre Honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois leguel je parle.*

King Henry—No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Katharine—I cannot tell.

King Henry — Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully,— the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt), I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Katharine — I do not know dat.

King Henry — No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Katharine — Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

King Henry — Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou

shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Katharine—Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

King Henry—Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katharine—Den it shall also content me.

King Henry—Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katharine—*Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

King Henry—Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katharine—*Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

King Henry—Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice—Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English—

King Henry—To kiss.

Alice—Your Majesty *entend* bettre *que moi.*

King Henry—It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice—*Ouy, vraiment.*

King Henry—O Kate! nice customs curtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

GLOSTER AND ANNE: GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY

From 'King Richard III.'

WAS ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

LOVE SCENE FROM 'ROMEO AND JULIET'

Scene: Juliet's Chamber. Enter Romeo *and* Juliet

JULIET — Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo — It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet — Yon light is not daylight: I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo — Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go; —
Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so —
How is 't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet — It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes;
Oh! now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
Oh! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Romeo — More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

From 'Julius Cæsar'

Scene: The Roman Forum.

ANTONY —

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.— Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen—
We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All— The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony— Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it? . . .
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen—O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen—O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen—O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen—O traitors! villains!

First Citizen—O most bloody sight!

All—We will be revenged. Revenge! about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live. [*They are rushing out.*

Antony—Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen—Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen—We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony—Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All— We'll mutiny.

MACBETH BEFORE THE DEED

From 'Macbeth'

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: thus even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.—

. . . . . .

Go: bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleeper; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

From 'Hamlet'

To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more;—and by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remembered.

OTHELLO'S WOOING

From 'Othello'

HER father loved me; oft invited me:
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;—
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.—On this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792–1822)

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet, was born at Field Place, Sussex, on August 4th, 1792. He was the eldest son of Timothy Shelley, an English country gentleman, who afterwards inherited a baronetcy and a large estate, to which in part the poet was heir by entail. He was educated at Eton, and went up to Oxford in 1810; he was expelled from the university on March 25th, 1811, for publishing a pamphlet entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism.' In the summer of the same year he married Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of a retired London tavern-keeper; and from this time had no cordial relations with his family at Field Place. He led a wandering and unsettled life in England, Wales, and Ireland,—visiting the last as a political agitator,—until the spring of 1814, when domestic difficulties culminated in a separation from his wife, and an elopement with Mary Godwin, the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. His wife, Harriet, committed suicide by drowning in the winter of 1816, and immediately after this event he legally married Mary. The charge of his two children by Harriet was taken from him early in 1817 by a decision of the Lord Chancellor, Eldon, on the ground that Shelley held atheistical opinions. He remained in England a year longer, and in the spring of 1818 went to reside in Italy. There he lived, going from city to city, but mainly at Pisa and its neighborhood, until the summer of 1822, when he was lost in a storm on July 8th, while sailing off the coast between Leghorn and Lerici; his body was cast up on the sands of Viareggio, and was there burned in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and his friend Trelawney, on August 18th; the ashes were buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. He had three children by his second wife, of whom one only, Percy Florence, survived him, afterward inheriting the title and his father's share in the family estate.

Shelley's literary life began with prose and verse at Eton, and he had already published before he went up to Oxford. Through all his wanderings, and amid his many personal difficulties, he was indefatigably busy with his pen; and in his earlier days wrote much in prose.

The first distinctive work was his poem 'Queen Mab' (1813), and this was followed by 'Alastor' (1816); after which his great works were produced in rapid succession. While still a youth, he had begun, as a radical reformer, to take a practical interest in men and events, and until after his union with Mary much of his energy was consumed and scattered fruitlessly; but as his poetic instincts and intellectual power came into fuller control of his life, and the difficulties of his position isolated him and threw him back upon his own nature, he gradually gave himself more exclusively to creative literature. The works written in Italy are of most value: 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'The Cenci,' 'Adonais,' 'Epipsychidion,' 'Hellas,' together with the lyrics and fragments. Nevertheless, the bulk of his work is large and various: it fills several volumes of prose as well as verse, and includes political, philosophical, and critical miscellanies, writings on questions of the day, and much translation from ancient and modern authors.

Shelley himself described his genius as in the main a moral one, and in this he made a correct analysis. It was fed by ideas derived from books, and sustained by a sympathy so intense as to become a passion for moral aims. He was intellectually the child of the Revolution; and from the moment that he drew thoughtful breath he was a disciple of the radicals in England. The regeneration of mankind was the cause that kindled his enthusiasm; and the changes he looked for were social as well as political. He spent his strength in advocacy of the doctrines of democracy, and in hostility to its obvious opponents established in the authority of Church and State, and in custom; he held the most advanced position, not only in religion, but in respect to the institution of marriage, the use of property, and the welfare of the masses of mankind. The first complete expression of his opinion, the precipitate from the ferment of his boyish years, was given in 'Queen Mab,' a crude poem after the style of Southey, by which he was long best and most unfavorably known; he recognized its immaturity, and sought to suppress a pirated edition published in his last years: the violent prejudice against him in England as an atheist was largely due to this early work, with its long notes, in connection with the decision of the court taking from him the custody of his children. The second expression of his opinions, similar in scope, was given five years later in 'The Revolt of Islam,' a Spenserian poem in twelve books. In this work the increase of his poetic faculty is shown by his denial of a didactic aim, and by the series of scenes from nature and human life which is the web of the verse; but the subject of the poem is the regeneration of society, and the intellectual impulse which sustains it is political and philanthropic. Up to the time of its composition

the main literary influence that governed him was Latin: now he began to feel the power of Greek literature; and partly in making responses to it, and partly by the expansion of his mind, he revolutionized his poetic method. The result was that in the third and greatest of his works of this kind, 'Prometheus Unbound,' he developed a new type in English,—the lyrical drama. The subject is still the regeneration of society: but the tale has grown into the drama; the ideas have generated abstract impersonations which have more likeness to elemental beings, to Titanic and mythological creations, than to humanity; while the interest intellectually is still held within the old limits of the general cause of mankind. The same principles, the same convictions, the same aims, fused in one moral enthusiasm, are here: but a transformation has come over their embodiment,—imagination has seized upon them, a new lyrical music has penetrated and sublimated them, and the poem so engendered and born is different in kind from those that went before; it holds a unique place in the literature of the world, and is the most passionate dream of the perfect social ideal ever molded in verse. In a fourth work, 'Hellas,' Shelley applied a similar method in an effort to treat the Greek Revolution as a single instance of the victory of the general cause which he had most at heart; and in several shorter poems, especially odes, he from time to time took up the same theme. The ideal he sets forth in all these writings, clarifying as it goes on, is not different from the millennium of poets and thinkers in all ages: justice and liberty, love the supreme law, are the ends to be achieved, and moral excellence with universal happiness is the goal of all.

In the works which have been mentioned, and which contain the most of Shelley's substantial thought, the moral prepossession of his mind is most manifest; it belonged to the conscious part of his being, and would naturally be foremost in his most deliberate writing. It was, in my judgment, the central thing in his genius; but genius in working itself out displays special faculties of many kinds, which must be noticed in their own right. Shelley is, for example, considered as pre-eminently a poet of nature. His susceptibility to sensuous impressions was very great, his response to them in love of beauty and in joy in them was constant; and out of his intimacy with nature came not merely descriptive power and the habit of interpreting emotion through natural images, such as many poets have compassed, but a peculiar faculty often noticed by his critics, usually called the myth-making faculty, which is thought of as racial rather than individual. During his residence in Italy he was steeped in the Greek spirit as it survives in the philosophy and poetry of antiquity; and it was in harmony with his mood that he should vitalize the elements. What is extraordinary is the success, the primitive ease,

the magic, with which he did so. In the simple instances which recur to every one's memory—'The Skylark,' 'The Cloud,' the 'Ode to the West Wind'—he has rendered the sense of non-human, of elemental being; and in the characters of 'Prometheus Unbound'—in Asia especially—he has created such beings, to which the spirits of the moon and earth as he evoked them seem natural concomitants, and to them he has given reality for the imagination. It is largely because he dealt in this witchery, this matter of primeval illusion, that he gives to some minds the impression of dwelling in an imaginary and unsubstantial world; and the flood of light and glory of color which he exhales as an atmosphere about the substance of the verse, dazzle and often bewilder the reader whose eyes are yet to be familiarized with the shapes and air of his scene. But with few exceptions, while using this creative power by poetic instinct, he brings back the verse at the end, whether in the lyrics or the longer works, to "the hopes and fears of men." In the ordinary delineation of nature as it appears, his touch is sure and accurate; with a regard for detail which shows close observation, and a frequent minuteness which shows the contemporary of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The opening passage of 'Julian and Maddalo,' the lines at Pisa on the bridge, and the fragment 'Marenghi,' are three widely different examples.

Shelley was also strongly attracted by the narrative form for its own sake. He was always fond of a story from the days of his boyhood; and though the romantic cast of fiction in his youth, both in prose and verse, might indicate a lack of interest in life, in the taste for this he was not different from the time he lived in, and the way to reality lay then through this path. 'Rosalind and Helen' was a tale like others of its kind, made up of romantic elements; but the instinct which led Shelley to tell it, as he had told still cruder stories in his first romances at Eton, was fundamental in him, and led him afterward, still further refining his matter, to weave out of airy nothing 'The Witch of Atlas' almost at the close of his career. The important matter is, to connect with these narrative beginnings in prose and verse his serious dramatic work, which has for its prime example 'The Cenci,' otherwise standing too far apart from his life. In this drama he undertook to deal with the reality of human nature in its most difficult literary form, the tragedy; and the success with which he suppressed his ordinary exuberance of imagery and phrase and kept to a severe restraint, at the same time producing the one conspicuous example of tragedy in his century in England, has been often wondered at. In the unfinished 'Charles I.' he made a second attempt; while in the various dramatic fragments other than this he seems to have contemplated a new form of romantic drama. It

seems to me that this line of his development has been too little studied; but there is space here only to make the suggestion.

Another subordinate division of Shelley's work lies in his treatment of the ideal of individual nobility and happiness apart from society. Of course in the character of Laon, and on the grand scale in that of Prometheus, he set forth traits of the individual ideal; but in both instances they were social reformers, and had a relation to mankind. In 'Alastor,' on the contrary, the individual is dealt with for his own sole sake, and the youth is drawn in lines of melancholy beauty; he was of the same race as Laon, but existed only in his own poetic unhappiness; of the same race also was Prince Athanase, but the poem is too unfinished to permit us to say more than that as he is disclosed, he is only an individual. In 'Epipsychidion' the same character reappears as a persistent type in Shelley's mind, with the traits that he most valued: and the conclusion there is the union of the lover and his beloved in the enchanted isle, far from the world; which also is familiar to readers of Shelley in other poems as a persistent idea in his mind. In these poems one finds the recoil of Shelley's mind from the task of reform he had undertaken, the antipodes of the social leader in the lonely exile from all but the one kindred spirit, the sense of weariness, of defeat, of despair over the world — the refuge. It is natural, consequently, to feel that Shelley himself is near in these characters; that they are successive incarnations of his spirit, and frankly such. They are autobiographic with conscious art, and stand only at one remove from those lyrics of personal emotion which are unconscious, the cries of the spirit which have sung themselves into the heart of the world. Upon these lyrics, which stand apart from his deliberate work, — impulsive, overflowing, irresistible in their spontaneity, — it may be granted that his popular fame rests. Many of them are singularly perfect in poetic form naturally developed; they have the music which is as unforgettable as the tones of a human voice, as unmistakable, as personal, and which has winged them to fly through the world. They make one forget all the rest in Shelley himself, and they express his world-weary yet still aspiring soul. The most perfect of them, in my judgment, is the 'Ode to the West Wind': in form it is faultless; and it blends in one expression the power he had to interpret nature's elemental life, the pathos of his own spirit, — portrayed more nobly than in the cognate passage of the 'Adonais,' because more unconscious of itself, — and the supreme desire he had to serve the world with those thoughts blown now through the world, —

> «Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind.»

No other of the lyrics seems to me so comprehensive, so adequate. The 'Adonais' only can compare with it for personal power, for the

penetration of the verse with Shelley's spirit in its eloquent passion. Of that elegy the poetry is so direct, and the charm so immediate and constant, that it needs no other mention; further than to say that like the 'Sensitive Plant,' it has more affinity with Shelley's lyrics than with his longer works.

Some of the characteristics of Shelley have been mentioned above with such fullness as our limits allow, and the relations between his more important works have been roughly indicated. There is much more to say; but I will add only that in what seems to me a cardinal point in the criticism of poetry,—the poet's conception of womanhood,—of all the poets of the century in England, Shelley is approached only by Burns in tenderness, and excels Burns in nobleness of feeling. The reputation of Shelley in his lifetime was but slight in the world; and it emerged only by slow stages from the neglect and obloquy which were his portion while he lived and when he died. In the brief recital of the events of his life which heads this sketch, it is obvious at a glance that there is much which needs explanation and defense. The best defense was to throw all possible light upon his career, and that was done by all who knew him; so that his life is more minutely exposed from boyhood to his death than that of any other English poet. As a consequence of this, opinion regarding him has been much modified; and though it may still be stern, it is now seldom harsh. The opinions which were regarded as of evil influence, and the acts which were condemned as wrong acts, are open to all to understand and pass judgment upon, as they are related in many books; and in respect to these, each will have his own mind. Whatever be the judgment, it must be agreed that the century has brought fame to Shelley, as a poet of the highest class and of a rare kind; and that as a man he has been an inspiration and almost a creed in many lives, and has won respect and affection from many hearts, and a singular devotion from some akin to that which his friends felt toward him. He has been loved as it is given to few strangers to be loved,—but that is apart from his poetry.

George E. Woodberry

FROM 'PROMETHEUS UNBOUND'

Chorus of Furies

From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth,
Where the night has its grave and the morning its birth,
Come, come, come!
O ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,
When cities sink howling in ruin; and ye
Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,
And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track,
Sit chattering with joy on the foodless wreck;
Come, come, come!
Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,
Strewed beneath a nation dead;
Leave the hatred, as in ashes
Fire is left for future burning:
It will burst in bloodier flashes
When ye stir it, soon returning:
Leave the self-contempt implanted
In young spirits, sense-enchanted,
Misery's yet unkindled fuel:
Leave Hell's secrets half unchanted
To the maniac dreamer; cruel
More than ye can be with hate
Is he with fear.
Come, come, come!
We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,
And we burthen the blast of the atmosphere,
But vainly we toil till ye come here.

Voice in the Air

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire: then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;

As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendor;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it;
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:

Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

LAST HOUR OF BEATRICE

From 'The Cenci'

Enter Lucretia, Beatrice, *and* Giacomo, *guarded*

BEATRICE — I hardly dare to fear
That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.
Camillo — May God in heaven be less inexorable
To the Pope's prayers than he has been to mine.
Here is the sentence and the warrant.
Beatrice [*wildly*] — O
My God! Can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nailed down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost —
How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be —
What? Oh, where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
No God, no heaven, no earth in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
If all things then should be — my father's spirit,
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Masked in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On earth, and ever present? Even though dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now
Oh, whither, whither?

Lucretia— Trust in God's sweet love,
The tender promises of Christ: ere night,
Think, we shall be in Paradise.

Beatrice— 'Tis past!
Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
How tedious, false, and cold, seem all things. I
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power molding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
I am cut off from the only world I know,—
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God,—
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.

[*During the latter speeches Giacomo has retired conversing with Camillo, who now goes out; Giacomo advances.*]

Giacomo—Know you not, mother—sister, know you not?
Bernardo even now is gone to implore
The Pope to grant our pardon.

Lucretia— Child, perhaps
It will be granted. We may all then live
To make these woes a tale for distant years:
Oh, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
Like the warm blood.

Beatrice— Yet both will soon be cold.
Oh, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope:
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring;
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free;
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. Oh plead
With Famine, or wind-walking Pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man: righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die:
Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,

Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep, 'twere just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.
Live ye, who live, subject to one another
As we were once who now—

Bernardo *rushes in*

Bernardo— Oh, horrible,
That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in prayer,
Even till the heart is vacant and despairs,
Should all be vain! The ministers of death
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw
Blood on the face of one.—What if 'twere fancy?
Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth
Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off
As if 'twere only rain. O life! O world!
Cover me! let me be no more! To see
That perfect mirror of pure innocence
Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,
Shivered to dust! To see thee, Beatrice,
Who made all lovely thou didst look upon—
Thee, light of life, dead, dark! while I say «sister»
To hear I have no sister; and thou, mother,
Whose love was as a bond to all our loves,
Dead! the sweet bond broken!

Enter Camillo *and* Guards

They come! Let me
Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves
Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell before
Death chokes that gentle voice! Oh, let me hear
You speak.

Beatrice— Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now;
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child:
For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And though

Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.
So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Bernardo—
I cannot say, farewell!

Camillo— O Lady Beatrice!

Beatrice—Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours I see is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another; now
We shall not do it any more. My lord,
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

ADONAIS

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy mother, wake and weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air:
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death: but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew:
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high capital where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;

Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries:—
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her willful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendor on his mouth alit,—
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

And others came: Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of sighs;
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,—
Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and molded into thought,
From shape and hue and odor and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower; and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day:
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds: a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves: since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both

Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean
A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on chaos: in its stream immersed
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst—
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath·
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath:
Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows,
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,

And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried, "Arise!"
Swift as a thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal night, that springs
Out of the east, and follows wild and drear
The golden day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!

Leave me not!» cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
caress.

«Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live:
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

«O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenseless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

«The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

«The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;—
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.»

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;

The pilgrim of eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail form,—
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike spirit beautiful and swift;
A Love in desolation masked;—a power
Girt round with weakness: it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;—
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew,
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it: of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own:
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
The stranger's mien, and murmured, "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand

Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh, that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below:
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now. —
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep;
He hath awakened from the dream of life:

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.— *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again:
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains; and thou air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;

And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men, into the heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry:
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre—
Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught

That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey:
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of desolation's nakedness,
Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,

And gray walls molder round, on which dull time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand:
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb:
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed: thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,— the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst,— now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats though unseen amongst us,— visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—

Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor,—
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream—
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not—lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard — I saw them not —
When, musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night;
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery;
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, — to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself and love all human-kind.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,—
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:—
«My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!»
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how!—
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart—
As I must on thine,
O belovèd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver — hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst — O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystálline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
  And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
  So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
  The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves—O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
  If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
  Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
  As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
  O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
  What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
  Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
  Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
  Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

Part First

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
  And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
  And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,—
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed;

Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all; it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver:

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower:
It loves even like Love, its deep heart is full;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound and odor and beam
Move, as reeds in a single stream,—

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,—
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness,—

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant,)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains:
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn:
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die,
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not:
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetèst songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,—
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,—
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains:
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams;
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep:
The earth seemed to love her,
And heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"

The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer:
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream;—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night;—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts,
They past to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;

At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven,—and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—

Singing how down the vale of Menalus
  I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
  It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
  At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
    Spirit of Night!
  Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear—
    Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
    Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
    Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
    I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
    I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
    Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
    No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
    Soon, too soon;

Sleep will come when thou art fled:
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TO ——

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

(1714–1763)

TURNING over the pages of a certain eighteenth-century annual, the reader comes upon a brown and yellow engraving of a landscape garden: of walks in undulating curves, miniature lakes, little white cascades, Greek temples, pines and cypresses cut in grotesque shapes. Aquatic birds peer from out the reeds, and doves flutter in the trees. Beneath the picture is written:—

«Oh, may that genius which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's near.
Ne'er make my vintage glad the sordid breast,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere.»

SHENSTONE

The villa referred to, were it visible, would, according to the owner's biographer, prove to be «mean; for he did not improve it. When he came home from his walks, he might find the floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof, but could spare no money for its reparation.»

Would that the artist of the engraving of Leasowes, famous in song and story, had introduced that biographer and his subject into the picture,—Shenstone, «larger than the middle size, somewhat clumsy in his form, decked in crimson waistcoat and white breeches, his gray hair streaming on his shoulders,» leading the wheezy, sneezing Johnson in front of some simpering Italian divinity set in a damp grotto, and bidding him admire her! But Shenstone, like most minor poets of whom Johnson wrote, was unfortunate in having Johnson for a critic. There was no possible sympathy between the two. Johnson hated the country, hated affectation, hated a *poseur*. Shenstone was the child of his time, whose literary progenitors were poets of fashionable society: the child of the time when the changes were rung on Damons, Melissas, Philomels, and Cynthias; when Phœbus was invoked, and Delia's eyebrows inspired a sonnet. Coming close on the heels of a generation of poetasters, Shenstone could think of no better way of realizing Pope's ideal in the 'Ode to Solitude' than to retire to his country seat, and seek the admiration of the world as

an Arcadian hermit. He owes his distinction to his choice of subjects and his peculiarity of life, as much as to his verses. No poet of the same pretension is so well known by his residence. Without Leasowes, the 'Elegies' might have lain on the dustiest of bookshelves, and 'The Schoolmistress' have scarcely sustained enough vitality to survive. But through Leasowes, Shenstone lives. In his day, landscape gardening was a novelty; and in adorning his little estate he gratified his taste, his innocent vanity, and his indolence. The feet of his stanzas are as ingeniously varied as the walks through his domain. The flights of his Muse were bounded by the limits of his estate; but they were not less inventive and fantastic than the little surprises and turns of wood and waterfall, nor less musical than the songs of his birds. The deaths of his friends were commemorated by Grecian urns under weeping willows, and then by elegies inspired by the urns.

The revolution which has taken place in English poetry has flattened Shenstone's verses; and to realize the reaction from the extreme of artificial pathos to straightforward, manly expression, one has but to read his once popular 'Jemmy Dawson,' and 'The Dying Kid,' and then Hood's 'Eugene Aram,' and Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone'—which, but for the feeble ballads of the Leasowes poet, might never have been written.

Johnson's criticism of the 'Pastoral Ballad' is not less interesting as betraying his notion of the province of poetry than as a criticism of Shenstone. «I cannot but regret that it is pastoral: an intelligent reader, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the crook, the pipe, the sheep, and the kids, which it is not necessary to bring forward to notice; for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to show the beauties without the grossness of country life.»

But the volume Johnson scorned, beguiled many of Shenstone's cultivated contemporaries by its mellifluous seesaw, and its jingling resonance comes back to the reader of to-day.

> «I have found out a gift for my fair:
> I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.»

The elegiac form and triple rhythm please the fancy in the still remembered

> «Yet time may diminish the pain.»

Shenstone made no mean rank for himself, in the time when people were reading Pope's Homer, Addison's 'Cato,' and Dodsley's 'Economy of Human Life,'—the 'Proverbial Philosophy' of his day. 'The Schoolmistress' is a sketch drawn from life, and in versification and style closely imitated Spenser. Goldsmith and Gray both knew

it; and profited by its beauties and its faults when they wrote 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Elegy in a Country Church-yard.'

Shenstone's 'Essays' are quiet moralizings about Leasowes; though he could be playfully humorous now and then, as when he said:— «I have an alcove [his villa], six elegies, a seat, two eulogies (one on myself), four songs, and a serpentine river, to show you when you come.»

He had a queer vanity to be thought a scholar; which made him keep his name on the Oxford books (Pembroke was his college) for ten years, though he never studied enough to take a degree. Gray ridiculed his love of the great, and his affected pose as a recluse; but one can fancy the proud, shy creature peeping through some high latticed window when the guests from Hagley, Lord Lyttelton's estate, arrived,— maddened, as one of Shenstone's commentators remarks, if they took the wrong direction, and frantic lest the exclamations he heard were in derision, not pleasure.

He was born at Leasowes in November 1714, and died there of a «putrid fever,»—as Dr. Johnson describes it, not without some satisfaction as a fit ending for so ill-regulated a life,—February 11th, 1763. The great man's opinion of our poet is however fairly just, and not unkindly.

«His good qualities are earnestness and simplicity. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he would have been a great man or not, I know not: he certainly would have been agreeable.»

He published 'Miscellanies' (1737), 'The Judgment of Hercules' (1740), 'The Schoolmistress' (1742); and 'Elegies; Songs, and Pastoral Ballads' (1743), edited by his friend Dodsley. His 'Letters and Essays' appeared in 1750.

PASTORAL BALLAD

SINCE Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I prize them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain
  Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favorite maid,
  The pride of that valley, is flown:
Alas! where with her I have strayed,
  I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
  What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
  'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,—
  My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
  I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
  To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away
  Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair
  Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,—
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
  And my solace wherever I go.

SONG

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
  My fields were small, my flocks were few;
  While faltering accents spoke my fear
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroyed by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold,—
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear:
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I loved became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear:
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deigned my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress,—

This too she heard, and smiled to hear:
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoiled of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

DISAPPOINTMENT

From 'A Pastoral'

YE SHEPHERDS! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair — and my passion begun;
She smiled — and I could not but love;
She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems forever adorned with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone:
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain;
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
  But we're not to find them our own:
Fate never bestowed such delight
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace!
  To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
  I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
  With the same sad complaint it begun:
How she smiled, and I could not but love!
  Was faithless, and I am undone!

HOPE

From 'A Pastoral'

My banks they are furnished with bees,
  Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
  And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
  Such health do my fountains bestow,—
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
  Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
  But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
  But a sweetbrier entwines it around;
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
  More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
  To the bower I have labored to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plain, from the woodlands and groves,
  What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
  Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear
  As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair:
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed —
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
  Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
  How that pity was due to — a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
  And she called it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
  So much I her accents adore, —
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
  Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
  Unmoved when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
  These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
  Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly strayed —
  If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
  And where are her grots and her bowers?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
  And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
  And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
  But their love is not equal to mine.

MUCH TASTE AND SMALL ESTATE

From 'The Progress of Taste'

SEE yonder hill, so green, so round,
  Its brow with ambient beeches crowned!
  'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleased would the nymphs thy zeal survey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas such a shade, and such a nook
In such a vale, near such a brook
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That famed Apollo chose, to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where Music's charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be placed Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes):
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear;
And who would shun the pleasing labor
To have Minerva for his neighbor? . . .
But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When all the structures shone complete,—
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorned with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting,—
Ah me! ('twas Damon's own confession),
Came Poverty and took possession.

FROM 'THE SCHOOLMISTRESS'

A RUSSET stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare:
And sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear:
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

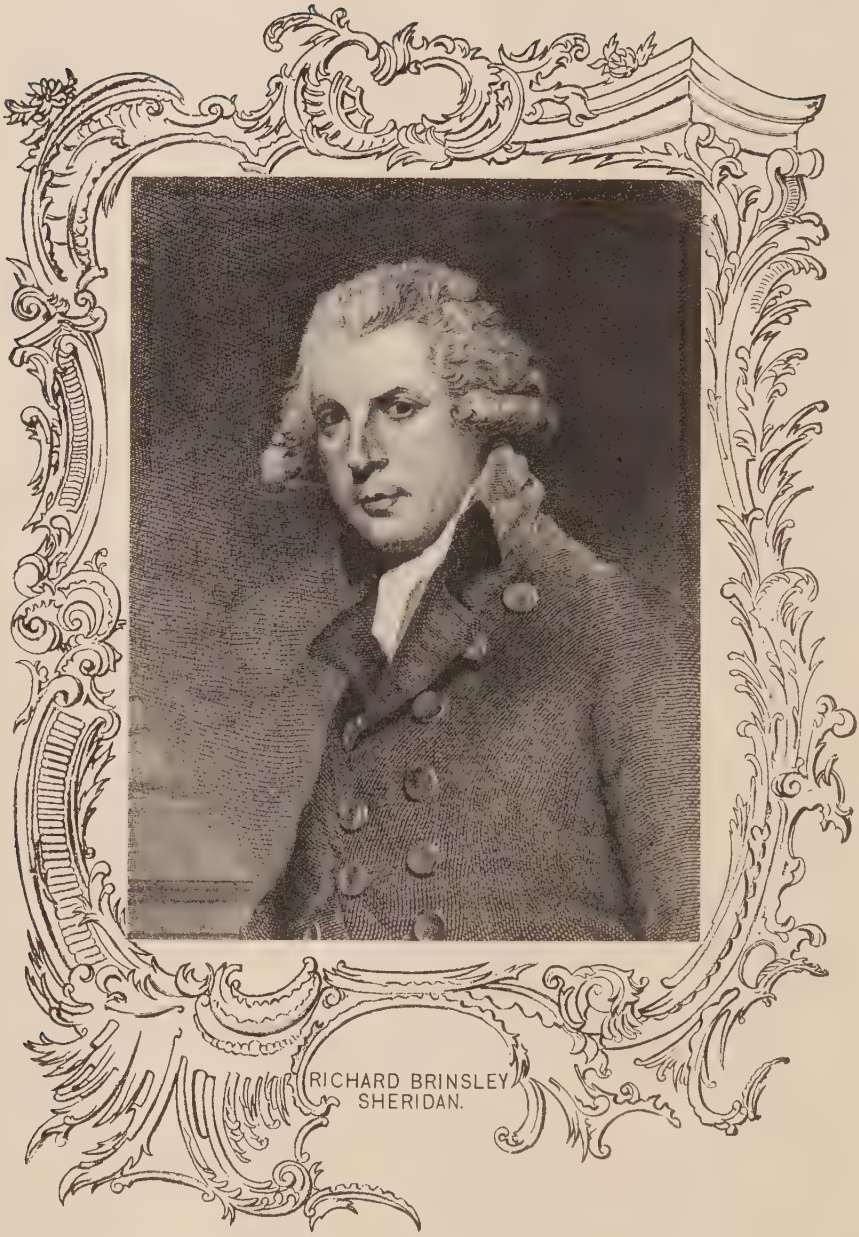
One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of gray renown, within these borders grew,—

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill that never dares to climb:
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.



RICHARD BRINSLEY
SHERIDAN.

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RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751–1816)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the most distinguished member of a distinguished family. His grandfather was Dr. Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Swift. His father was Thomas Sheridan, elocutionist, actor, manager, and lexicographer. His mother was Frances Sheridan, author of the comedy of 'The Discovery' (acted by David Garrick), and of the novel 'Miss Sidney Biddulph' (praised by Samuel Johnson). His three granddaughters, known as the beautiful Sheridans, became, one the Duchess of Somerset, another the Countess of Dufferin, and the third the Hon. Mrs. Norton (afterward Lady Stirling-Maxwell). His great-grandson is Lord Dufferin, author and diplomatist. Thus, in six generations of the family, remarkable power of one kind or another has been revealed.

Richard Brinsley was born in Dublin, Ireland, in September 1751. Before he was ten the family moved to England; and he was presently sent to Harrow. Later he received from his father lessons in elocution, which he was destined to turn to account in Parliament. Before he was nineteen the family settled in Bath, then the resort of fashion. Here the young man observed life, wrote brilliant bits of verse, and fell in love with Miss Linley. The Linleys were all musicians: Miss Elizabeth Linley was a public singer of great promise; she was not seventeen when Sheridan first met her. She was beset by suitors, with one of whom, a disreputable Captain Mathews (who was the author of a good book on whist), the future dramatist fought two duels. Sheridan eloped with Miss Linley to France; and after many obstacles, the course of true love ran smooth at last and the young pair were married. Although he was wholly without fortune, the husband withdrew his wife from the stage.

Sheridan's education had been fragmentary, and he lacked serious training. But he had wit and self-confidence; and he determined to turn dramatist. His father was an actor, his mother had written plays, and his father-in-law was a composer; and so the stage door swung wide open before him. His first piece, the five-act comedy the 'Rivals,' was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, January

17th, 1775; and it then failed blankly, as it did again on a second performance. Withdrawn and revised, it was soon reproduced with approval. A similar experience is recorded of the 'Barber of Seville,' the first comedy of Beaumarchais, whose career is not without points of resemblance to Sheridan's. The 'Rivals' and the 'Barber of Seville' are among the few comedies of the eighteenth century which will survive into the twentieth.

In gratitude to the actor who had played Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Sheridan improvised the farce of 'St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenant'; brought out May 2d, 1775, and long since dropped out of the list of acting plays. During the summer he wrote the book of a comic opera, the 'Duenna,' for which his father-in-law Linley prepared the score, and which was produced at Covent Garden November 21st, 1775,—making three new plays which the young dramatist had brought out within the year.

The great actor, David Garrick, who had managed Drury Lane Theatre with the utmost skill for many years, was now about to retire. He owned half of the theatre, and this half he sold to Sheridan and to some of Sheridan's friends; and a little later Sheridan was able to buy the other half also, paying for it not in cash, but by assuming mortgages and granting annuities. It was in the middle of 1776 that David Garrick was succeeded in the management of Drury Lane Theatre by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was then not yet twenty-five years old.

The first new play of the new manager was only an old comedy altered. 'A Trip to Scarborough,' acted February 24th, 1777, was a deodorized version of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse'; rather better than most of the revisions of old plays, and yet a disappointment to the playgoers who were awaiting a new comedy. The new comedy came at last in the spring, and those who had high expectations were not disappointed. It was on May 8th, 1777, that the 'School for Scandal' was acted for the first time, with immense success,—a success which bids fair to endure yet another century and a quarter. With a stronger dramatic framework than the 'Rivals,' and a slighter proportion of broad farce, the 'School for Scandal' is as effective in the acting as its predecessor, while it repays perusal far better.

When Garrick died, early in 1779, Sheridan wrote a 'Monody,' to be recited at the theatre the incomparable actor had so long directed. And in the fall of that year, on October 30th, 1779, he brought out the brightest of farces and the best of burlesques, 'The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed'; a delightful piece of theatrical humor,—suggested by Buckingham's 'Rehearsal,' no doubt, but distinctly superior. The 'Critic,' like the 'Rivals' and the 'School for Scandal,' continues to be acted both in Great Britain and the United States.

Sheridan's best plays have revealed a sturdy vitality, and a faculty of readaptation to changing theatrical conditions. After the production of the 'Critic,' Sheridan did not again appear before the public as an original dramatist. Perhaps he was jealous of his reputation; and, aware of the limit of his powers, he knew that he could not surpass the 'School for Scandal.' Just as Molière used to talk about his 'Homme de Cour,' which he had not begun when he died, so Sheridan used to talk about a comedy to be called 'Affectation,' for which he had done no more than jot down a few stray notes and suggestions. Thereafter he confined himself to the outlining of plots for pantomimes, and to improving the plays of other authors. Thus the 'Stranger' indubitably owed some of its former effectiveness in English to his adroit touch. Perhaps it was the success of the 'Stranger' which led him to rework another of Kotzebue's plays into a rather turgid melodrama with a high-patriotic flavor. This, 'Pizarro,' was produced on May 24th, 1799; and it hit the temper of the time so skillfully that it filled all the theatres in England for many months.

But long before this, Sheridan had entered into political life. He took his seat in Parliament in 1780,—being then not yet thirty. His first speech was a failure, as his first play had been. But he persevered; and in time he became as completely master of the platform as he was of the stage. He was a Whig; and when Fox and North drove out Shelburne, Sheridan was Secretary of the Treasury: but the Whigs went out in 1783. When Burke impeached Warren Hastings, Sheridan was one of the managers of the prosecution; and in the course of the proceedings he delivered two speeches, the recorded effect of which was simply marvelous.

In 1792 Sheridan's wife died, and from that hour the fortune that had waxed so swiftly waned as surely. He neglected the theatre for politics, and his debts began to harass him. He married again in 1795; but it may be doubted whether this second marriage was not a mistake. In 1809 Drury Lane was burnt to the ground; and Sheridan had rebuilt it at enormous cost only fifteen years before. This fire ruined him. In 1812 he made his last speech in Parliament. In 1815 he suffered the indignity of arrest for debt. He died on July 7th, 1816.

Sheridan's indebtedness was found to be less than £5,000: that it had not been paid long before was due to his procrastination, his carelessness, and his total lack of business training. He seems to have allowed himself to be swindled right and left. In other ways also is his character not easy to apprehend aright. In his political career he unhesitatingly sacrificed place to patriotism; and during the mutiny at the Nore he put party advantage behind him, and came forward to urge the course of conduct best for the country as a whole.

In his private life he was not altogether circumspect; but he lived in days when it was thought no disgrace for a statesman to be overtaken with wine. In all things he was his own worst enemy.

It is as a writer of comedies that Sheridan claims admission into this work; and here his position is impregnable. Of the four comic dramatists of the Restoration,— Congreve, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, and Farquhar,— only one, Congreve, was Sheridan's superior as a wit; and Sheridan is the superior of every one of the four as a playwright, as an artist in stage effect, as a master of the medium in which they all of them worked. His only later rival is his fellow-Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith: but of Goldsmith's two comedies, one, the 'Good-Natured Man,' has always been a failure, when first acted and whenever a revival has been attempted; and the other, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' delightful as it is, is what its hostile critics called it when it was first seen, a farce,— it has the arbitrary plot of a farce, though its manner is the manner of comedy. Neither in the library nor in the theatre does 'She Stoops to Conquer' withstand the comparison with the 'School for Scandal'; and Sheridan has still to his credit the 'Rivals' and the 'Critic.' (It is true that Goldsmith has to his credit the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and his poems and his essays; but it is of his plays that a comparison is here made.)

Sheridan is not of course to be likened to Molière: the Frenchman had a depth and a power to which the Irishman could not pretend. But a comparison with Beaumarchais is fair enough, and it can be drawn only in favor of Sheridan; for brilliant as the 'Marriage of Figaro' is, it lacks the solid structure and the broad outlook of the 'School for Scandal.' Both the French wit and the Irish are masters of fence, and the dialogue of these comedies still scintillates as steel crosses steel. Neither of them put much heart into his plays; and perhaps the 'School for Scandal' is even more artificial than the 'Marriage of Figaro,'— but it is wholly free from the declamatory shrillness which to-day mars the masterpiece of Beaumarchais.

It is curious that the British novelists have often taken up their task in the maturity of middle age, and that the British dramatists have often been young fellows just coming into man's estate. One might say that Farquhar and Vanbrugh, Congreve and Sheridan, all composed their comedies when they were only recently out of their 'teens. Lessing has told us that the young man just entering on the world cannot possibly know it. He may be ingenious, he may be clever, he may be brilliant,— but he is likely to lack depth and breadth. Here is the weak spot in Sheridan's work. Dash he had, and ardor, and dexterity, and wit; but when his work is compared with the solid and more human plays of Molière, for example, its relative superficiality is apparent. And yet superficiality is a harsh

word, and perhaps misleading. What is not to be found in Sheridan's comedies is essential richness of inspiration. Liveliness there is, and dramaturgic skill, and comic invention, and animal spirits, and hearty enjoyment: these are gifts to be prized. To seek for more in the 'Rivals' and the 'School for Scandal' is to be disappointed.

Brander Matthews

MRS. MALAPROP'S VIEWS

From the 'Rivals'

The scene is Mrs. Malaprop's *lodgings at Bath. Present,* Lydia Languish. *Enter* Mrs. Malaprop *and* Sir Anthony Absolute.

MRS. MALAPROP — There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia — Madam, I thought you once —

Mrs. Malaprop — You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia — Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Malaprop — But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed — and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony — Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia — What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop — Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lydia—Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop—What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made? and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia—Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop—Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

Lydia—Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Malaprop—There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony—It is not to be wondered at, ma'am: all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop—Nay, nay, Sir Anthony: you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony—In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop—Those are vile places indeed!

Sir Anthony—Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge,—it blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop—Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony—Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop—Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I

don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony—Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate: you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Malaprop—None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anthony—Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Malaprop—We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anthony—Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this"; if he demurred I knocked him down, and if he grumbled at that I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Malaprop—Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and

prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anthony—Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Malaprop—Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger: sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. [*Calls.*] Lucy! Lucy!—Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

SIR LUCIUS DICTATES A CARTEL

From the 'Rivals'

The scene is Bob Acres's *lodgings at Bath.* Acres *is discovered as his servant shows in* Sir Lucius.

Sir Lucius—Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres—My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius—Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres—Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius—Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres—Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady: her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Sir Lucius—Very ill, upon my conscience. Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres—Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius—A rival in the case, is there? and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres—Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius—Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres—Not I, upon my soul.

Sir Lucius—We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres—What! fight him?

Sir Lucius—Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres—But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius—Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres—Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius—That's no argument at all: he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres—Gad, that's true. I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Lucius—What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul: they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres—Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart: I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were,—a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius—Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry in the O'Trigger line that would furnish the new room, every one of whom had killed his man! For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres — O Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds.*

Sir Lucius — Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case: these things should always be done civilly.

Acres — I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius,— I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! Indite, I say indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius — Pray compose yourself.

Acres — Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a "damme."

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now. "Sir —"

Acres — That's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius — "To prevent the confusion that might arise —"

Acres — Well —

Sir Lucius — "From our both addressing the same lady —"

Acres — Ay, there's the reason — "same lady": well —

Sir Lucius — "I shall expect the honor of your company —."

Acres — Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius — Pray be easy.

Acres — Well then, "honor of your company —"

Sir Lucius — "To settle our pretensions —"

Acres — Well —

Sir Lucius — Let me see: ay, King's-Mead Fields will do — "in King's-Mead Fields."

Acres — So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and a dagger — shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius — You see how this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres — Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius — Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres — Very true.

Sir Lucius — So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres — By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius — I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*

THE DUEL

From the 'Rivals'

Scene: King's-Mead Fields, Bath. Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger *and* Acres *with pistols.*

ACRES — By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius — Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now — I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres — Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius — Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres — No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards —

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres — Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring

him down at a long shot; — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius — Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand —

Sir Lucius — Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres — A quietus!

Sir Lucius — For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres — Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius — I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres — No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius — Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres — Odds files! I've practiced that — there, Sir Lucius — there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius — Now you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim — [*Leveling at him.*

Acres — Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius — Never fear.

Acres — But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius — Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance: for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres — A vital part!

Sir Lucius — But there — fix yourself so: [*placing him*] let him see the broad-side of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres — Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius — Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres — Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius [*looking at his watch*] — Sure they don't mean to disappoint us — hah! — no, faith, I think I see them coming.

Acres — Hey! — what! — coming!

Sir Lucius — Ay. Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres — There are two of them indeed! Well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Sir Lucius — Run!

Acres — No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres — Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but — I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius — O fie! Consider your honor.

Acres — Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius — Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres — Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me! Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius — Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres — Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius — Your honor — your honor! Here they are.

Acres — O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter Faulkland *and* Captain Absolute

Sir Lucius — Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! So — I suppose, sir, you are come here just like myself: to do a kind office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres — What — Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

Absolute — Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius — Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. [*To Faulkland.*] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland — My weapons, sir!

Acres — Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland: these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius — What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland — Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius — Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute — Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland — Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

Acres — No, no, Mr. Faulkland: I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius — Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres — Why, no, Sir Lucius: I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute — Hold, Bob — let me set you right: there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius — Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity —

Acres — What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute? Not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds, Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural!

Sir Lucius — Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres — Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres — Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls! —

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius — Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute — Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

Acres — Ay — at home!

Sir Lucius — Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin; so come out, my little counselor, [*draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Absolute — Come on then, sir: [*draws*] since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute, David, Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia, *and* Julia

David — Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony: knock down my master in particular, and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

Sir Anthony — Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy: how came you in a duel, sir?

Absolute — Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I: 'twas he called on me, — and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anthony — Here's a pretty fellow: I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! Zounds, sirrah! then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute — Sir, I tell you that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anthony — Gad, sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius — Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

Sir Anthony — Zounds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

Mrs. Malaprop — Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies.— Captain Absolute, come here: How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute — For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop — Nay, no delusions to the past: Lydia is convinced.— Speak, child.

Sir Lucius — With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark —

Lydia — What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Lucius — Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now: this is no time for trifling.

Lydia — 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Absolute — O my little angel, say you so! Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency: I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anthony — Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres — Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her,— by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Lucius — Captain, give me your hand: an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here —

[*Takes out letters.*

Mrs. Malaprop — Oh, he will dissolve my mystery! — Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate —

Sir Lucius — Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia or not?

Lydia — Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not. [*Walks aside with Captain Absolute.*]

Mrs. Malaprop — Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are, I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes; I am Delia.

Sir Lucius — You Delia! — pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Malaprop — Why, thou barbarous Vandyke! those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Lucius — Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend Fighting Bob unprovided for.

Sir Lucius — Hah! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune?

Acres — Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius; forget and forgive: but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anthony — Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down: you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Malaprop — O Sir Anthony, men are all barbarians.

THE SCANDAL CLASS MEETS

From the 'School for Scandal'

Scene: A room in Lady Sneerwell's house. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite, *and* Joseph Surface *discovered.*

LADY SNEERWELL — Nay, positively we will hear it.

Joseph Surface — Yes, yes, the epigram; by all means.

Sir Benjamin — Oh, plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crabtree — No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benjamin — But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady

Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following: —

> Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
> Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies*:
> To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,—
> Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

Crabtree — There, ladies: done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph Surface — A very Phœbus, mounted — indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Benjamin — O dear, sir! trifles — trifles.

Enter Lady Teazle *and* Maria

Mrs. Candour — I must have a copy.

Lady Sneerwell — Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teazle — I believe he'll wait on your Ladyship presently.

Lady Sneerwell — Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria — I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your Ladyship pleases.

Lady Teazle [*aside*] — I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came.

Mrs. Candour — Now I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teazle — What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Candour — They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneerwell — Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabtree — I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Candour — She has a charming fresh color.

Lady Teazle — Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Candour — O fie! I'll swear her color is natural: I have seen it come and go!

* *I. e.*, resembling the «Italomaniac» dandies of the day.

Lady Teazle—I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin—True, ma'am: it not only comes and goes, but what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Candour—Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is—or was—very handsome.

Crabtree—Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. Candour—Now positively you wrong her: fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benjamin—Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneerwell—Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

Sir Benjamin—Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill; but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crabtree—Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. Candour—Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benjamin—Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teazle—Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were—thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

Mrs. Candour—How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teazle—Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were—thus: "How do you do, madam? Yes, madam." [*Mimics.*

Lady Sneerwell—Very well, Lady Teazle: I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teazle—In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle

Sir Peter — Ladies, your most obedient.—[*Aside.*] Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Candour — I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter — That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Candour — Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teazle — What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Candour — Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneerwell — That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teazle — Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Candour — I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter — Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Candour — Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabtree — Yes; and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious,— an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Candour — Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage: and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneerwell — Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Candour — True; and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benjamin—Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter [*aside*]—Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me!

Mrs. Candour—For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter—No, to be sure!

Sir Benjamin—Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teazle—Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes,—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Candour—Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle,—and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabtree—Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benjamin—So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

Crabtree—Caledonian locks—

Sir Benjamin—Dutch nose—

Crabtree—Austrian lips—

Sir Benjamin—Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crabtree—And teeth *à la Chinoise*—

Sir Benjamin—In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation—

Crabtree—Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest; and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Candour—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter [*aside*]—Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week!

Mrs. Candour—Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Peter—Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneerwell—Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature: too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter—Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle—True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benjamin—Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teazle—But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter—'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneerwell—O Lud, Sir Peter! would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter—Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneerwell—Go, you monster!

Mrs. Candour—But surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter—Yes, madam: I would have law-merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabtree—Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneerwell—Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter Servant, *who whispers* Sir Peter

Sir Peter—I'll be with them directly. [*Exit servant.*] [*Aside.*] I'll get away unperceived.

Lady Sneerwell—Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter—Your Ladyship must excuse me: I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.

[*Exit.*

Sir Benjamin—Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady Teazle—Oh, pray don't mind that: come, do let's hear them.

Exeunt all but Joseph Surface *and* Maria

Joseph Surface — Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria — How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph Surface — Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are: they have no malice at heart.

Maria — Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY

From the ‹School for Scandal›

Scene: A room in Sir Peter Teazle's *house. Enter* Sir Peter Teazle.

SIR PETER — When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution: a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grassplot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter Rowley

Rowley — Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter — Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley—What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir Peter—A good question to a married man!

Rowley—Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter—Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

Rowley—Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter—But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am myself the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley—Indeed!

Sir Peter—Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong. But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley—You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was at his years nearly as wild a spark; yet when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter—You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence; of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts: and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend Sir Oliver will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley—I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter—What! let me hear.

Rowley — Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter — How? you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley — I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter — Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together; but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley — Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Peter — Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits — however, he shall have his way; but pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley — Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter — What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though: I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley — By no means.

Sir Peter — For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think — Lord forgive me! — that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley — I understand you; but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter — Egad, and so we must — and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no, the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene: A room in Sir Peter Teazle's *house. Enter* Sir Peter *and* Lady Teazle.

Sir Peter — Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter—Very well, ma'am, very well: so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle—Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter—Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teazle—My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam: you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teazle—And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Peter—Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle—No, no, I don't: 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, madam: you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle—Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle—And then you know my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter — I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teazle — No — I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter — This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank,— in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle — Well then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; that is —

Sir Peter — My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle — Hem! hem!

Sir Peter — I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle — Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter — 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle — Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter — The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle — For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter — Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle — That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter — Ay, there's another precious circumstance,— a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teazle — Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter—Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle—What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter—Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle—Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter—Grace, indeed!

Lady Teazle—But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter—Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle—Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter—So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE AGREE TO DISAGREE

From the 'School for Scandal'

Sir Peter Teazle *discovered: enter* Lady Teazle.

LADY TEAZLE—Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter—Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle—I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter—Two hundred pounds! what, a'n't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the payment.

Lady Teazle—Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir Peter—And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teazle—If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter—Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teazle—I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth; and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir Peter—Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady Teazle—Ay, so I was; and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter—Indeed!

Lady Teazle—Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Peter—Thank you.

Lady Teazle—And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter—And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady Teazle—And never differ again?

Sir Peter—No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teazle—I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter—Now, see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teazle—Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter—There now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teazle—Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir Peter—There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teazle—No, I'm sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

Sir Peter—There now! who begins first?

Lady Teazle—Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teazle—Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter—Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady Teazle—You are a great bear, I am sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter—Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teazle—So much the better.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you,—a pert rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood!

Lady Teazle—And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty only because he could never meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter—Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teazle—No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter—I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe

you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds—

Lady Teazle—Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter—Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam; or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Teazle—Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, by-by! [*Exit.*

Sir Peter—Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either? Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

AUCTIONING OFF ONE'S RELATIVES

From the 'School for Scandal'

[Charles Surface, an amiable but dissipated young man of fashion, has decided to raise money for his pastimes by selling to a supposed «broker» his last salable property, the family portraits. The purchaser of them, under the name of «Mr. Premium,» is Charles's uncle, Sir Oliver Surface; who in disguise, desires to study his graceless nephew's character and extravagances.

The scene is the disfurnished mansion of Charles in London; and he is at table with several friends when the feigned Mr. Premium is presented.]

CHARLES SURFACE [*to Sir Oliver*]—Mr. Premium, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver—Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles—Oh no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver—Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing: I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you. Mustn't he, Moses?

Moses—Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles—Right. People that speak truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

Sir Oliver—Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles—Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver—Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles—Nothing but live-stock—and that only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir Oliver—Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles—Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies—Sir Oliver Surface—from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver—That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles—Oh, no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver—Indeed! This is the first I've heard of it.

Charles—Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

Moses—Oh, yes! I'll swear to't.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

Charles—Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir Oliver — Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me — for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

Charles — Oh yes, you would! The moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver — Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles — What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliver — No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles — There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no: the climate has hurt him considerably — poor Uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told — and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

Sir Oliver — No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad — ha! ha! ha!

Charles — Ha! ha! ha! — you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver — No, no, I'm not.

Charles — Yes, yes, you are — ha! ha! ha! — you know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver — But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Charles — Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no: rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

Moses — Oh, yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver — Very true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

Moses — Yes, most undoubted!

Sir Oliver — But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles — How do you mean?

Sir Oliver — For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

Charles — O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls! [*Aloud.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

Charles — Yes, yes, so it was, — vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! [*Aloud.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles — You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium; for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses — I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver — So, so: nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles — Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

Sir Oliver — Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles — Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver — What! your great-uncles and aunts?

Charles — Ay; and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Now I give him up! [*Aloud.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odds life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles — Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver — Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. [*Aside.*] Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

Enter Careless

Careless — Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles — I can't come yet. I' faith, we are going to have a sale above-stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

Careless — Oh, burn your ancestors!

Charles — No, he may do that afterwards if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless — Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Oh, the profligates!

Charles — Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver — Oh, yes, I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction — ha! ha! [*Aside.*] Oh, the prodigal!

Charles — To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? [*Exeunt.*

Sir Oliver [*aside, as they go out*] — I'll never forgive him; never! never!

Scene: A picture room in Charles Surface's *house. Enter* Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface, Moses, *and* Careless.

Charles — Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in — here they are: the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver — And in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles — Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no *volontière grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no: the merit of these is the inveterate likeness — all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver — Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles — I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Careless — Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles — Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking the pedigree down.*] Here,

Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany: here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — What an unnatural rogue! — an *ex post facto* parricide!

Careless — Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed. 'Faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin — A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles — Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline: a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? Look at him — there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliver [*aside to Moses*] — Bid him speak.

Moses — Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles — Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles — Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. — Here now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see: a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten, — the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver [*aside*] — Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten — she's mine.

Charles — Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here now are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver — Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles — Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses — 'Tis a good bargain.

Charles — Careless! — This now is a grandfather of my mother's; a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses — Four guineas.

Charles — Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack: do let us knock his Lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver — By all means.

Careless — Gone!

Charles — And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver — That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

Careless — Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles — Here's a jolly fellow — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver — No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles — Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver — They're mine.

Charles — Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless — Ay, ay: that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver — Well, well, — anything to accommodate you: they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless — What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver — Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles — What, that? Oh, that's my Uncle Oliver! 'Twas done before he went to India.

Careless — Your Uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting

countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver—Upon my soul, sir, I do not: I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles—No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles—I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—I forgive him everything! [*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles—Don't tease me, master broker: I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—How like his father the dog is! [*Aloud.*] Well, well, I have done. [*Aside.*] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. [*Aloud.*] Here is a draught for your sum.

Charles—Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliver—You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles—Zounds! no, I tell you, once more.

Sir Oliver—Then never mind the difference: we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles—Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver—Yes, yes; I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles—But hold,—do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver—I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles—Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver—You're fixed on that?

Charles—Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver [*aside*]—A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aloud.*] Good-day!—Come, Moses. [*Aside.*] Let me hear now who dares call him a profligate! [*Exit with Moses.*

Careless — Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles — Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.— Ha! here's Rowley.— Do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless — I will — but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles — Very true; and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless — Nothing else.

Charles — Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit Careless.*] So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see: two-thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for! — Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant. [*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDLY CRITICISM

From 'The Critic'

Scene: The lodgings of Mr. *and* Mrs. Dangle. *Enter* Servant.

SERVANT — Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle — Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dangle — I confess he is a favorite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer — Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dangle — But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't — though he's my friend.

Sneer — Never! He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty.

Dangle — Very true, egad — though he's my friend.

Sneer — Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and

shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism.

Dangle—There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer—You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dangle—Oh yes: he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer—Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dangle—Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most— [*Aside.*] He's here. [*Aloud*]—finished and most admirable perform—

Sir Fretful [*without*]—Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter Sir Fretful

Dangle—Ah, my dear friend! Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer—You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful,—never in your life.

Sir Fretful—You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. Dangle—They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

Dangle—Mrs. Dangle! Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now—he knows how she admires you, and—

Sir Fretful—O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to— [*Aside.*] A damned double-faced fellow!

Dangle—Yes, yes, Sneer will jest—but a better-humored—

Sir Fretful—Oh, I know—

Dangle—He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir Fretful [*aside*]—No, egad—or I should wonder how he came by it.

Dangle—But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir Fretful—No, no, I thank you: I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer—I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir Fretful—O Lud! no—never send a play there while I live— Hark'ee! [*Whispers to Sneer.*

Sneer—"Writes himself!" I know he does.

Sir Fretful—I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune; I say nothing. But this I will say,—Through all my knowledge of life, I have observed that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer—I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir Fretful—Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer—What! they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir Fretful—Steal! To be sure they may; and egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer—But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene; and he, you know, never—

Sir Fretful—That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer—That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir Fretful—And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole—

Dangle—If it succeeds.

Sir Fretful—Ay—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer—I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir Fretful—How?

Sneer—Swear he wrote it.

Sir Fretful—Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer—Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir Fretful—Hey! Sir!

Dangle—Oh, you know he never means what he says.

Sir Fretful—Sincerely, then,—you do like the piece?

Sneer—Wonderfully!

Sir Fretful—But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dangle—Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to—

Sir Fretful—With most authors it is just so, indeed: they are in general strangely tenacious! But for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer—Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fretful—Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer—I think it wants incident.

Sir Fretful—Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer—Yes: I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fretful—Good God!—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dangle—Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fretful—Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dangle—No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fretful—Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul: it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no, it don't fall off.

Dangle—Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dangle—No, indeed I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fretful [*crossing to Mrs. Dangle*]—Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. Dangle—Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece! but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir Fretful—Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dangle—O Lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fretful—Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play—a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle—Then I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fretful—Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dangle—I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

Dangle—Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fretful—The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal— Not that I ever read them! no! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle—You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fretful—No! quite the contrary: their abuse is in fact the best panegyric. I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer—Why, that's true; and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir Fretful—What? where?

Dangle—Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fretful—Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle—Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir Fretful—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer—Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir Fretful—O Lud, no!—anxious?—not I—not the least. I— But one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle—Sneer, do you recollect? [*Aside.*] Make out something.

Sneer [*aside, to Dangle*] — I will. [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fretful — Well, and pray now — not that it signifies — what might the gentleman say?

Sneer — Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

Sneer — That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book; where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

Sneer — Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha!

Sneer — In your most serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir Fretful — Ha! ha!

Sneer — That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fretful — Ha!

Sneer — In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you, for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, incumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir Fretful [*after great agitation*] — Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer — Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fretful — I know it — I am diverted. Ha! ha! ha! — not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha! Very good! very good!

Sneer — Yes — no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dangle — A severe rogue! Ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fretful — To be sure, — for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse — why, one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another!

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIAN WARRIORS

From 'Pizarro'

The scene represents the Temple of the Sun. The High Priest, Priests, *and* Virgins of the Sun, *discovered. A solemn march.* Ataliba *and the* Peruvian Warriors *enter on one side; on the other* Rolla, Alonzo, *and* Cora *with the* Child.

ATALIBA — Welcome, Alonzo! [*To Rolla.*] Kinsman, thy hand! — [*To Cora.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora — May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ataliba — In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rolla — Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is, Victory or death! our king, our country, and our God!

Ataliba — Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valor knows so well how to guard.

Rolla — Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates — partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! — can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love — a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!

Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs — covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: — The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[*Loud shouts of the Peruvian Warriors.*]

Ataliba [*embracing Rolla*] — Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.

[*A solemn procession commences. The Priests and Virgins arrange themselves on either side of the altar, which the High Priest approaches, and the solemnity begins. The invocation of the High Priest is followed by the choruses of the Priests and Virgins. Fire from above lights upon the altar. The whole assembly rise, and join in the thanksgiving.*]

Ataliba — Our offering is accepted. Now to arms, my friends; prepare for battle!

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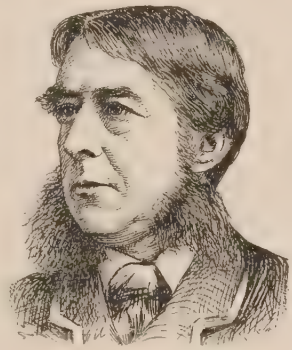
JOHN HENRY SHORTHOUSE

(1834–)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY mysticism is the dominant quality in the novels of John Henry Shorthouse. The spirit which informed the Tractarian movement, which produced 'The Blessèd Damozel' in poetry and 'Dante's Dream' in painting, produced in fiction 'John Inglesant' and 'The Countess Eve.' It is a spirit not wholly free from artificiality, because it is alien to the temper of the times; yet it possesses fascination for those who prefer the twilight passes of the world, leading perchance to the stars, above the electric-lighted highway leading direct to a city. It combines sensuousness with spirituality, day-dreams with keen knowledge, the Christianity of the 'Divine Comedy' with a kind of pagan delight in the offerings of earth.



JOHN H. SHORTHOUSE

'John Inglesant' is the best known of Mr. Shorthouse's novels: it is also the most perfect embodiment of this spirit of mysticism in fiction. The hero, whose name gives the title to the book, is a cavalier in the court of King Charles the First. There is an exquisite aroma about his character: he is a gentleman and a saint, a courtier with the soul of an anchorite. He adheres with scrupulous fidelity to the requirements of his order, yet he is haunted with visions of the Divine life: he is a mystic and a man of the world. It is the character of Inglesant which perhaps explains the fascination of this novel for a certain class of modern readers. The present generation are pre-eminently children of the world. Science has made it well-nigh ridiculous for men to do anything but turn to the best advantage what is here and now. So they nurse their desire of the impossible in secret; but they love its embodiment in fiction. John Inglesant is a thoroughly modern creation. His environment of Renaissance Italy and Cavalier England is due to the tact of the author, who perceived that the setting of this century for one who sees visions would be as incongruous in fiction as it is in actual life. The Rossettis and the Cardinal Newmans must be placed in long-ago beautiful years, if they would seem wholly natural.

It is in John Inglesant that the temper of the author is most fully expressed; and not of the author only, but of the poets, painters, and others of his ilk. There is the sensitiveness to the loveliness of nature; not the Wordsworthian spirit of philosophic detachment from it, but a kind of sensuous union with it, making it partaker both with the holy and unholy aspirations of men. When John Inglesant kneels to receive the sacrament at the church of Little Gidding, he is conscious of the «misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind,» as part of the gracious influence surrounding him. When he is tempted to ruin himself and another, he sees his evil passion reflected in nature:—

«He gazed another moment over the illumined forest, which seemed transfigured in the moonlight and the stillness into an unreal landscape of the dead. The poisonous mists crept over the tops of the cork-trees, and flitted across the long vistas in spectral forms, cowled and shrouded for the grave. Beneath the gloom, indistinct figures seemed to glide,—the personation of the miasma that made the place so fatal to human life.

«He turned to enter the room; but even as he turned, a sudden change came over the scene. The deadly glamour of the moonlight faded suddenly; a calm, pale solemn light settled over the forest; the distant line of hills shone out distinct and clear; the evil mystery of the place departed whence it came; a fresh and cooling breeze sprang up and passed through the rustling wood, breathing pureness and life. The dayspring was at hand in the Eastern sky.»

In his other novels, 'Sir Percival,' 'The Countess Eve,' 'Little Schoolmaster Mark,' 'Blanche, Lady Falaise,' Mr. Shorthouse makes similar use of nature. It is always the outward and visible sign of man's inward and spiritual state. There is the same mystical conception of human dwelling-places, as in a sense the houses of the soul. The beautiful ducal house in 'Sir Percival,' the Renaissance palace of the Duke of Umbria in 'John Inglesant,' is each expressive of the temperament of those who have dwelt therein. Architecture, to the mystic, is perhaps the most significant of all the arts. Shorthouse makes use of it, as much as of nature, to embody the mental moods of men. For music and musicians he has keen sympathy. 'The Countess Eve' is built out of music; the keen, wild sobbing music of the violin, its tremulous passion, its unutterable aspiration. 'The Master of the Violin' is another story of the same order. Music is constantly heard in 'John Inglesant' and in 'Sir Percival.' Shorthouse understands the value of music as Wagner understood it,—as all mystics understand it. It is the embodiment of all the senses; it is the embodiment of the soul.

As might be expected of a novelist who dwells in the half-seen world, the characters of Mr. Shorthouse are less like human beings than abstractions. John Inglesant is more of an ideal than of a

man. Constance in 'Sir Percival' is a Giotto woman,—a pale prayer only half clothed with humanity. The Countess Eve is delicate and unreal; and no force of passion can give life to her. Yet to be with these creations is to be in noble company. The idealism of their author is inspiring and regenerating. It is all the more so because it is clothed in very beautiful literary form. The style of 'John Inglesant' is exquisitely fitted to the thought of the book. Its passionate mysticism, its sense of the Unseen, its obedience to the Vision, make of it a work which could ill be spared to an age productive of Zola.

Mr. Shorthouse was born in Birmingham, England, in 1834. He is a manufacturer in his native city.

INGLESANT VISITS MR. FERRAR'S RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY

From 'John Inglesant'

It was late in the autumn when he made this visit, about two months before Mr. Ferrar's death. The rich autumn foliage was lighted by the low sun, as he rode through the woods and meadows and across the sluggish streams of Bedford and Huntingdon. He slept at a village a few miles south of Little Gidding, and reached that place early in the day. It was a solitary, wooded place, with a large manor-house, and a little church close by. It had been for some time depopulated, and there were no cottages nor houses near. The manor-house and church had been restored to perfect order by Mr. Ferrar; and Inglesant reached it through a grove of trees planted in walks, with latticed paths and gardens on both sides. A brook crossed the road at the foot of the gentle ascent on which the house was built. He asked to see Mr. Ferrar, and was shown by a man-servant into a fair spacious parlor, where Mr. Ferrar presently came to him. Inglesant was disappointed at his appearance, which was plain and not striking in any way; but his speech was able and attractive. Johnny apologized for his bold visit, telling him how much taken he had been by his book, and by what he had heard of him and his family; and that what he had heard did not interest him merely out of curiosity, as he feared it might have done many, but out of sincere desire to learn something of the holy life which doubtless that family led. To this Mr. Ferrar replied that he was thankful to see any one who came in such a spirit; and that several not only of his own friends,—as

Mr. Crashaw the poet,—but many young students from the University at Cambridge, came to see him in a like spirit; to the benefit, he hoped, of both themselves and of him. He said with great humility, that although on the one hand very much evil had been spoken of him which was not true, he had no doubt that on the other, many things had been said about their holiness and the good that they did which went far beyond the truth. For his own part, he said he had adopted that manner of life through having long seen enough of the manners and vanities of the world; and holding them in low esteem, was resolved to spend the best of his life in mortifications and devotion, in charity, and in constant preparation for death. That his mother, his elder brother, his sisters, his nephews and nieces, being content to lead this mortified life, they spent their time in acts of devotion and by doing such good works as were within their power, —such as keeping a school for the children of the next parishes, for teaching of whom he provided three masters who lived constantly in the house. That for ten years they had lived this harmless life, under the care of his mother, who had trained her daughters and granddaughters to every good work: but two years ago they had lost her by death, and as his health was very feeble he did not expect long to be separated from her; but looked forward to his departure with joy, being afraid of the evil times he saw approaching.

When he had said this, he led Inglesant into a large handsome room up-stairs, where he introduced him to his sister, Mrs. Collet, and her daughters, who were engaged in making those curious books of Scripture Harmonies which had so pleased King Charles. These seven young ladies—who formed the junior part of the Society of the house, and were called by the names of the chief virtues, the Patient, the Cheerful, the Affectionate, the Submiss, the Obedient, the Moderate, the Charitable—were engaged at that moment in cutting out passages from two Testaments, which they pasted together so neatly as to seem one book, and in such a manner as to enable the reader to follow the narrative in all its particulars from beginning to end without a break, and also to see which of the sacred authors had contributed any particular part.

Inglesant told the ladies what fame reported of the nuns of Gidding: of two watching and praying all night; of their canonical hours; of their crosses on the outside and inside of their

chapel; of an altar there richly decked with plate, tapestry, and tapers; of their adoration and genuflexions at their entering. He told Mr. Ferrar that his object in visiting him was chiefly to know his opinion of the papists and their religion; as having been bred among them himself and being very nearly one of them, he was anxious to know the opinions of one who was said to hold many of their doctrines without joining them or approving them. Mr. Ferrar appeared at first shy of speaking: but being apparently convinced of the young man's sincerity, and that he was not an enemy in disguise, he conversed very freely with him for some time, speaking much of the love of God, and of the vanity of worldly things; of his dear friend Mr. George Herbert, and of his saintly life; of the confused and troublesome life he had formerly led, and of the great peace and satisfaction which he had found since he had left the world and betaken himself to that retired and religious life. That as regards the papists, his translating Valdessa's book was a proof that he knew that among them, as among all people, there were many true worshipers of Jesus, being drawn by the blessed sacrament to follow him in the spiritual and divine life; and that there were many things in that book similar to the mystical religion of which Inglesant spoke, which his dear friend Mr. George Herbert had disapproved, as exalting the inward spiritual life above the foundation of holy Scripture; that it was not for him, who was only a deacon in the church, to pronounce any opinion on so difficult a point, and that he had printed all Mr. Herbert's notes in his book, without comment of his own; that though he was thus unwilling to give his own judgment, he certainly believed that this inward spiritual life was open to all men, and recommended Inglesant to continue his endeavors after it, seeking it chiefly in the holy sacrament accompanied with mortification and confession.

While they were thus talking, the hour of evening prayer arrived, and Mr. Ferrar invited Johnny to accompany him to the church; which he gladly did, being very much attracted by the evident holiness which pervaded Mr. Ferrar's talk and manner. The family proceeded to church in procession, Mr. Ferrar and Inglesant walking first. The church was kept in great order; the altar being placed upon a raised platform at the east end, and covered with tapestry stretching over the floor all round it, and adorned with plate and tapers. Mr. Ferrar bowed with great

reverence several times on approaching the altar, and directed Inglesant to sit in a stalled seat opposite the reading-pew, from which he said the evening prayer. The men of the family knelt on the raised step before the altar, the ladies and servants sitting in the body of the church. The church was very sweet, being decked with flowers and herbs, and the soft autumn light rested over it. From the seat where Inglesant knelt, he could see the faces of the girls as they bent over their books at prayers. They were all in black, except one, who wore a friar's gray gown; this was the one who was called the Patient, as Inglesant had been told in the house, and the singularity of her dress attracted his eye towards her during the prayers. The whole scene, strange and romantic as it appeared to him,—the devout and serious manner of the worshipers, very different from much that was common in churches at that day, and the abstracted and devout look upon the faces of the girls,—struck his fancy, so liable to such influences and so long trained to welcome them; and he could not keep his eyes from this one face, from which the gray hood was partly thrown back. It was a passive face, with well-cut delicate features and large and quiet eyes.

Prayers being over, the ladies saluted Inglesant from a distance, and left the church with the rest, in the same order as they had come, leaving Mr. Ferrar and Johnny alone. They remained some time discoursing on worship and church ceremonies, and then returned to the house. It was now late, and Mr. Ferrar, who was evidently much pleased with his guest, invited him to stay the night, and even extended his hospitality by asking him to stay over the next, which was Saturday, and the Sunday; upon which, as it was the first Sunday in the month, the holy sacrament would be administered, and several of Mr. Ferrar's friends from Cambridge would come over and partake of it, and to pass the night and day in prayer and acts of devotion. To this proposition Inglesant gladly consented; the whole proceeding appearing to him full of interest and attraction. Soon after they returned to the house, supper was served, all the family sitting down together at a long table in the hall. During supper some portion of Fox's 'Book of the Martyrs' was read aloud. Afterwards two hours were permitted for diversion, during which all were allowed to do as they pleased.

The young ladies, having found out that Inglesant was a queen's page, were very curious to hear of the court and royal

family from him; which innocent request Mr. Ferrar encouraged, and joined in himself. One reason of the success with which his mother and he had ruled this household appears to have been his skill in interesting and attracting all its inmates by the variety and pleasant character of their occupations. He was also much interested himself in what Johnny told him,—for in this secluded family, themselves accustomed to prudence, Inglesant felt he might safely speak of many things upon which he was generally silent: and after prayers, when the family were retired to their several rooms, Mr. Ferrar remained with him some time, while Johnny related to him the aspect of religious parties at the moment; and particularly all that he could tell, without violating confidence, of the papists and of his friend the Jesuit.

The next morning they rose at four; though two of the family had been at prayer all night, and did not go to rest till the others rose. They went into the oratory in the house itself to prayers, for they kept six times of prayer during the day. At six they said the psalms of the hour,—for every hour had its appropriate psalms,—and at half past six went to church for matins. When they returned at seven o'clock, they said the psalm of the hour, sang a short hymn, and went to breakfast. After breakfast, when the younger members of the family were at their studies, Mr. Ferrar took Inglesant to the school where all the children in the neighborhood were permitted to come. At eleven they went to dinner; and after dinner there was no settled occupation till one, every one being allowed to amuse himself as he chose. The young ladies had been trained not only to superintend the house, but to wait on any sick persons in the neighborhood who came to the house at certain times for assistance, and to dress the wounds of those who were hurt, in order to give them readiness and skill in this employment, and to habituate them to the virtues of humility and tenderness of heart. A large room was set apart for this purpose, where Mr. Ferrar had instructed them in the necessary skill; having been himself Physic Fellow at Clare Hall in Cambridge, and under the celebrated professors at Padua, in Italy. This room Inglesant requested to see, thinking that he should in this way also see something of and be able to speak to the young ladies, whose acquaintance he had hitherto not had much opportunity of cultivating. Mr. Ferrar told his nephew to show it him—young Nicholas Ferrar, a young man of extraordinary skill in languages,

who was afterwards introduced to the King and Prince Charles, some time before his early death.

When they entered the room, Inglesant was delighted to find that the only member of the family there was the young lady in the gray friar's habit, whose face had attracted him so much in church. She was listening to the long tiresome tale of an old woman; following the example of George Herbert, who thought on a similar occasion, that "it was some relief to a poor body to be heard with patience." Johnny, who in spite of his Jesuitical and court training was naturally modest, and whose sense of religion made him perfectly well-bred, accosted the young lady very seriously, and expressed his gratitude at having been permitted to stay and see so many excellent and improving things as that family had to show. The liking which the head of the house had evidently taken for Inglesant disposed the younger members in his favor, and the young lady answered him simply and unaffectedly, but with manifest pleasure.

Inglesant inquired concerning the assumed names of the sisters, and how they sustained their respective qualities, and what exercises suited to these qualities they had to perform. She replied that they had exercises, or discourses, which they performed at the great festivals of the year, Christmas and Easter; and which were composed with reference to their several qualities. All of these, except her own, were enlivened by hymns and odes composed by Mr. Ferrar, and set to music by the music-master of the family, who accompanied the voices with the viol or the lute. But her own, she said, had never any music or poetry connected with it: it was always of a very serious turn, and much longer than any other, and had not any historical anecdote or fable interwoven with it; the contrivance being to exercise that virtue to which she was devoted. Inglesant asked her with pity if this was not very hard treatment; and she only replied, with a smile, that she had the enjoyment of all the lively performances of the others.

He asked her whether they looked forward to passing all their lives in this manner, or whether they allowed the possibility of any change; and if she had entirely lost her own name in her assumed one, or whether he might presume to ask it, that he might have wherewithal to remember her by, as he surely should as long as he had life. She said her name was Mary Collet; and that as to his former question, two of her sisters had had, at

one time, a great desire to become veiled virgins,—to take upon them a vow of perpetual chastity, with the solemnity of a bishop's blessing and ratification, but on going to Bishop Williams he had discouraged and at last dissuaded them from it.

Inglesant and the young lady remained talking in this way for some time, young Nicholas Ferrar having left them; but at last she excused herself from staying any longer, and he was obliged to let her go. He ventured to say that he hoped they would remember him; that he was utterly ignorant of the future that lay before him, but that whatever fate awaited him, he should never forget the "Nuns of Gidding" and their religious life. She replied that they would certainly remember him, as they did all their acquaintances, in their daily prayer; especially as she had seldom seen her uncle so pleased with a stranger as he had been with him. With these compliments they parted, and Inglesant returned to the drawing-room, where more visitors had arrived.

In the afternoon there came from Cambridge Mr. Crashaw the poet, of Peterhouse,—who afterwards went over to the papists, and died canon of Loretto,—and several gentlemen, undergraduates of Cambridge, to spend the Sunday at Gidding, being the first Sunday of the month. Mr. Crashaw, when Inglesant was introduced to him as one of the queen's pages, finding that he was acquainted with many Roman Catholics, was very friendly, and conversed with him apart. He said he conceived a great admiration for the devout lives of the Catholic saints, and of the government and discipline of the Catholic Church; and that he feared that the English Church had not sufficient authority to resist the spread of Presbyterianism, in which case he saw no safety except in returning to the communion of Rome. Walking up and down the garden paths, after evening prayers in church, he spoke a great deal on this subject, and on the beauty of a retired religious life; saying that here at Little Gidding and at Little St. Marie's Church, near to Peterhouse, he had passed the most blissful moments of his life, watching at midnight in prayer and meditation.

That night Mr. Crashaw, Inglesant, and one or two others, remained in the church from nine till twelve, during which time they said over the whole Book of Psalms in the way of antiphony, one repeating one verse and the rest the other. The time of their watch being ended they returned to the house, went to

Mr. Ferrar's door and bade him good-morrow, leaving a lighted candle for him. They then went to bed; but Mr. Ferrar arose, according to the passage of Scripture "At midnight I will arise and give thanks," and went into the church, where he betook himself to religious meditation.

Early on the Sunday morning the family were astir and said prayers in the oratory. After breakfast many people from the country around, and more than a hundred children, came in. These children were called the Psalm children, and were regularly trained to repeat the Psalter, and the best voices among them to assist in the service on Sundays. They came in every Sunday, and according to the proficiency of each were presented with a small piece of money, and the whole number entertained with a dinner after church. The church was crowded at the morning service before the sacrament. The service was beautifully sung, the whole family taking the greatest delight in church music, and many of the gentlemen from Cambridge being amateurs. The sacrament was administered with the greatest devotion and solemnity. Impressed as he had been with the occupation of the preceding day and night, and his mind excited with watching and want of sleep and with the exquisite strains of the music, the effect upon Inglesant's imaginative nature was excessive.

Above the altar, which was profusely bedecked with flowers, the antique glass of the east window, which had been carefully repaired, contained a figure of the Savior, of an early and severe type. The form was gracious and yet commanding, having a brilliant halo round the head, and being clothed in a long and apparently seamless coat; the two forefingers of the right hand were held up to bless. Kneeling upon the half-pace, as he received the sacred bread and tasted the holy wine, this gracious figure entered into Inglesant's soul; and stillness and peace unspeakable, and life, and light, and sweetness, filled his mind. He was lost in a sense of rapture; and earth and all that surrounded him faded away. When he returned a little to himself, kneeling in his seat in the church, he thought that at no period of his life, however extended, should he ever forget that morning, or lose the sense and feeling of that touching scene, of that gracious figure over the altar, of the bowed and kneeling figures, of the misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind. Heaven itself seemed to have opened to him, and one

fairer than the fairest of the angelic hosts to have come down to earth.

After the service, the family and all the visitors returned to the mansion house in the order in which they had come, and the Psalm children were entertained with a dinner in the great hall; all the family and visitors came in to see them served, and Mrs. Collet, as her mother had always done, placed the first dish on the table herself to give an example of humility. Grace having been said, the bell rang for the dinner of the family, who, together with the visitors, repaired to the great dining-room, and stood in order round the table. While the dinner was being served, they sang a hymn accompanied by the organ at the upper end of the room. Then grace was said by the priest who had celebrated the communion, and they sat down. All the servants who had received the sacrament that day sat at table with the rest. During dinner, one of the young people whose turn it was read a chapter from the Bible; and when that was finished, conversation was allowed,—Mr. Ferrar and some of the other gentlemen endeavoring to make it of a character suitable to the day, and to the service they had just taken part in. After dinner they went to church again for evening prayer; between which service and supper, Inglesant had some talk with Mr. Ferrar concerning the papists, and Mr. Crashaw's opinion of them.

"I ought to be a fit person to advise you," said Mr. Ferrar with a melancholy smile, "for I am myself, as it were, crushed between the upper and nether millstone of contrary reports; for I suffer equal obloquy—and no martyrdom is worse than that of continual obloquy—both for being a papist and a Puritan. You will suppose there must be some strong reason why I, who value so many things among the papists so much, have not joined them myself. I should probably have escaped much violent invective if I had done so. You are very young, and are placed where you can see and judge of both parties. You possess sufficient insight to try the spirits, whether they be of God. Be not hasty to decide; and before you decide to join the Romish communion, make a tour abroad, and if you can, go to Rome itself. When I was in Italy and Spain, I made all the inquiries and researches I could. I bought many scarce and valuable books in the languages of those countries, in collecting which I had a principal eye to those which treated on the subjects of spiritual life, devotion, and religious retirement; but the result of all was that I am now, and I shall die,—as I believe and hope shortly,—in

the communion of the English Church. This day, as I believe, the blessed sacrament has been in the church before our eyes; and what can you or I desire more?"

The next morning before Inglesant left, Mr. Ferrar showed him his foreign collections, his great treasure of rarities and of prints of the best masters of that time, mostly relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments. Inglesant dined with the family, of whom he took leave with a full heart; saluting the ladies with the pleasant familiarity which the manners of the time permitted. Mr. Ferrar went with him to the borders of the parish, and gave him his blessing. They never saw each other again, for two months afterwards Nicholas Ferrar was in his grave.

THE VISIT TO THE ASTROLOGER

From 'John Inglesant'

After two or three days, Eustace [Inglesant] told his brother one morning that he was ready to go into the West; but before starting, he said he wished Johnny to accompany him to a famous astrologer in Lambeth Marsh, to whom already he had shown the horoscope, and who had appointed a meeting that night to give his answer, and who had also promised to consult a crystal as an additional means of obtaining information of the future.

Accordingly, late in the afternoon, they took a wherry at the Temple Stairs, and were ferried over to Lambeth Marsh, a wide extent of level ground between Southwark and the Bishop's Palace, on which only a few straggling houses had been built. The evening was dark and foggy, and a cold wind swept across the marsh, making them wrap their short cloaks closely about them. It was almost impossible to see more than a yard or two before them; and they would probably have found great difficulty in finding the wizard's house, had not a boy with a lantern met them a few paces from the river, who inquired if they were seeking the astrologer. This was the wizard's own boy, whom, with considerable worldly prudence at any rate, he had dispatched to find his clients and bring them to the house. The boy brought them into a long low room, with very little furniture in it, a small table at the upper end, with a large chair

behind it, and three or four high-backed chairs placed along the wall. On the floor, in the middle of the room, was a large double circle; but there were no figures or signs of any kind about it. On the table was a long thin rod. A lamp which hung from the roof over the table cast a faint light about the room, and a brazier of lighted coals stood in the chimney.

The astrologer soon entered the room, with the horoscope Eustace had left with him in his hand. He was a fine-looking man, with a serious and lofty expression of face, dressed in a black gown, with the square cap of a divine, and a fur hood or tippet. He bowed courteously to the gentlemen, who saluted him with great respect. His manner was coldest to John Inglesant, whom he probably regarded with suspicion as an amateur. He however acknowledged that Inglesant's criticisms on the horoscope were correct; but pointed out to him that in his own reading of it many of the aspects were very adverse. John Inglesant knew this, though he had chosen to conceal it from his brother. The astrologer then informed them that he had drawn out a scheme of the heavens himself at the moment when first consulted by Eustace; and that, in quite different ways and by very different aspects, much the same result had been arrived at. "As, however," he went on to say, "the whole question is to some extent vitiated by the suspicion of foul play, and it will be impossible for any of us to free our minds entirely from these suspicions, I do not advise any farther inquiry; but I propose that you should consult a consecrated beryl or crystal, a mode of inquiry far more high and certain than astrology,—so much so, indeed, that I will seriously confess to you that I use the latter but as the countenance and blind; but this search in the crystal is by the help of the blessed spirits, and is open only to the pure from sin, and to men of piety, humility, and charity."

As he said these words, he produced from the folds of his gown a large crystal or polished stone, set in a circle of gold, supported by a silver stand. Round the circle were engraved the names of angels. He placed this upon the table, and continued:—

"We must pray to God that he will vouchsafe us some insight into this precious stone: for it is a solemn and serious matter upon which we are, second only to that of communication with the angelical creatures themselves; which indeed is vouchsafed to some, but only to those of the greatest piety, to which

we may not aspire. Therefore let us kneel down and humbly pray to God."

They all knelt; and the adept, commencing with the Prayer Book collect for the festival of St. Michael, recited several other prayers, all for extreme and spotless purity of life.

He then rose, the two others continuing on their knees, and struck a small bell, upon which the boy whom they had before seen entered the room by a concealed door in the wainscot. He was a pretty boy, with a fair and clean skin, and was dressed in a surplice similar to those worn by choristers. He took up a position by the crystal, and waited his master's orders.

"I have said," continued the adept, "that these visions can be seen only by the pure, and by those who, by long and intense looking into the spiritual world, have at last penetrated somewhat into its gloom. I have found these mostly to be plain and simple people, of an earnest faith,—country people, grave-diggers, and those employed to shroud the dead, and who are accustomed to think much upon objects connected with death. This boy is the child of the sexton of Lambeth Church, who is himself a godly man. Let us pray to God."

Upon this he knelt down again and remained for some time engaged in silent prayer. He then rose and directed the boy to look into the crystal, saying, "One of these gentlemen desires news of his wife."

The boy looked intently into the crystal for some moments, and then said, speaking in a measured and low voice:—

"I see a great room, in which there is a bed with rich hangings; pendent from the ceiling is a silver lamp. A tall dark man, with long hair, and a dagger in his belt, is bending over the bed with a cup in his hand."

"It is my wife's room," said Eustace in a whisper, "and it is no doubt the Italian: he is tall and dark."

The boy continued to look for some time into the crystal, but said nothing; then he turned to his master and said, "I can see nothing; some one more near to this gentleman must look; this other gentleman," he said suddenly, and turning to John Inglesant, "if he looks, will be able to see."

The astrologer started. "Ah!" he said, "why do you say that, boy?"

"I can tell who will see aught in the crystal, and who will not," replied the boy: "this gentleman will see."

The astrologer seemed surprised and skeptical, but he made a sign to Inglesant to rise from his knees, and to take his place by the crystal.

He did so, and looked steadily into it for some seconds; then he shook his head.

"I can see nothing," he said.

"Nothing!" said the boy: "can you see nothing?"

"No. I see clouds and mist."

"You have been engaged," said the boy, "in something that was not good — something that was not true; and it has dimmed the crystal sight. Look steadily, and if it is as I think, that your motive was not false, you will see more."

Inglesant looked again; and in a moment or two gave a start, saying,—"The mist is breaking! I see;—I see a large room, with a chimney of carved stone, and a high window at the end; in the window and on the carved stone is the same coat many times repeated,— three running greyhounds proper, on a field vert."

"I know the room," said Eustace: "it is the inn parlor at Mintern, not six miles from Oulton. It was the manor of the Vinings before the wars, but is now an inn; that was their coat."

"Do you see aught else?" said the adept.

Inglesant gave a long look; then he stepped back, and gazed at the astrologer, and from him to his brother, with a faltering and ashy look.

"I see a man's figure lie before the hearth, and the hearth-stone is stained, as if with blood. Eustace, it is either you or I!"

"Look again," said the adept eagerly, "look again!"

"I will look no more!" said Inglesant fiercely; "this is the work of a fiend, to lure men to madness or despair!"

As he spoke, a blast of wind — sudden and strong — swept through the room; the lamp burned dim; and the fire in the brazier went out. A deathly coldness filled the apartment, and the floor and the walls seemed to heave and shake. A loud whisper, or muffled cry, seemed to fill the air; and a terrible awe struck at the hearts of the young men. Seizing the rod from the table, the adept assumed a commanding attitude, and waved it to and fro in the air; gradually the wind ceased, the dread coldness abated, and the fire burned again of its own accord. The adept gazed at Inglesant with a stern and set look.

"You are of a strange spirit, young sir," he said: "pure in heart enough to see things which many holy men have desired

in vain to see; and yet so wild and rebellious as to anger the blessed spirits with your self-will and perverse thoughts. You will suffer fatal loss, both here and hereafter, if you learn not to give up your own will, and your own fancies, before the heavenly will and call."

Inglesant stared at the man in silence. His words seemed to him to mean far more than perhaps he himself knew. They seemed to come into his mind, softened with anxiety for his brother, and shaken by these terrible events, with the light of a revelation. Surely this was the true secret of his wasted life, however strange might be the place and action which revealed it to him. Whatever he might think afterwards of this night, it might easily stand to him as an allegory of his own spirit, set down before him in a figure. Doubtless he was perverse and headstrong under the pressure of the Divine Hand; doubtless he had followed his own notions rather than the voice of the inward monitor he professed to hear; henceforth, surely, he would give himself up more entirely to the heavenly voice.

Eustace appeared to have seen enough of the future, and to be anxious to go. He left a purse of gold upon the wizard's table; and hurried his brother to take his leave.

Outside, the air was perfectly still; a thick motionless fog hung over the marsh and the river; not a breath of wind stirred.

"That was a strange wind that swept by as you refused to look," said Eustace to his brother: "do you really think the spirits were near, and were incensed?"

Inglesant did not reply: he was thinking of another spirit than that the wizard had evoked.

They made their way through the fog to Lambeth, and took boat again to the Temple Stairs.

JOHN INGLESANT MAKES A JOURNEY, AND MEETS HIS BROTHER'S MURDERER

From 'John Inglesant'

It was long before sunrise that Inglesant set out, accompanied by his train, hoping to cross the mountains before the heat began. His company consisted of several men-at-arms, with their grooms and horse-boys, and the Austrian page. They ascended the mountains in the earlier part of the night, and

towards dawn they reached a flat plain. The night had been too dark to allow them to see the steep and narrow defiles, full of oaks and beech; and as they passed over the dreary plain in the white mist, their figures seemed vast and indistinct in the dim light: but now, as the streaks of the dawn grew brighter in the east behind them, they could see the fir-trees clothing the distant slopes, and here and there one of the higher summits still covered with white snow. The scene was cold and dead and dreary as the grave. A heavy mist hung over the mountain plain, and an icy lake lay black and cold beneath the morning sky. As they reached the crest of the hill the mist rose, stirred by a little breeze at sunrise, and the gorges of the descent lay clear before them. The sun arose behind them, gilding the mountain-tops, and tracing streaks and shades of color on the rising mist sparkling with glittering dewdrops; while dark and solemn beneath them lay the pine-clothed ravines and sloping valleys, with here and there a rocky peak; and farther down still the woods and hills gave place at last to the plain of the Tiber, at present dark and indistinguishable in the night.

As the sun arose behind them, one by one the pine ravines became lighted, and the snowy summits, soft and pink with radiant light, stood out against the sky, which became every instant of a deeper blue. The sunlight, stealing down the defiles and calling forth into distinct shape and vision tree and rock and flashing stream, spread itself over the oak woods in the valleys, and shone at last upon the plain, embossed and radiant with wood and green meadow, and marble towers and glistering water — the waters of the Tiber running onward towards Rome. Mysterious forms and waves of light, the creatures of the morning and of the mist, floated before the sight, and from the dark fir-trees murmurs and mutterings of ethereal life fell upon the ear. Sudden and passionate flushes of color tinted the pine woods and were gone; and beneath the branches and across the paths, fairy lights played for a moment and passed away.

The party halted more than once, but it was necessary to make the long descent before the heat began, and they commenced carefully to pick their way down the stony mountain road, which wound down the ravines in wild unequal paths. The track, now precipitous, now almost level, took them round corners and masses of rock sometimes hanging above their heads, revealing continually new reaches of valleys and new defiles clothed

with fir and oak. Mountain flowers and trailing ivy and creeping plants hung in festoons on every side, lizards ran across the path, birds fluttered above them or darted into the dark recesses where the mountain brooks were heard; everything sang the morning psalm of life, with which, from field and mountain solitudes, the free children of nature salute the day.

The Austrian boy felt the beauty of the scene, and broke out into singing.

"When the northern gods," he said to Inglesant, "rode on their chevisance, they went down into the deep valleys singing magic songs. Let us into this dark valley, singing magic songs, also go down: who knows what strange and hidden deity, since the old pagan times lost and forgotten, we may find among the dark fir dingles and the laurel shades?"

And he began to sing some love ditty.

Inglesant did not hear him. The beauty of the scene, ethereal and unreal in its loveliness, following upon the long dark mountain ride, his sleepless nights and strange familiarity with approaching death by the couch of the old duke, confused his senses, and a presentiment of impending fate filled his mind. The recollection of his brother rose again in his remembrance, distinct and present as in life; and more than once he fancied that he heard his voice, as the cry of some mountain beast or sound of moaning trees, came up the pass. No other foreshadowing than this very imperfect one warned him of the approaching crisis of his life.

The sun was fully up, and the light already brilliant and intense, when they approached a projecting point where the slope of wood ended in a tower of rock jutting upon the road. The path by which they approached it was narrow and ragged; but beyond the rock the ground spread itself out, and the path was carried inward towards the right, having the sloping hillside on the one hand covered with scattered oaks, while on the other a slip of ground separated it from the ravine. At the turning of the road, where the opening valley lay before them as they reached the corner, face to face with Inglesant as he checked his horse was the Italian, the inquisitive stranger of the theatre at Florence, the intruder into the Conclave, the masque of the Carnival ball, the assassin of the Corso,—that Malvolti who had treacherously murdered his brother and sought his own life. Alone and weary, his clothes worn and threadbare, he came

toiling up the pass. Inglesant reined in his horse suddenly, a strange and fierce light in his eyes and face. The Italian started back like some wild creature of the forest brought suddenly to bay, a terrified cry broke from him, and he looked wildly round as if intending flight. The nature of the ground caught him as in a trap: on the one hand the sloping hillside, steep and open, on the other tangled rugged ground, slightly rising between the road and the precipice, cut off all hope of sudden flight. He looked wildly round for a moment; then, when the horsemen came round the rocky wall and halted behind their leader, his eyes came back to Inglesant's face, and he marked the smile upon his lips and in his eyes, and saw his hand steal downward to the hunting-piece he carried at the saddle; then with a terrible cry he threw himself on his knees before the horse's head, and begged for pity,—pity and life.

Inglesant took his hand from his weapon, and turning slightly to the page and to the others behind him, he said:—

"This man, messeri, is a murderer and a villain, steeped in every crime; a cruel secret midnight cut-throat and assassin; a lurker in secret corners to murder the innocent. He took my brother, a noble gentleman whom I was proud to follow, treacherously at an advantage, and slew him. I see him now before me lying in his blood. He tried to take my life,—I, who scarcely even knew him,—in the streets of Rome. Now he begs for mercy. What say you, gentlemen? what is his due?"

"Shoot the dog through the head. Hang him on the nearest tree. Carry him into Rome and torture him to death."

The Italian still continued on his knees, his hands clasped before him, his face working with terror and agony that could not be disguised.

"Mercy, monsignore," he cried. "Mercy! I cannot, I dare not, I am not fit to die. For the blessed Host, monsignore, have mercy—for the love of Jesu—for the sake of Jesu."

As he said these last words Inglesant's attitude altered, and the cruel light faded out of his eyes. His hand ceased to finger the carabine at his saddle; and he sat still upon his horse, looking down upon the abject wretch before him, while a man might count fifty. The Italian saw, or thought he saw, that his judge was inclining to mercy, and he renewed his appeals for pity.

"For the love of the crucifix, monsignore; for the Blessed Virgin's sake."

But Inglesant did not seem to hear him. He turned to the horsemen behind him, and said:—

"Take him up, one of you, on the crupper. Search him first for arms. Another keep his eye on him; and if he moves or attempts to escape, shoot him dead. You had better come quietly," he continued: "it is your only chance for life."

Two of the men-at-arms dismounted and searched the prisoner, but found no arms upon him. He seemed indeed to be in the greatest distress from hunger and want, and his clothes were ragged and thin. He was mounted behind one of the soldiers and closely watched; but he made no attempt to escape, and indeed appeared to have no strength or energy for such an effort.

They went on down the pass for about an Italian league. The country became more thickly wooded; and here and there on the hillsides, patches of corn appeared, and once or twice in a sheltered spot a few vines. At length, on the broad shoulder of the hill round which the path wound, they saw before them a few cottages; and above them on the hillside, in a position that commanded the distant pass till it opened on the plain, was a chapel, the bell of which had just ceased ringing for mass.

Inglesant turned his horse's head up the narrow stony path; and when the gate was reached, he dismounted and entered the chapel, followed by his train. The cappella had apparently been built of the remains of some temple or old Roman house; for many of the stones of the front were carved in bold relief. It was a small narrow building, and possessed no furniture save the altar and a rude pulpit built of stones; but behind the altar, painted on the plaster of the wall, was the rood or crucifix, the size of life. Who the artist had been, cannot now be told: it might have been the pupil of some great master, who had caught something of the master's skill; or perhaps, in the old time, some artist had come up the pass from Borgo San Sepolcro, and had painted it for the love of his art and of the Blessed Virgin; but whoever had done it, it was well done, and it gave a sanctity to the little chapel, and possessed an influence, of which the villagers were not unconscious, and of which they were even proud.

The mass had commenced some short time as the train entered, and such few women and peasants as were present turned in surprise.

Inglesant knelt upon the steps before the altar, and the men-at-arms upon the floor of the chapel; the two who guarded the prisoner keeping close behind their leader.

The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping, but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and, influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the sacrament. He took it; and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the mass.

Then Inglesant rose; and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar, with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands.

"My father," he said, "I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio; and as I came across the mountains this morning on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother,—a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law either of earth or heaven, a guilty monster steeped in every crime. Him, as soon as I had met him,—sent by this lonely and untrodden way as it seems to me by the Lord's hand,—I thought to crush at once, as I would a venomous beast, though he is worse than any beast. But, my father, he has appealed from me to the adorable name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord's hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Henceforth he is safe from earthly retribution, but the Divine Powers are just. Take this sword, reverend father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ himself; and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul."

The priest took the sword; and kneeling before the altar, placed it thereon like a man acting in a dream.

He was one of those childlike peasant-priests to whom the great world was unknown; and to whom his mountain solitudes were peopled as much by the saints and angels of his breviary, as by the peasants who shared with him the solitudes and the legends that gave to these mountain fastnesses a mysterious awe. To such a man as this it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St. George himself, in jeweled armor, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light, his shining sword in his hand.

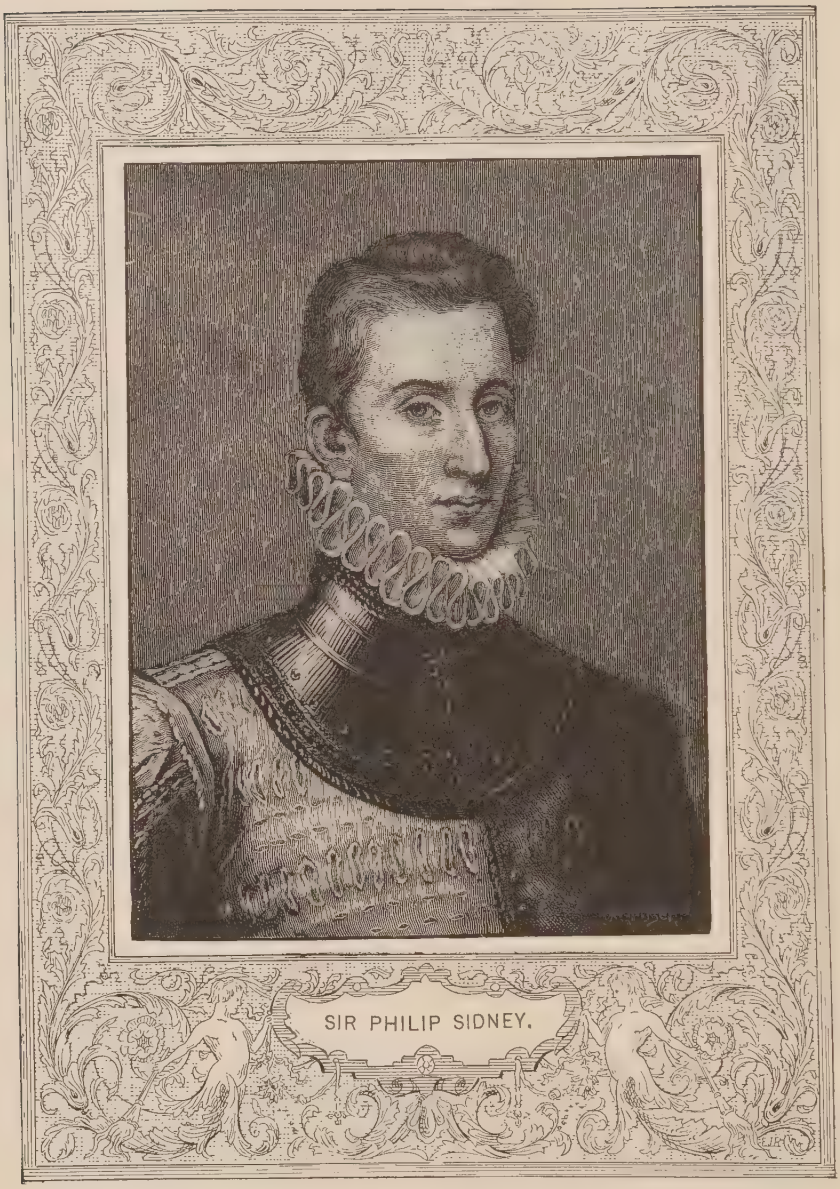
He turned again to Inglesant, who had knelt down once more.

"It is well done, monsignore," he said, "as all that thou doest doubtless is most well. The sword shall remain here as thou sayest, and the Lord doubtless will work his blessed will. But I entreat, monsignore, thy intercession for me, a poor sinful man; and when thou returnest to thy place, and seest again the Lord Jesus, that thou wilt remind him of his unworthy priest. Amen."

Inglesant scarcely heard what he said, and certainly did not understand it. His sense was confused by what had happened, and by the sudden overmastering impulse upon which he had acted. He moved as in a dream; nothing seemed to come strange to him, nothing startled him, and he took slight heed of what passed. He placed his embroidered purse, heavy with gold, in the priest's hand, and in his excitement totally forgot to name his brother, for whose repose masses were to be said.

He signed to his men to release the prisoner; and, his trumpets sounding to horse before the chapel gate, he mounted and rode on down the pass.

But his visit was not forgotten: and long afterward — perhaps even to the present day — popular tradition took the story up, and related that once, when the priest of the mountain chapel was a very holy man, the blessed St. George himself, in shining armor, came across the mountains one morning very early, and himself partook of the sacrament, and all his train; and appealed triumphantly to the magic sword, set with gold and precious stones, that lay upon the altar from that morning, — by virtue of which no harm can befall the village, no storm strike it, and above all, no pillage of armed men or any violence can occur.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554–1586)

BY PITTS DUFFIELD

"When I was a boy nine years old," says Aubrey the antiquary, "I was with my father at one Mr. Singleton's, an alderman and woollen draper, in Gloucester, who had in his parlour over the chimney the whole description of Sir Philip Sidney's funerall, engraved and printed on papers pasted together, which at length was, I believe, the length of the room at least. But he had contrived it to be twined upon two pinnes, that turning one of them made the figures march all in order. It did make such a strong impression on my young tender phantasy that I remember it as if it were but yesterday." The pageantry of Sir Philip Sidney's life and death is still potent to impress the tender fancy, young or old; it cannot be forgotten by anybody who to-day would meddle with the estimate put upon him by his contemporaries. That he was the embodied ideal of all the Elizabethan world held noble in life and art, there is an almost inconceivable amount of tribute to testify. All England and most of Europe went into mourning at his death; and while he lived, the name of Astrophel was one that poets conjured with. Bruno the philosopher, Languet the Huguenot, enshrined him in their affections; and Sir Fulke Greville the thinker, in the never-to-be-forgotten epitaph, was proud to remember that besides having been servant to Queen Elizabeth and counselor to King James, he had been also Sir Philip Sidney's friend.

The extraordinary charm of this celebrated personality is hardly to be accounted for completely by the flavor of high romance about him, or by attributing to him what nowadays has been called personal magnetism. Something of temperamental magic there must have been, to be sure; but even in his short life there was something also of distinct purpose and achievement. When in his thirty-second year — for he was born November 29th, 1554, and died October 5th, 1586 — he received his death wound at the siege of Zutphen, he had already gained the reputation of more than ordinary promise in statesmanship, and had made himself an authority in questions of letters. The results of modern scholarship seem to show, on the whole, that his renown was more richly deserved than subsequent opinion has always been willing to admit.

In the first place, Sidney's devotion to art was steadfast and sincere. Throughout his travels on the Continent, whether in the midst of the terrors of St. Bartholomew in Paris, or of the degenerative Italy,—which for its manifold temptations old Roger Ascham declared a Circe's court of vice,—he held a high-spirited philosophy which kept him alike from evil and from bigotry. Dante and Petrarch more than any fleshly following were his companions in Italy. On the grand tour or in his foreign missions, as his writings always show, he was ever the true observer. In the splendors of Elizabeth's court—such as, for instance, the Kenilworth progress, which his uncle the Earl of Leicester devised for the gratification of the Queen's Majesty—he had always an eye for the romantic aspects of things, and a thought for the significance of them. The beautiful face in the Warwick Castle portrait—lofty with the truth of a soul that derives itself from Plato—cannot have been the visage of a nature careless of its intellectual powers or its fame; but of one most serious, as his friend Fulke Greville testifies, and strenuous in his public duty. The celebrated romance of 'Arcadia'—which he wrote for his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in retirement at Penshurst, his birthplace, after his courageous letter of remonstrance to the Queen concerning the French match—is entirely the outcome of a mind that did its own thinking, and made even its idle thoughts suggestive in the study of the literature.

At first sight the Countess of Pembroke's 'Arcadia' may seem, indeed, but the "vain amatorious poem" which Milton condemned Charles I. for using upon the scaffold. Sidney himself might have called it a poem: for "it is not rhyming and versing," he says, "that maketh a poet; but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by:" and he did call it, in his dedication, "an idle work,"—"a trifle and trifling handled." But it is to be noted that what Charles used of it was a prayer put originally in the mouth of Pamela, and that Dr. Johnson declared his use of it was innocent. Pamela also, in spite of the trifling diversions of Philip and his sister the Countess, has a way of pretty often growing eloquent on serious matters. "You say yesterday was as to-day," she exclaims. "O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish since wit makes you foolish, what does that argue but that there is a constancy in the everlasting governor?" And Pamela's exposition of her faith, in Book iii., is more theology than many a trifler would care to read or write to-day. Altogether this elaborate compound of Spanish, Italian, and Greek pastoral, and romantic incident, has its fair share of the moral element which the English nature inevitably craves.

Another element in it, less peculiar to the Saxon race, but always characteristic of Sidney, is its strong instinctive art. In form, of course,—though Sidney had a leaning toward the unities,—it is purely romantic. Its art is to be found in the most distinctive characteristic of the Elizabethans,—the art of putting together canorous words and phrases. When Sidney retired to Penshurst in 1580, the whole world was reading John Lyly's 'Euphues'; in which the love of elaborate language found vent in complicated systems of alliteration, antitheses, and similes borrowed from an artificial natural history. Sidney, though like Shakespeare after him he did not entirely escape this craze, was not slow to transmute the rather mechanical system of Lyly into something more really musical. His style shows traces also of the foreign models he set himself; but in the end, like the matter he borrowed, it resolves itself into something individual, in its persistent aim in saying what it has to say simply (according to his lights) and beautifully. More specifically, its verse contains also many experiments in the classic metres, which Harvey, Spenser, and other literary men of the day hoped to introduce into English; but Sidney, whatever were his failures, never held anything but the loftiest estimate of the real poet or worker in words. His eloquent defense of "poesie," written soon after the Arcadia, and before England had produced more than a very few of the works for which her literature is now famous, is a marvel of prophetic sympathy. In spite of his sometimes academic judgments, the very fact of his criticism shows that he had an interest in the then unfashionable and sordid theatre; and more than any of the criticising pamphleteers of his time, he had an ear for the poetry of the common people. "Certainly," he says, in the famous passage in the 'Defense of Poesie,' "I must confess mine own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style,—which being so evilly appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"

It is with this notion of Sidney as a literary man of wide sympathy and high thoughts, if of a somewhat too bookish Muse, that we can most easily apprehend his last and perhaps greatest work,—the series of sonnets and poems called 'Astrophel and Stella.' Literary gossip and scholarship are still busy with the question whether the Stella of the Sonnets, Penelope Devereux, was already Lady Rich, and so a married woman, when Astrophel made his poetical love to her. The important thing to-day is that there was a Stella at all. Lady Rich, married against her will to an unworthy spouse, remains true to him, in the Sonnets at least; and Sidney in the end, having

pledged his hand to Frances Walsingham, the daughter of his friend Sir Francis Walsingham, transcends his earthly love in a love of eternal and spiritual things. «The argument cruel Chastity,» says Thomas Nash, his first editor; «the prologue Hope, the epilogue Despair.» «My theory of the love which it portrays,» says Mr. Symonds, one of his recent biographers, «is that this was latent up to the time of her betrothal, and that the consciousness of the irrevocable at that moment made it break into the kind of regretful passion which is peculiarly suited for poetic treatment.» Certainly it was not the mere amatorious element in the poems which made the name of Astrophel dear to men like Jonson, Crashaw, Wither, and stately Sir Thomas Browne; nor is it the artificial element that need concern the reader in these days. Without either of these, there is plenty of lettered charm, searching thought into the relations of the body and the soul, high and beautiful speculation on the conditions of earthly life, expressed everywhere in the spirit of one who, as Wotton says, was «the very essence of congruity.»

Pitt Duffield

THE ARRIVAL IN ARCADIA

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that, from which he saw no reason to disagree, and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they took their journey together through Laconia: Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding), they gave way unto it for that day and the next,—never troubling him either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor, dolorous discourses of their own and other folks' misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one half asleep he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, e'er sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts

bear away something else beside his own sorrow: which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches; then to marvel at such wit in shepherds; after to like their company; and lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep; and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of so many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, as yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor: a show as it were of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. I pray you (said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips), what countries be these we pass through which are so diverse in show,— the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?

The country (answered Claius) where you were cast ashore, and now are past through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named Helots), hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it: the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

But the country where now you set your foot is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore in the division of the Arcadian estate are termed shepherds: a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much. What cause then, said Musidorus, made you venture to leave this sweet life, and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm? Guarded with poverty (answered Strephon) and guided with love. But now (said Claius), since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you, and of the young man you so much lament; that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. Musidorus (according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names) answered, that he called himself Palladius, and his friend Daiphantus: but till I have him again (said he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing; his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate: and in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend.

They perceived he was not willing to open himself farther, and therefore, without farther questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected: each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good-fellowship: all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behavior; testifying even in their countenances, that

their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favored; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of,—for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune,—he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

No, said Kalander (speaking aloud), I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees: it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind than you have done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in show like a merchant's 'prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and to Claius from Urania; which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of Kalander (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter), and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him; and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) got speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness (which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly: so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners; desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming him Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander, seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his

house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a creditable ambassador of his health; to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succor Daiphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For having found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity,—and all in a man whose age could not be above one-and-twenty years,—the good old man was even enamored of a fatherly love towards him; or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him, once he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself more than in any other delighted in. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard: or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees, of the most taste-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stept into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows,—and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a

naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly,—meanwhile the breast running.

Hard by was a house of pleasure, built for a summer-retiring place; whither, Kalander leading him, he found a square room full of delightful pictures, made by most excellent workmen of Greece. There was Diana, when Actæon saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the painter had set such a color as was mixed between shame and disdain; and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was Atalanta; the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole: but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty; and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between them a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her, but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living) was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed nothing on the other of new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not choose but ask who she was, that bearing show of one being indeed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered that it was made for Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table; the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents: and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince, for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would for modesty demand

no farther: but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it; which Kalander perceiving,—Well (said he), my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no farther than the bounds of the question; but I will discover unto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers. So then sitting down, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake:—

This country, Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation: partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence, give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve their good determination, by choosing this country for their chief repairing-place; and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince, whose picture you see, by name Basilius: a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country; where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers, but as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence; yet he is notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

He being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, Gynecia, daughter of the king of Cyprus, of notable

beauty, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity: but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say, it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

Of these two are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show that nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela; by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfection may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellences had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners; Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellences, but by making that one of her excellences, to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private estate blessed as to have so excellent a wife and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired — himself, his wife and children — into a certain forest hereby, which he called his desert: wherein (besides an house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges; in the one of them himself remains with his young daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, surcharged, to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure!
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heaven forgat all measure.

Who hath the lips where wit in fairness reigneth!
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose step all sweetness planteth!
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast whose milk doth patience nourish!
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth!
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair which, loosest, fastest tieth!
Who makes a man live, then glad when he dieth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice which soul from senses sunders!
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beauty thunders!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharged, to music lendeth!
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

SONNETS TO STELLA

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bearing itself in my long-settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise
With idle pains and missing aim do guess.
Some, that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince of service tries,
Think that I think State errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place—
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

WITH how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face:
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

COME, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw,—
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease.
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so:
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace,—thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
  Nor do not use set colors for to wear,
  Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
  Of them which in their lips love's standard bear,
  "What, he!" say they of me: "now I dare swear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone!"
And think so still, so Stella know my mind
  Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
  That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
  Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
  Thou web of will whose end is never wrought—
Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought
  With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
  Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
  In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
  In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire:
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—
  Within myself to seek my only hire,
  Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust;
  And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
  Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and tumble all thy might
  To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
  That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
  In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
  Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

SIENKIEWICZ

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

(1846–)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

WITH all the confidence that can ever attach to human judgment upon a living author, Sienkiewicz may be pronounced the greatest creative genius in the field of fiction at the end of the nineteenth century. In his own country a clique of Polish critics applied to him the policy of silence, but they had underestimated the force that they strove to check. With his splendid trilogy of historical novels, Sienkiewicz sat self-crowned upon the throne of Polish literature, left vacant by the death of Mickiewicz thirty years before. It was with translations of these novels that he made his first appearance before the English-speaking world; and at once was felt the presence of the supreme master through the veil of an alien tongue and the mists of a remote time and people. It has been said that the creation of a new character is as important as the birth of a new man. If it is the highest achievement of art to create a new human character and endow it with inexhaustible freshness and vitality, Sienkiewicz securely takes his rank among the greatest artists. One who has wandered through that wonder-world of Poland in the seventeenth century can never again be quite the same: he is one that has had a vision. The characters who ruled in that rugged time enter the mind through these inspired pages, and like the gods of Greece and the heroes of Homer, take up their abode in the realms of the fancy forever.

Henryk Sienkiewicz was born at Wola Okrzejska in Lithuania, in 1846. The facts obtainable about his life are meagre. He studied at Warsaw, and from the first gave himself wholly to letters. For a time he was editor of the Niwa. As a writer of fiction he first came before the public in 1872, with a humorous tale, 'No Man is a Prophet in his Own Country.' In 1876 he came to America; and in southern California, in the midst of that circle of which Madame Modjeska was the centre and the inspiration, he met many of the characters and had many of the experiences that have received artistic immortality in his works. It was there that he found the prototype of the inimitable Zagloba. Under the pen-name of "Litwos," he wrote letters of travel for the Gazeta Polska which attracted

general attention. Several stories appeared under the same name, some of them dealing with characteristically American scenes. In 1880 he published his first large work, 'Niewola Tartarska' (Tartar Slavery). With this he served his apprenticeship in the historical novel. Four years later came the first of his great masterpieces, 'Ogniem i Mieczem' (With Fire and Sword), and he entered at once into his kingdom. In 1886 appeared 'Potop' (The Deluge), and in 1887 'Pan Wolodyjowski' (Pan Michael). To the Poles themselves these books represent the finest achievement of prose fiction in the language; and they are unsurpassed by the best historical romances of the world's literature. As if to show his boundless versatility, the author next published the profound psychological novel 'Bez Dogmatu' (Without Dogma). His two latest works are 'Rodzina Polanieckich' (Children of the Soil: 1894) and 'Quo Vadis' (1895), both of which have secured a popular success in English. For a time Sienkiewicz edited the Slowoc in Warsaw; but his genius is restless. He says himself that he is something of a gipsy; travel is a passion: but Cracow and Warsaw are the cities to which he returns. After his long sojourn in California he went to Africa; and his wanderings have led him over all of Europe and far into the Orient. But he is no idle rover: he plunges into the midst of men and events, and describes with a realist's precision what he observes with a poet's discernment. Freedom and independence are everything to him.

Of the short stories of Sienkiewicz, the best are those which deal with Polish scenes and people. The stories of American life, as 'Lillian Morris' and 'The Comedy of Errors,' lack the intimate touch. The Polish tales are firmly drawn and faithful pictures, revealing the closest knowledge of the life described and of the modes of thought that condition it. They cover a varied field. Light-hearted humor and deep feeling distinguish the story of artist life entitled 'The Third.' It is told in the first person by a young painter, whose impulsive nature twice leads him into error in the choice of a sweetheart. In all his amusing entanglements a distinguished actress is his friend and adviser; they are of the same artistic temperament: at last the obvious dawns upon him that his true love is this "third." In contrast to the gayety of this tale stands the sad 'Na Marne,' a story of student life in Kieff. The title may be paraphrased as 'Frittered Away.' It is a powerful picture of the struggles, temptations, and ambitions in the storm and stress of university life. In it the solution of the highest problems is attempted, and the author does not hesitate coldly to analyze the loftiest human emotions; but never cynically, for through it all breathes an atmosphere of poetry. The famous Bartek 'Zwyciezca' (The Victor) tells of a poor Polish peasant who was forced to fight

under the Prussian eagle at Gravelotte and Sedan. After performing marvels of blind valor, he went home only to become the victim of the repressive injustice of the Prussian government. Strongest of all the stories, in the judgment of the Poles themselves, is 'God's Will,' from the collection of 'Szkice Weglem' (Charcoal Sketches). It is a tale of village life in Poland, and the secrets of local administration are ruthlessly laid bare,—its corruption, stupidity, and helplessness. Of all these elements the village clerk avails himself to accomplish his designs upon a handsome, honest peasant woman, who has a husband and child. Through sufferings infinitely pitiable,—for in her simple-mindedness she does not know that her persecutor has no power to carry out his threats,—she is at last brought to yield that she may save her husband; and her husband kills her. The story moves to its catastrophe with the inevitableness of a force of nature. The tragedy is enlivened by many scenes of the sprightliest humor; always, however, directly bearing upon the relentless development of the plot. The diverting description of the village court in session is a triumph of realistic drawing. The political significance of the story aroused the opposition of the aristocratic and clerical party, whose policy of non-intervention in local affairs was therein so savagely attacked. But it soon became obvious that Sienkiewicz had something victorious in his nature; that he was a supreme artist, taking his materials where he found them and treating them as his genius chose. The author of 'God's Will' was the author also of that tender bit of pathos 'Yanko the Musician,' the story of the poor boy who struggled to express his inner aspirations but «died with all his music in him.» Now over his grave the willows whisper. With the same tender touch was written 'The Old Servant,' which forms the introduction to 'Hania,' a story of love and renunciation. Everywhere there is a faithful reproduction of the hopes and sorrows and faults of the Polish people. For his thought the author always finds the right form, and for his feeling the right figure.

Sienkiewicz had won the supreme place among the short-story writers of his native land. The historical trilogy gave him a like place among the novelists on a larger scale. Then, from those wonderful pictures of the vigorous and valiant men of action who represented the old Polish commonwealth, he turned to the delineation of a modern Pole in 'Without Dogma.' The book is the diary of the hero. It is the record of a silent conflict with his own soul, full of profound observations, subtle philosophy, lofty wisdom; but the protagonist is passive, «a genius without a portfolio.» He reveals every cranny of his mind's dwelling-place: the lofty galleries whence he has a wide panorama of humanity and the world; the stately halls filled with the treasures of science and art; the dungeons also where

the evil impulses fret and sins are bred. But over the whole mansion of his soul lies a heavy enervating atmosphere: the galleries afford a spectacle but stimulate no aspirations; the treasures of knowledge and beauty feed a selfish pleasure quickly cloyed; even the evil impulses rarely pass into action. This is the modern miasma which he calls «Slavic unproductivity.» It is the over-cultivation which is turning to decay, the refinement of self-analysis that lames the will. The hero is a Hamlet in the guise of a young Polish nobleman of the late nineteenth century. His only genuine emotion is his love for Aniela; but this he doubts and philosophizes into apathy. She marries another, loving him. Obstacles arouse him, and now he puts forth an effort to win her. Her simplicity and faithfulness, her dogma, saves him who is without dogma. The futility of his life is symbolized in the words—«Aniela died this morning.» The man cannot command our respect any more than Wilhelm Meister can, or Lermontov's «Hero of our Own Time»; but the interest of the psychological analysis is irresistible. There is in it a hint of Bourget; but in the quality of his psychology Sienkiewicz surpasses Bourget, as he surpasses Zola and Flaubert in the quality of his realism. He has been called a psychic realist, and 'Without Dogma' is the greatest psychological romance that the subtle mind of Poland has produced. 'Children of the Soil' has in it certain echoes of the greater work: It is a modern story also, turning upon the marriage of a man to a woman whom he thinks he loves, and whom after much sin and sorrow he learns to love at last. 'Quo Vadis,' the latest work, is a tale of the times of Nero. Paganism and Christianity are contrasted. The sympathy of the artist is naturally drawn to the ancient pagan, who devoted his life to the worship of beauty, and faced death with a stoic's calmness. The character of Petronius Arbiter is the masterpiece of the book. This conflict between two forms of civilization has long been a favorite theme with the Polish poets: the dawn of a new era while the lights of the old still blaze.

With this array of works, Sienkiewicz would take honorable rank among the best writers of his generation; but his title to a place among the great creators rests upon none of these. That claim is based upon the famous historical trilogy, 'With Fire and Sword,' 'The Deluge,' and 'Pan Michael.' Poland was the bulwark of Christian civilization on the east. Against the Tartar hordes and Mongolian bands the gallant commonwealth maintained a stout resistance for centuries: but her warlike neighbors did not recognize her importance as the defender of the Christian marches; she was constantly exposed to encroachments on the west. In the moment of her greatest peril the Swedes attacked her from that quarter. These wonderful wars of the seventeenth century are the theme of the trilogy. In the

descriptions of innumerable battles and sieges, Sienkiewicz displays an astounding fertility of invention and an infinite variety of treatment. These scenes stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory with all the savage beauty and the thrilling horror of war. Amid the bewildering rush and whirl of events, and in the breathless excitement of individual destinies, the one animating thought is national glory; and to this, life and love are freely sacrificed. But splendid as the martial pageant is, revealing in itself a master hand of incomparable skill, the historical element is after all only the background before which heroes of Homeric mold make proof of their manhood. It is in the creation of living human beings that Sienkiewicz exhibits his highest genius. Nothing could surpass in vital force, originality of conception, and convincing realism of presentation, the character of Zagloba, bibulous but steadfast, cowardly but courageous, boasting but competent, lying but honest,—an incomparable character, to be laughed at, admired, and loved; or the plucky little hoyden and daredevil Basia, who marries Pan Michael out of hand. And these are but two of a dazzling galaxy of creations that hold the imagination enthralled. From the magic of Sienkiewicz there is no escape; firmly he grasps his wand, and once within the circle he describes, the charm can never be eluded. There is here all the tense excitement of intrigue and danger and hairbreadth escapes that fascinate in Dumas; there is the same joy in the courage and sagacity of heroes that stimulate in Dumas; but in Sienkiewicz there is also a deep psychological interest, the working out of an inner problem, the struggle of noble minds between selfishness and duty, which raise these novels out of the class of romantic tales of adventure into that higher region of poetry where we breathe the air that swept the plains of Troy. These books have an almost conscious Homeric touch; the very form of the similes is Homeric. But there is a flavor of Shakespeare also: if Michael is a modern Hector, Zagloba is a Polish Falstaff. In every case it is only of the greatest that we are reminded.

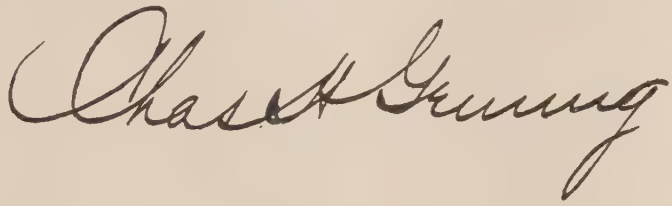
Each of the three novels deals with a different campaign; each has its own central figure; each sets its own psychological task. The first deals with the uprising of the Zaporojians: the interest centres in the noble but perhaps too highly idealized Pan Yan; the struggle is between his duty to Poland and his love for Helena, whom the Cossacks have carried off. Obviously the author's interest in his characters grows as he proceeds, and they become more vivid and convincing with each chapter. Zagloba, to be sure, is there with all his qualities from the beginning; but the little knight, Pan Michael, the incomparable swordsman, takes up more and more of the foreground, while in the second and third of the novels Pan Yan and his

Helena become mere shadows. 'The Deluge' deals with the Swedish invasion and the dissensions among the Poles themselves; for to this noble and gifted race Goethe's Xenion applies with sad force:—

> «Each, if you take him alone, is fairly shrewd and discerning;
> Let them in council meet, blockhead is the result.»

They triumphed in spite of their own traitors, by sheer native force and exuberance of strength. The hero of this second novel is Kmita, psychologically the most interesting of them all. In the wild days of his thoughtless youth he had committed crimes; he was easily won over to the service of the traitor Radziwill, for he was ill-informed and inexperienced. At last his better nature awakes and his eyes are opened: he finds himself disgraced and his career ruined; he resolves to begin life anew under an assumed name, and win his way to honor or find absolution in death. The book is largely a story of this struggle. The crown of the series is 'Pan Michael.' The subject is border warfare on the wind-swept steppes, and the Tartar invasion which ended disastrously for Poland in the fall of Kamenyets. Like a true artist, Sienkiewicz in the gloom of this sad catastrophe has made a reconcilement. At the funeral of Michael the commanding figure of Sobieski kneels beside the catafalque; and it was Sobieski who a few years later turned back the tide of Turkish invasion from the gates of Vienna. Pan Michael himself is of course the hero of this closing volume. The woman he loved has died; and the little knight, grown melancholy, has entered a monastery. Zagloba in a delicious scene lures him forth again. At once the impressionable warrior falls in love; but he is obliged to renounce his love, yielding to his friend Ketling. It is at this moment that the wholly delightful little Basia throws her arms around his neck, and with the utmost emphasis asserts her own willingness to marry him. «God has wrought a miracle,» says Pan Michael solemnly. Through the terrors of border warfare and the horrors of sieges this fearless devoted woman accompanies him; she is all his joy, the crown of his life. But Poland demands another sacrifice, and Michael brings it without hesitation. He goes to a self-determined death with only this message to his wife: «Remember, this life is nothing.» The author's own wife died before the trilogy for which she had been his inspiration and encouragement was completed; and the sublime scenes of lovers' parting and heroic self-sacrifice with which the series ends, are filled with a spirit of profound and chastened sorrow that is partly autobiographic. The lofty sublimity of this conclusion is wholly worthy of the noble thought that dominates it all: it is the apotheosis of Polish patriotism. In Sienkiewicz, as in all the great Polish poets of the nineteenth century, love of country, pride in its glorious

past, and hope unquenched for the future, are the great inspiring forces. There is a solemn pathos in the words with which the author lays down his pen: "Here ends this series of books, written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts."



ZAGLOBA CAPTURES A BANNER

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[At the decisive moment in a battle between the Polish forces under Prince Yeremi and the peasant mob of the Zaporojians, the hussars of the former are ordered to advance. Zagloba, reluctant, alarmed, indignant, is carried forward with them.]

When the hussars moved forward, Zagloba, though he had short breath and did not like a throng, galloped with the others, because in fact he could not do otherwise without danger of being trampled to death. He flew on therefore, closing his eyes; and through his head there flew with lightning speed the thought, "Stratagem is nothing, stratagem is nothing: the stupid win, the wise perish!" Then he was seized with spite against the war, against the Cossacks, the hussars, and every one else in the world. He began to curse, to pray. The wind whistled in his ears, the breath was hemmed in his breast. Suddenly his horse struck against something; he felt resistance. Then he opened his eyes, and what did he see? Scythes, sabres, flails, a crowd of inflamed faces, eyes, mustaches,—and all indefinite, unknown, all trembling, galloping, furious. Then he was transported with rage against those enemies, because they are not going to the devil, because they are rushing up to his face and forcing him to fight. "You wanted it, now you have it," thought he, and he began to slash blindly on every side. Sometimes he cut the air, and sometimes he felt that his blade had sunk into something soft. At the same time he felt that he was still living, and this gave him extraordinary hope. "Slay! kill!" he

roared like a buffalo. At last those frenzied faces vanished from his eyes, and in their places he saw a multitude of visages, tops of caps, and the shouts almost split his ears. "Are they fleeing?" shot through his head. "Yes!" Then daring sprang up in him beyond measure. "Scoundrels!" he shouted, "is that the way you meet a noble?" He sprang among the fleeing enemy, passed many, and entangled in the crowd, began to labor with greater presence of mind now.

Meanwhile his comrades pressed the Cossacks to the bank of the Sula, covered pretty thickly with trees, and drove them along the shore to the embankment,—taking no prisoners, for there was no time.

Suddenly Zagloba felt that his horse began to spread out under him; at the same time something heavy fell on him and covered his whole head, so that he was completely enveloped in darkness.

"Oh, save me!" he cried, beating the horse with his heels.

The steed, however, apparently wearied with the weight of the rider, only groaned and stood in one place.

Zagloba heard the screams and shouts of the horsemen rushing around him; then that whole hurricane swept by, and all was in apparent quiet.

Again thoughts began to rush through his head with the swiftness of Tartar arrows: "What is this? What has happened? Jesus and Mary, I am in captivity!"

On his forehead drops of cold sweat came out. Evidently his head was bound just as he had once bound Bogun. That weight which he feels on his shoulder is the hand of a Cossack. But why don't they hang him or kill him? Why is he standing in one place?

"Let me go, you scoundrel!" cried he at last, with a muffled voice.

Silence.

"Let me go! I'll spare your life. Let me go, I say!"

No answer.

Zagloba struck into the sides of his horse again with his heels, but again without result; the prodded beast only stretched out wider and remained in the same place.

Finally rage seized the unfortunate captive; and drawing a knife from the sheath that hung at his belt, he gave a terrible stab behind. But the knife only cut the air.

Then Zagloba pulled with both hands at the covering which bound his head, and tore it in a moment. What is this?

No Cossack. Deserted all around. Only in the distance was to be seen in the smoke the red dragoons of Volodyovski flying past; and farther on, the glittering armor of the hussars pursuing the remnant of the defeated, who were retreating from the field toward the water. At Zagloba's feet lay a Cossack regimental banner. Evidently the fleeing Cossack had dropped it so that the staff hit Zagloba's shoulder, and the cloth covered his head.

Seeing all this, and understanding it perfectly, that hero regained his presence of mind completely.

"Oh, ho!" said he, "I have captured a banner. How is this? Didn't I capture it? If justice is not defeated in this battle, then I am sure of a reward. Oh, you scoundrels! it is your luck that my horse gave out! I did not know myself when I thought I was greater in strategy than in bravery. I can be of some higher use in the army than eating cakes. Oh, God save us! some other crowd is rushing on. Don't come here, dog-brothers; don't come this way! May the wolves eat this horse! Kill! slay!"

Indeed a new band of Cossacks were rushing toward Zagloba, raising unearthly voices, closely pursued by the armored men of Polyanovski. And perhaps Zagloba would have found his death under the hoofs of their horses, had it not been that the hussars of Skshetuski, having finished those whom they had been pursuing, turned to take between two fires those onrushing parties. Seeing this, the Zaporojians ran toward the water, only to find death in the swamps and deep places after escaping the sword. Those who fell on their knees begging for quarter died under the steel. The defeat was terrible and complete, but most terrible on the embankment. All who passed that, were swept away in the half-circle left by the forces of the prince. Those who did not pass, fell under the continual fire of Vurtsel's cannon and the guns of the German infantry. They could neither go forward nor backward; for Krívonos urged on still new regiments, which, pushing forward, closed the only road to escape. It seemed as though Krívonos had sworn to destroy his own men; who stifled, trampled, and fought one another, fell, sprang into the water on both sides, and were drowned. On one side were black masses of fugitives, and on the other masses advancing; in the middle, piles and mountains and rows of dead bodies; groans, screams, men deprived of speech; the madness of terror, disorder, chaos.

The whole pond was full of men and horses; the water overflowed the banks.

At times the artillery was silent. Then the embankment, like the mouth of a cannon, threw forth crowds of Zaporojians and the mob, who rushed over the half-circle and went under the swords of the cavalry waiting for them. Then Vurtsel began to play again with his rain of iron and lead; the Cossack reinforcement barred the embankment. Whole hours were spent in these bloody struggles.

Krívonos, furious, foaming at the mouth, did not give up the battle yet, and hurried thousands of men to the jaws of death.

Yeremi, on the other side, in silver armor, sat on his horse, on a lofty mound called at that time the Kruja Mogila, and looked on. His face was calm; his eye took in the whole embankment, pond, banks of the Sluch, and extended to the place in which the enormous tabor of Krívonos stood wrapped in the bluish haze of the distance. The eyes of the prince never left that collection of wagons. At last he turned to the massive voevoda of Kieff, and said:—

"We shall not capture the tabor to-day."

"How? You wished to—"

"Time is flying quickly. It is too late. See! it is almost evening."

In fact, from the time the skirmishers went out, the battle, kept up by the stubbornness of Krívonos, had lasted already so long that the sun had but an hour left of its whole daily half-circle, and inclined to its setting. The light, lofty, small clouds, announcing fair weather and scattered over the sky like white-fleeced lambs, began to grow red and disappear in groups from the field of heaven. The flow of Cossacks to the embankment stopped gradually, and those regiments that had already come upon it retreated in dismay and disorder.

The battle was ended; and ended because the enraged crowd fell upon Krívonos at last, shouting with despair and madness:—

"Traitor! you are destroying us. You bloody dog! We will bind you ourselves, and give you up to Yeremi, and thus secure our lives. Death to you, not to us!"

"To-morrow I will give you the prince and all his army, or perish myself," answered Krívonos.

But the hoped-for to-morrow had yet to come, and the present to-day was a day of defeat and disorder. Several thousand of the best warriors of the lower country, not counting the mob,

lay on the field of battle, or were drowned in the pond and river. Nearly two thousand were taken prisoners; fourteen colonels were killed, not counting sotniks, essauls, and other elders. Pulyan, next in command to Krívonos, had fallen into the hands of the enemy alive, but with broken ribs.

"To-morrow we will cut them all up," said Krívonos. "I will neither eat nor drink till it is done."

In the opposite camp the captured banners were thrown down at the feet of the terrible prince. Each of the captors brought his own, so that they formed a considerable crowd,—altogether forty. When Zagloba passed by, he threw his down with such force that the staff split. Seeing this, the prince detained him, and asked:—

"And you captured that banner with your own hands?"

"At your service, your Highness."

"I see that you are not only a Ulysses, but an Achilles."

"I am a simple soldier, but I serve under Alexander of Macedon."

"Since you receive no wages, the treasurer will pay you, in addition to what you have had, two hundred ducats for this honorable exploit."

Zagloba seized the prince by the knees, and said, "Your favor is greater than my bravery, which would gladly hide itself behind its own modesty."

A scarcely visible smile wandered over the dark face of Skshetuski; but the knight was silent, and even later on he never said anything to the prince, or any one else, of the fears of Zagloba before the battle: but Zagloba himself walked away with such threatening mien that, seeing him, the soldiers of the other regiments pointed at him, saying:—

"He is the man who did most to-day."

Night came. On both sides of the river and the pond, thousands of fires were burning, and smoke rose to the sky in columns. The wearied soldiers strengthened themselves with food and gorailka, or gave themselves courage for to-morrow's battle by relating the exploits of the present day. But loudest of all spoke Zagloba, boasting of what he had done, and what he could have done if his horse had not failed.

"I can tell you," said he, turning to the officers of the prince and the nobles of Tishkyevich's command, "that great battles are no novelty for me. I was in many of them in Moldavia and

Turkey; but when I was on the field I was afraid — not of the enemy, for who is afraid of such trash! — but of my own impulsiveness, for I thought immediately that it would carry me too far."

"And did it?"

"It did. Ask Skshetuski. The moment I saw Vershul falling with his horse, I wanted to gallop to his aid without asking a question. My comrades could scarcely hold me back."

"True," said Skshetuski, "we had to hold you in."

"But," interrupted Karvich, "where is Vershul?"

"He has already gone on a scouting expedition: he knows no rest."

"See then, gentlemen," said Zagloba, displeased at the interruption, "how I captured the banner."

"Then Vershul is not wounded?" inquired Karvich again.

"This is not the first one that I have captured in my life, but none cost me such trouble."

"He is not wounded, only bruised," answered Azulevich, a Tartar, "and has gulped water, for he fell head first into the pond."

"Then I wonder the fish didn't die," said Zagloba with anger, "for the water must have boiled from such a flaming head."

"But he is a great warrior."

"Not so great, since a half John* was enough for him. Tfu! it is impossible to talk with you. You might learn from me how to capture banners from the enemy."

PODBIPIENTA'S DEATH

From 'With Fire and Sword.' Copyright 1890, by Jeremiah Curtin. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

[Within the fortifications of Zbaraj the Poles are closely besieged. Their only hope lies in getting news of their plight to the King. The four comrades Pan Longin Podbipienta, Pan Yan Skshetuski, Pan Michael Volodyovski, and Pan Zagloba, are together on the ramparts, keeping watch.]

PAN LONGIN fell into deep thought; his brows were covered with furrows, and he sat a whole hour in silence. Suddenly he raised his head, and spoke with his usual sweetness: "I will undertake to steal through the Cossacks."

*A pun on "Pulyan," which in Polish means "half Yan" or John.

The knights, hearing these words, sprang from their seats in amazement. Zagloba opened his mouth, Volodyovski's mustaches quivered, Skshetuski grew pale; and the starosta, striking himself on the breast, cried, "Would you undertake to do this?"

"Have you considered what you say?" asked Pan Yan.

"I considered it long ago," answered the Lithuanian; "for this is not the first day that the knights say that notice must be given the King of our position. And I, hearing this, thought to myself: 'If the Most High God permits me to fulfill my vow, I will go at once. I am an obscure man: what do I signify? What harm to me, even if I am killed on the road?'"

"But they will cut you to pieces, without doubt!" cried Zagloba. "Have you heard what the starosta says,—that it is evident death?"

"What of that, brother? If God wishes he will carry me through; if not, he will reward me in heaven."

"But first they will seize you, torture you, give you a fearful death. Have you lost your reason, man?" asked Zagloba.

"I will go, anyhow," answered the Lithuanian mildly.

"A bird could not fly through, for they would shoot it from their bows. They have surrounded us like a badger in his hole."

"Still I will go!" repeated the Lithuanian. "I owe thanks to the Lord for permitting me to fulfill my vow."

"Well, look at him, examine him!" said Zagloba in desperation. "You had better have your head cut off at once and shoot it from a cannon over the tabor; for in this way alone could you push through them."

"But permit me, my friends—" said Pan Longin, clasping his hands.

"Oh, no: you will not go alone, for I will go with you," said Skshetuski.

"And I with you both!" added Volodyovski, striking his sword.

"And may the bullets strike you!" cried Zagloba, seizing himself by the head. "May the bullets strike you with your 'And I,' 'And I,' with your daring! They have not had enough blood yet, not enough of destruction, not enough of bullets! What is doing here is not sufficient for them; they want more certainty of having their necks twisted. Go to the dogs, and give me peace! I hope you will be cut to pieces." When he

had said this he began to circle about in the tent as if mad. "God is punishing me," cried he, "for associating with whirlwinds instead of honorable, solid men. It serves me right." He walked through the tent awhile longer with feverish tread: at last he stopped before Skshetuski; then putting his hands behind his back and looking into his eyes, began to puff terribly: "What have I done that you persecute me?"

"God save us!" exclaimed the knight. "What do you mean?"

"I do not wonder that Podbipienta invents such things: he always had his wit in his fist. But since he has killed the three greatest fools among the Turks he has become the fourth himself—"

"It is disgusting to hear him," interrupted the Lithuanian.

"And I don't wonder at *him*," continued Zagloba, pointing at Volodyovski. "He will jump on a Cossack's boot-leg, or hold to his trousers as a burr does to a dog's tail, and get through quicker than any of us. The Holy Spirit has not shone upon either of the two; but that you, instead of restraining their madness, should add excitement to it, that you are going yourself, and wish to expose us four to certain death and torture,—that is the final blow! Tfu! I did not expect this of an officer whom the prince himself has esteemed a valiant knight."

"How four?" asked Skshetuski in astonishment. "Do you want to go?"

"Yes!" cried Zagloba, beating his breast with his fists, "I will go. If any of you go, or all go together, I will go too. My blood be on your heads! I shall know next time with whom to associate."

"Well may you!" said Skshetuski.

The three knights began to embrace him; but he was angry in earnest, and puffed and pushed them away with his elbows saying, "Go to the Devil! I don't want your Judas kisses." Then was heard on the walls the firing of cannon and muskets. "There it is for you,—go!"

"That is ordinary firing," remarked Pan Yan.

"Ordinary firing!" repeated Zagloba, mocking him. "Well, just think,—this is not enough for them! Half the army is destroyed by this ordinary firing, and they turn up their noses at it!"

"Be of good cheer," said Podbipienta.

"You ought to keep your mouth shut, Botvinia. You are most to blame: you have invented an undertaking, which if it is not a fool's errand, then I'm a fool."

"But still I'll go, brother," said Pan Longin.

"You'll go, you'll go; and I know why. Don't exhibit yourself as a hero, for they know you. You have virtue for sale, and are in a hurry to take it out of camp. You are the worst among knights, not the best,—simply a drab, trading in virtue. Tfu! an offense to God,—that's what you are. It is not to the King you want to go, but you would like to snort through the villages like a horse through a meadow. Look at him! There is a knight with virtue for sale! Vexation, vexation, as God is dear to me!"

"Disgusting to hear him!" cried the Lithuanian, thrusting his fingers in his ears.

"Let disputes rest," said Skshetuski seriously. "Better let us think about this question."

"In God's name," said the starosta, who had listened hitherto with astonishment to Zagloba: "this is a great question, but we can decide nothing without the prince. This is no place for discussion. You are in service and obliged to obey orders. The prince must be in his quarters: let us go to him and see what he will say to your offer."

"I agree to that," answered Zagloba; and hope shone in his face. "Let us go as quickly as possible."

They went out and crossed the square, on which already the balls were falling from the Cossack trenches. The troops were at the ramparts, which at a distance looked like booths at a fair, so overhung were they with many-colored clothing and sheepskin coats, packed with wagons, fragments of tents, and every kind of object which might become a shelter against the shots which at times ceased neither day nor night. And now above those rags hung a long bluish line of smoke, and behind them ranks of prostrate red and yellow soldiers, working hard against the nearest trenches of the enemy. The square itself was like a ruin: the level space was cut up with spades, or trampled by horses; it was not made green by a single grass-blade. Here and there were mounds of earth freshly raised by the digging of walls and graves; here and there lay fragments of broken wagons, cannon, barrels, or piles of bones, gnawed and whitening before the sun. Bodies of horses were nowhere visible, for each one was removed immediately as food for the soldiers; but everywhere were piles

of iron,—mostly cannon-balls, red from rust, which fell every day on that piece of land. Grievous war and hunger were evident at every step. On their way our knights met greater or smaller groups of soldiers,—some carrying wounded or dead, others hurrying to the ramparts to relieve their overworked comrades. The faces of all were black, sunken, overgrown with beard; their fierce eyes were inflamed, their clothing faded and torn; many had filthy rags on their heads in place of caps or helmets; their weapons were broken. Involuntarily came the question, What will happen a week or two later to that handful hitherto victorious?

"Look, gentlemen," said the starosta: "it is time to give notice to the King."

"Want is showing its teeth like a dog," said the little knight.

"What will happen when we have eaten the horses?" asked Skshetuski.

Thus conversing, they reached the tents of the prince, situated at the right side of the rampart, before which were a few mounted messengers to carry orders through the camp. Their horses, fed with dried and ground horse-flesh and excited by continual fire, reared restively, unable to stand in one place. This was the case too with all the cavalry horses, which in going against the enemy seemed like a herd of griffins or centaurs going rather by air than by land.

"Is the prince in the tent?" asked the starosta of one of the horsemen.

"Yes, with Pan Pshiyemski," answered the orderly.

The starosta entered first without announcing himself, but the four knights remained outside. After a while the canvas opened, and Pshiyemski thrust out his head. "The prince is anxious to see you," said he.

Zagloba entered the tent in good humor, for he hoped the prince would not expose his best knights to certain death; but he was mistaken, for they had not yet bowed when he said:—

"The starosta has told me of your readiness to issue from the camp, and I accept your good-will. Too much cannot be sacrificed for the country."

"We have only come for permission to try," said Skshetuski, "since your Highness is the steward of our blood."

"Then you want to go together?"

"Your Highness," said Zagloba, "they want to go, but I do not. God is my witness that I have not come here to praise

myself or to make mention of my services; and if I do mention them, I do so lest some one might suppose that I am afraid. Pan Skshetuski, Volodyovski, and Podbipienta of Myshekishki, are great knights; but Burlai, who fell by my hand (not to speak of other exploits), was also a famous warrior, equal to Burdabut, Bogun, and the three heads of the janissaries. I mean to say by this that in knightly deeds I am not behind others. But heroism is one thing, and madness another. We have no wings, and we cannot go by land; that is certain."

"You will not go, then?" said the prince.

"I have said that I do not wish to go, but I have not said that I will not go. Since God has punished me with their company, I must remain in it till death. If we should be hard pressed, the sabre of Zagloba will be of service yet; but I know not why death should be put upon us four, and I hope that your Highness will avert it from us by not permitting this mad undertaking."

"You are a good comrade," answered the prince, "and it is honorable on your part not to wish to leave your friends; but you are mistaken in your confidence in me, for I accept your offer."

"The dog is dead!" muttered Zagloba, and his hands dropped.

At that moment Firlei, castellan of Belsk, entered the tent. "Your Highness, my people have seized a Cossack, who says that they are preparing an assault for to-night."

"I have received information too," answered the prince. "All is ready, only let our people hurry with the ramparts."

"They are nearly finished."

"That is well! We will occupy them in the evening." Then he turned to the four knights. "It is best to try after the storm, if the night is dark."

"How is that?" asked Firlei: "are you preparing a sally?"

"The sally in its own order,—I will lead it myself; but now we are talking about something else. These gentlemen undertake to creep through the enemy and inform the King of our condition."

The castellan was astonished, opened his eyes, and looked at the knights in succession. The prince smiled with delight. He had this vanity,—he loved to have his soldiers admired.

"In God's name!" said the castellan: "there are such hearts then in the world? As God lives, I will not dissuade you from the daring deed."

Zagloba was purple from rage; but he said nothing, he only puffed like a bear.

The prince thought awhile, then said: —

"I do not wish, however, to spend your blood in vain, and I am not willing that all four should go together. One will go first; if the enemy kill him, they will not delay in boasting of it, as they have once already boasted of the death of my servant whom they seized at Lvoff. If they kill the first, the second will go; afterward in case of necessity the third and the fourth. But perhaps the first will pass through; in such an event I do not wish to expose the others to a useless death."

"Your Highness —" interrupted Skshetuski.

"This is my will and command," said Yeremi with emphasis. "To bring you to agreement, I say that he shall go first who offered himself first."

"It was I!" cried Pan Longin with a beaming face.

"To-night, after the storm, if it is dark," added the prince. "I will give no letters to the King: you will tell what you have seen,— merely take a signet-ring as credential."

Podbipienta took the signet-ring and bowed to the prince, who caught him by the temples and held him awhile with his two hands; then he kissed him several times on the forehead, and said in a voice of emotion: —

"You are as near to my heart as a brother. May the God of Hosts and our Queen of Angels carry you through, warrior of the Lord! Amen!"

"Amen!" repeated Sobieski, the castellan of Belsk, and Pan Pshiyemski.

The prince had tears in his eyes, for he was a real father to the knights. Others wept, and a quiver of enthusiasm shook the body of Pan Podbipienta. A flame passed through his bones; and rejoiced to its depth was his soul, pure, obedient, and heroic, with the hope of coming sacrifice.

"History will write of you!" cried the castellan.

"Non nobis, non nobis, sed nomini tuo, Domine, da gloriam" (Not to us, not to us, but to thy name, O Lord, give the glory), said the prince.

The knights issued from the tent.

"Tfu! something has seized me by the throat and holds me," said Zagloba; "and it is as bitter in my mouth as wormwood, and there they are firing continually. Oh, if the thunders would

fire you away!» said he, pointing to the smoking trenches of the Cossacks. «Oh, it is hard to live in this world! Pan Longin, are you really going out? May the angels guard you! If the plague would choke those ruffians!»

«I must take farewell of you,» said Podbipienta.

«How is that? Where are you going?» asked Zagloba.

«To the priest Mukhovetski,—to confess, my brother. I must cleanse my sinful soul.»

Pan Longin hastened to the castle; the others returned to the ramparts. Skshetuski and Volodyovski were silent, but Zagloba said:—

«Something holds me by the throat. I did not think to be sorrowful, but that is the worthiest man in the world. If any one contradicts me, I'll give it to him in the face. O my God, my God! I thought the castellan of Belsk would restrain the prince, but he beat the drums still more. The hangman brought that heretic! 'History,' he says, 'will write of you.' Let it write of him, but not on the skin of Pan Longin. And why doesn't he go out himself? He has six toes on his feet, like every Calvinist, and he can walk better. I tell you, gentlemen, that it is getting worse and worse on earth, and Jabkovski is a true prophet when he says that the end of the world is near. Let us sit down awhile at the ramparts, and then go to the castle, so as to console ourselves with the company of our friend till evening at least.»

But Pan Longin, after confession and communion, spent the whole time in prayer. He made his first appearance at the storm in the evening,—which was one of the most awful, for the Cossacks had struck just when the troops were transporting their cannon and wagons to the newly raised ramparts. For a time it seemed that the slender forces of the Poles would fall before the onrush of two hundred thousand foes. The Polish battalions had become so intermingled with the enemy that they could not distinguish their own, and three times they closed in this fashion. Hmelnitski exerted all his power; for the Khan and his own colonels had told him that this must be the last storm, and that henceforth they would only harass the besieged with hunger. But after three hours, all attacks were repulsed with such terrible losses that according to later reports, forty thousand of the enemy had fallen. One thing is certain,—after the battle a whole bundle of flags was thrown at the feet of the prince; and this was

really the last great assault, after which followed more difficult times of digging under the ramparts, capturing wagons, continual firing, suffering, and famine.

Immediately after the storm the soldiers, ready to drop from weariness, were led by the tireless Yeremi in a sally, which ended in a new defeat for the enemy. Quiet then soothed the tabor and the camp.

The night was warm but cloudy. Four black forms pushed themselves quietly and carefully to the eastern edge of the ramparts. They were Pan Longin, Zagloba, Skshetuski, and Volodyovski.

"Guard your pistols well, to keep the powder dry," whispered Pan Yan. "Two battalions will be ready all night. If you fire, we will spring to the rescue."

"Nothing to be seen, even if you strain your eyes out!" whispered Zagloba.

"That is better," answered Pan Longin.

"Be quiet!" interrupted Volodyovski: "I hear something."

"That is only the groan of a dying man,—nothing!"

"If you can only reach the oak grove."

"O my God! my God!" sighed Zagloba, trembling as if in a fever.

"In three hours it will be daylight."

"It is time!" said Pan Longin.

"Time! time!" repeated Skshetuski in a stifled voice. "Go with God!"

"With God, with God!"

"Farewell, brothers, and forgive me if I have offended any of you in anything."

"You offend? O God!" cried Zagloba, throwing himself into his arms.

Skshetuski and Volodyovski embraced him in turn. The moment came. Suppressed gulping shook the breasts of these knights. One alone, Pan Longin, was calm, though full of emotion. "Farewell!" he repeated once more; and approaching the edge of the rampart, he dropped into the ditch, and soon appeared as a black figure on the opposite bank. Once more he beckoned farewell to his comrades, and vanished in the gloom.

Between the road to Zalostsitse and the highway from Vishnyovets grew an oak grove, interspersed with narrow openings. Beyond and joining with it was an old pine forest, thick and

large, extending north of Zalostsitse. Podbipienta had determined to reach that grove. The road was very perilous, for to reach the oaks it was necessary to pass along the entire flank of the Cossack tabor; but Pan Longin selected it on purpose, for it was just around the camp that most people were moving during the whole night, and the guards gave least attention to passers-by. Besides, all other roads, valleys, thickets, and narrow places were beset by guards who rode around continually; by essauls, sotniks, and even Hmelnitski himself. A passage through the meadows and along the Gnyezna was not to be dreamt of, for the Cossack horse-herders were watching there from dusk till daylight with their herds.

The night was gloomy, cloudy, and so dark that at ten paces not only could a man not be seen, but not even a tree. This circumstance was favorable for Pan Longin; though on the other hand he was obliged to go very slowly and carefully, so as not to fall into any of the pits or ditches occupying the whole expanse of the battle-field, and dug by Polish and Cossack hands. In this fashion he made his way to the second Polish rampart, which had been abandoned just before evening, and had passed through the ditch. He stopped and listened; the trenches were empty. The sally made by Yeremi after the storm had pushed the Cossacks out; who either fell, or took refuge in the tabor. A multitude of bodies were lying on the slopes and summits of these mounds. Pan Longin stumbled against bodies every moment, stepped over them, and passed on. From time to time a low groan or sigh announced that some one of the prostrate was living yet.

Beyond the ramparts there was a broad expanse stretching to another trench made before the arrival of Yeremi, also covered with corpses; but some tens of steps farther on were those earth shelters, like stacks of hay in the darkness. But they were empty. Everywhere the deepest silence reigned,—nowhere a fire or a man; no one on that former square but the prostrate.

Pan Longin began the prayer for the souls of the dead, and went on. The sounds of the Polish camp, which followed him to the second rampart, grew fainter and fainter, melting in the distance, till at last they ceased altogether. Pan Longin stopped and looked around for the last time. He could see almost nothing, for in the camp there was no light; but one window in the castle glimmered weakly as a star which the clouds now

expose and now conceal, or like a glow-worm which shines and darkens in turn.

"My brothers, shall I see you again in this life?" thought Pan Longin; and sadness pressed him down like a tremendous stone. He was barely able to breathe. There, where that pale light was trembling, are his people; there are brother hearts,—Prince Yeremi, Pan Yan, Volodyovski, Zagloba, the priest Mukhovetski; there they love him and would gladly defend him. But here is night, with desolation, darkness, corpses; under his feet choruses of ghosts; farther on, the blood-devouring tabor of sworn, pitiless enemies. The weight of sadness became so great that it was too heavy even for the shoulders of this giant. His soul began to waver within him.

In the darkness pale Alarm flew upon him, and began to whisper in his ear, "You will not pass, it is impossible! Return; there is still time! Fire the pistol, and a whole battalion will rush to your aid. Through those tabors, through that savageness, nothing will pass."

That starving camp, covered every day with balls, full of death and the odor of corpses, appeared at that moment to Pan Longin a calm, peaceful, safe haven. His friends there would not think ill of him if he returned. He would tell them that the deed passed human power; and they would not go themselves, would not send another,—would wait further for the mercy of God and the coming of the King. But if Skshetuski should go and perish! "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! These are temptations of Satan," thought Pan Longin. "I am ready for death, and nothing worse can meet me. And this is Satan terrifying a weak soul with desolation, corpses, and darkness; for he makes use of all means." Will the knight return, cover himself with shame, suffer in reputation, disgrace his name, not save the army, renounce the crown of heaven? Never! And he moved on, stretching out his hands before him.

Now a murmur reached him again; not from the Polish camp, however, but from the opposite side, still indefinite, but as it were deep and terrible, like the growling of a bear giving sudden answer in a dark forest. Disquiet had now left Pan Longin's soul; sadness had ceased, and changed into a mere sweet remembrance of those near to him. At last, as if answering that menace coming up from the tabor, he repeated once more in spirit, "But still I will go."

After a certain time he found himself on that battle-field where on the first day of the storm the prince's cavalry had defeated the Cossacks and janissaries. The road here was more even,—fewer pits, ditches, shelters, and no corpses; for those who had fallen in the earlier struggles had been buried by the Cossacks. It was also somewhat clearer, for the ground was not covered with various obstacles. The land inclined gradually toward the north. But Pan Longin turned immediately to the flank, wishing to push through between the western pond and the tabor.

He went quickly now, without hindrance, and it seemed to him already that he was reaching the line of the tabor, when some new sound caught his attention. He halted at once, and after waiting a quarter of an hour heard the tramp and breathing of horses. "Cossack patrols!" thought he. The voices of men reached his ears. He sprang aside with all speed, and searching with his foot for the first depression in the ground, fell to the earth and stretched out motionless, holding his pistol in one hand and his sword in the other.

The riders approached still nearer, and at last were abreast of him. It was so dark he could not count them; but he heard every word of their conversation.

"It is hard for them, but hard for us too," said some sleepy voice. "And how many good men of ours have bitten the dust!"

"O Lord!" said another voice, "they say the King is not far. What will become of us?"

"The Khan got angry with our father; and the Tartars threaten to take us, if there will be no other prisoners."

"And in the pastures they fight with our men. Father has forbidden us to go to the Tartar camp, for whoever goes there is lost."

"They say there are disguised Poles among the market-men. I wish this war had never begun."

"It is worse this time than before."

"The King is not far away, with the Polish forces. That is the worst!"

"Ha, ha! You would be sleeping in the Saitch at this hour; now you have got to push around in the dark like a vampire."

"There must be vampires here, for the horses are snorting."

The voices receded gradually, and at last were silent. Pan Longin rose and went on.

A rain fine as mist began to fall. It grew still darker. On the left side of Pan Longin gleamed at the distance of two furlongs a small light; after that a second, a third, and a tenth. Then he knew he was on the line of the tabor. The lights were far apart and weak. It was evident that all were sleeping, and only here and there might they be drinking or preparing food for the morrow.

"Thank God that I am out after the storm and the sally," said Pan Longin to himself. "They must be mortally weary."

He had scarcely thought this when he heard again in the distance the tramp of horses,—another patrol was coming But the ground in this place was more broken; therefore it was easier to hide. The patrol passed so near that the guards almost rode over Pan Longin. Fortunately the horses, accustomed to pass among prostrate bodies, were not frightened. Pan Longin went on.

In the space of a thousand yards he met two more patrols. It was evident that the whole circle occupied by the tabor was guarded like the apple of the eye. But Pan Longin rejoiced in spirit that he was not meeting infantry outposts, who are generally placed before camps to give warning to mounted patrols.

But his joy was of short duration. Scarcely had he advanced another furlong of the road when some dark figure shifted before him not more than twenty yards distant. Though unterrified, he felt a slight tremor along his spine. It was too late to withdraw and go around. The form moved; evidently it had seen him. A moment of hesitation followed, short as the twinkle of an eye. Then a suppressed voice called:—

"Vassil, is that you?"

"I," said Pan Longin, quietly.

"Have you gorailka?"

"I have."

"Give me some."

Pan Longin approached.

"Why are you so tall?" asked the voice, in tones of terror.

Something rustled in the darkness. A scream of "Lor—!" smothered the instant it was begun, came from the mouth of the picket; then was heard the crash as it were of broken bones, heavy breathing, and one figure fell quietly to the earth. Pan Longin moved on.

But he did not pass along the same line, for it was evidently a line of pickets; he turned therefore a little nearer to the tabor, wishing to go between the pickets and the line of wagons. If there was not another line of pickets, Pan Longin could meet in that space only those who went out from camp to relieve those on duty. Mounted patrols had no duty here.

After a time it became evident that there was no second line of pickets. But the tabor was not farther than two bow-shots; and wonderful! it seemed to grow nearer continually, though he tried to go at an equal distance from the line of wagons.

It was evident too that not all were asleep in the tabor. At the fires smoldering here and there, sitting figures were visible. In one place the fire was greater,— so large indeed that it almost reached Pan Longin with its light, and he was forced to draw back toward the pickets so as not to pass through the line of illumination. From the distance he distinguished, hanging on cross-sticks near the fire, oxen which the butchers were skinning. Disputing groups of men looked on. A few were playing quietly on pipes for the butchers. It was that part of the camp occupied by the herdsmen. The more distant rows of wagons were surrounded by darkness.

But the line of the tabor lighted by the smoldering fires again appeared as if nearer to Pan Longin. In the beginning he had it only on his right hand; suddenly he saw that he had it in front of him. Then he halted and meditated what to do. He was surrounded. The tabor, the Tartar camp, and the camps of the mob, encircled all Zbaraj like a ring. Inside this ring, sentries were standing and mounted guards moving, that no one might pass through.

The position of Pan Longin was terrible. He had now the choice either to go through between the wagons or seek another exit between the Cossacks and the Tartars. Otherwise he would have to wander till daylight along that rim, unless he wished to return to Zbaraj; but even in the latter case he might fall into the hands of the mounted patrol. He understood, however, that the very nature of the ground did not permit that one wagon should stand close to another. There had to be intervals in the rows, and considerable ones. Such intervals were necessary for communication, for an open road, for necessary travel. He determined to look for such a passage, and with that object approached still nearer to the wagons. The gleam of fires burning

here and there might betray him; but on the other hand they were useful, for without them he could see neither the wagons nor the road between them.

After a quarter of an hour he found a road, and recognized it easily, for it looked like a black belt between the wagons. There was no fire on it; there could be no Cossacks there, since the cavalry had to pass that way. Pan Longin put himself on his knees and hands, and began to crawl to that dark throat like a snake to a hole.

A quarter of an hour passed,—half an hour; he crawled continually, praying at the same time, commending his body and soul to the protection of the heavenly powers. He thought that perhaps the fate of all Zbaraj was depending on him then, could he pass that throat; he prayed therefore not for himself alone, but for those who at that moment in the trenches were praying for him.

On both sides of him all was silent,—no man moved, no horse snorted, no dog barked; and Pan Longin went through. The bushes and thickets looked dark before him; behind them was the oak grove; behind the oak grove the pine woods, all the way to Toporoff; beyond the pine woods, the King, salvation, and glory, service before God and man. What was the cutting of three heads in comparison with this deed, for which something was needed beyond an iron hand? Pan Longin felt the difference, but pride stirred not that clean heart; it was only moved like that of a child with tears of thankfulness.

Then he rose and passed on. Beyond the wagons there were either no pickets, or few easily avoided. Now heavier rain began to fall, pattering on the bushes and drowning the noise of his steps. Pan Longin then gave freedom to his long legs, and walked like a giant, trampling the bushes; every step was like five of a common man,—the wagons every moment farther, the oak grove every moment nearer and salvation every moment nearer.

Here are the oaks. Night beneath them is as black as under the ground; but that is better. A gentle breeze sprang up; the oaks murmured lightly,—you would have said they were muttering a prayer: "O great God, good God, guard this knight, for he is thy servant, and a faithful son of the land on which we have grown up for thy glory!"

About seven miles and a half divided Pan Longin from the Polish camp. Sweat poured from his forehead, for the air was

sultry, as if gathering for a storm; but he went on, caring nothing for the storm, for the angels were singing in his heart. The oaks became thinner. The first field is surely near. The oaks rustle more loudly, as if wishing to say, "Wait: you were safe among us." But the knight has no time, and he enters the open field. Only one oak stands on it, and that in the centre; but it is larger than the others. Pan Longin moves toward that oak.

All at once, when he was a few yards from the spreading branches of the giant, about a dozen figures push out and approach him with wolf-springs: "Who are you? who are you?" Their language is unknown; their heads are covered with something pointed. They are the Tartar horse-herders, who have taken refuge from the rain. At that moment red lightning flashed through the field, revealing the oak, the wild figures of the Tartars, and the enormous noble. A terrible cry shook the air, and the battle began in a moment.

The Tartars rushed on Pan Longin like wolves on a deer, and seized him with sinewy hands; but he only shook himself, and all the assailants fell from him as ripe fruit from a tree. Then the terrible double-handed sword gritted in the scabbard; and then were heard groans, howls, calls for aid, the whistle of the sword, the groans of the wounded, the neighing and the frightened horses, the clatter of broken Tartar swords. The silent field roared with all the wild sounds that can possibly find place in the throats of men.

The Tartars rushed on him repeatedly in a crowd; but he put his back to the oak, and in front covered himself with the whirlwind of his sword, and slashed awfully. Bodies lay dark under his feet; the others fell back, impelled by panic terror. "A div! a div!" howled they wildly.

The howling was not without an answer. Half an hour had not passed when the whole field swarmed with footmen and horsemen. Cossacks ran up, and Tartars also with poles and bows and pieces of burning pitch-pine. Excited questions began to fly from mouth to mouth. "What is it? what has happened?" "A div!" answered the Tartars. "A div!" repeated the crowd. "A Pole! A div! Take him alive, alive!"

Pan Longin fired twice from his pistols, but those reports could not be heard by his comrades in the Polish camp. Now the crowd approached him in a half-circle. He was standing in the shade, gigantic, supported by the tree, and he waited with

sword in hand. The crowd came nearer, nearer. At last the voice of command shouted, « Seize him! »

They rushed ahead. The cries were stopped. Those who could not push on gave light to the assailants. A whirl of men gathered and turned under the tree. Only groans came out of that whirl, and for a long time it was impossible to distinguish anything. At last a scream of terror was wrested from the assailants. The crowd broke in a moment. Under the tree remained Pan Longin, and at his feet a crowd of bodies still quivering in agony.

« Ropes! ropes! » thundered a voice.

The horsemen ran for the ropes, and brought them in the twinkle of an eye. Then a number of strong men seized the two ends of a long rope, endeavoring to fasten Pan Longin to the tree; but he cut with his sword, and the men fell on the ground on both sides. Then the Tartars tried, with the same result.

Seeing that too many men in the crowd interfere with one another, a number of the boldest Nogais advanced once more, wishing absolutely to seize the enormous man alive; but he tore them as a wild boar tears resolute dogs. The oak, which had grown together from two great trees, guarded in its central depression the knight; whoever approached him from the front within the length of his sword perished without uttering a groan. The superhuman power of Pan Longin seemed to increase with each moment. Seeing this, the enraged hordes drove away the Cossacks, and around were heard the wild cries, « Bows! bows! »

At the sight of the bows, and of the arrows poured out at the feet of his enemies from their quivers, Pan Longin saw that the moment of death was at hand, and he began the litany to the Most Holy Lady.

It became still. The crowds restrained their breath, waiting for what would happen. The first arrow whistled, as Pan Longin was saying, « Mother of the Redeemer! » and it scratched his temple. Another arrow whistled as he was saying, « O glorious Lady, » and it stuck in his shoulder. The words of the litany mingled with the whistling of arrows; and when Pan Longin had said « Morning Star, » arrows were standing in his shoulders, in his side, in his legs. The blood from his temples was flowing into his eyes; he saw as through a mist the field and the Tartars; he heard no longer the whistle of the arrows. He felt

that he was weakening, that his legs were bending under him; his head dropped on his breast. At last he fell on his knees. Then he said with a half-groan, "Queen of the Angels—" These words were his last on earth. The angels of heaven took his soul, and placed it as a clear pearl at the feet of the "Queen of the Angels."

BASIA WORKS A MIRACLE

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[Pan Michael is in love with Krysia, but she loves Ketling; to him therefore Michael resigns her, while Basia sobs.]

Ketling was so changed that he was barely able to make a low obeisance to the ladies; then he stood motionless, with his hat at his breast, with his eyes closed, like a wonder-working image. Pan Michael embraced his sister on the way, and approached Krysia. The maiden's face was as white as linen, so that the light down on her lip seemed darker than usual; her breast rose and fell violently. But Pan Michael took her hand mildly and pressed it to his lips; then his mustaches quivered for a time, as if he were collecting his thoughts; at last he spoke with great sadness, but with great calmness:—

"My gracious lady—or better, my beloved Krysia! Hear me without alarm; for I am not some Scythian or Tartar, or a wild beast, but a friend, who though not very happy himself, still desires your happiness. It has come out that you and Ketling love each other: Panna Basia in just anger threw it in my eyes. I do not deny that I rushed out of this house in a rage, and flew to seek vengeance on Ketling. Whoso loses his all is more easily borne away by vengeance; and I, as God is dear to me, loved you terribly, and not merely as a man never married loves a maiden. For if I had been married, and the Lord God had given me an only son or daughter, and had taken them afterward, I should not have mourned over them, I think, as I mourned over you."

Here Pan Michael's voice failed for a moment, but he recovered quickly; and after his mustache had quivered a number of times, he continued:—

"Sorrow is sorrow; but there is no help. That Ketling fell in love with you is not a wonder. Who would not fall in love with you? And that you fell in love with him — that is my fate: there is no reason either to wonder at that, for what comparison is there between Ketling and me? In the field he will say himself that I am not the worse man; but that is another matter. The Lord God gave beauty to one, withheld it from the other, but rewarded him with reflection. So when the wind on the road blew around me, and my first rage had passed, conscience said straightway, Why punish them? Why shed the blood of a friend? They fell in love,— that was God's will. The oldest people say that against the heart, the command of a hetman is nothing. It was the will of God that they fell in love; but that they did not betray, is their honesty. If Ketling had even known of your promise to me, maybe I should have called to him, 'Quench!' but he did not know of it. What was his fault? Nothing. And your fault? Nothing. He wished to depart; you wished to go to God. My fate is to blame, my fate only; for the finger of God is to be seen now in this, that I remain in loneliness. But I have conquered myself; I have conquered!"

Pan Michael stopped again and began to breathe quickly, like a man who, after long diving in water, has come out to the air; then he took Krysia's hand. "So to love," said he, "as to wish all for one's self, is not an exploit. 'The hearts are breaking in all three of us,' thought I: 'better let one suffer and give relief to the other two.' Krysia, God give you happiness with Ketling! Amen. God give you, Krysia, happiness with Ketling! It pains me a little, but that is nothing — God give you — that is nothing — I have conquered myself!"

The soldier said, "That is nothing;" but his teeth gritted, and his breath began to hiss through them. From the other end of the room, the sobbing of Basia was heard.

"Ketling, come here, brother!" cried Volodyovski.

Ketling approached, knelt down, opened his arms, and in silence, with the greatest respect and love, embraced Krysia's knees.

But Pan Michael continued in a broken voice, "Press his head. He has had his suffering too, poor fellow. God bless you and him! You will not go to the cloister. I prefer that you should bless me rather than have reason to curse me. The Lord God is above me, though it is hard for me now."

Basia, not able to endure longer, rushed out of the room; seeing which, Pan Michael turned to Makovetski and his sister. "Go to the other chamber," said he, "and leave them; I too will go somewhere, for I will kneel down and commend myself to the Lord Jesus." And he went out.

Half-way down the corridor he met Basia, at the staircase; on the very same place where, borne away by anger, she had divulged the secret of Krysia and Ketling. But this time Basia stood leaning against the wall, choking with sobs.

At sight of this, Pan Michael was touched at his own fate; he had restrained himself up to that moment as best he was able, but then the bonds of sorrow gave way, and tears burst from his eyes in a torrent. "Why do you weep?" cried he pitifully.

Basia raised her head, thrusting, like a child, now one and now the other fist into her eyes, choking and gulping at the air with open mouth, and answered with sobbing, "I am so sorry! Oh, for God's sake! O Jesus! Pan Michael is so honest, so worthy! Oh, for God's sake!"

Pan Michael seized her hands and began kissing them from gratitude. "God reward you! God reward you for your heart!" said he. "Quiet; do not weep."

But Basia sobbed the more, almost to choking. Every vein in her was quivering from sorrow; she began to gulp for air more and more quickly; at last, stamping from excitement, she cried so loudly that it was heard through the whole corridor, "Krysia is a fool! I would rather have one Pan Michael than ten Ketlings! I love Pan Michael with all my strength — better than auntie, better than uncle, better than Krysia!"

"For God's sake! Basia!" cried the knight. And wishing to restrain her emotion, he seized her in his embrace, and she nestled up to his breast with all her strength, so that he felt her heart throbbing like a wearied bird; then he embraced her still more firmly, and they remained so.

Silence followed.

"Basia, do you wish me?" asked the little knight.

"I do, I do, I do!" answered Basia.

At this answer transport seized him in turn; he pressed his lips to her rosy lips, and again they remained so.

Meanwhile a carriage rattled up to the house; and Zagloba rushed into the ante-room, then to the dining-room, in which

Pan Makovetski was sitting with his wife. "There is no sign of Michael!" cried he, in one breath: "I looked everywhere. Pan Krytski said that he saw him with Ketling. Surely they have fought!"

"Michael is here," answered Pani Makovetski; "he brought Ketling and gave him Krysia."

The pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned had surely a less astonished face than Zagloba at that moment. Silence continued for a while; then the old noble rubbed his eyes and asked, "What?"

"Krysia and Ketling are sitting in there together, and Michael has gone to pray," said Makovetski.

Zagloba entered the next room without a moment's hesitation; and though he knew of all, he was astonished a second time, seeing Ketling and Krysia sitting forehead to forehead. They sprang up, greatly confused, and had not a word to say, especially as the Makovetskis came in after Zagloba.

"A lifetime would not suffice to thank Michael," said Ketling at last. "Our happiness is his work."

"God give you happiness!" said Makovetski. "We will not oppose Michael."

Krysia dropped into the embraces of Pani Makovetski, and the two began to cry. Zagloba was as if stunned. Ketling bowed to Makovetski's knees as to those of a father; and either from the onrush of thoughts, or from confusion, Makovetski said, "But Pan Deyma killed Pan Ubysh. Thank Michael, not me!" After a while he asked, "Wife, what was the name of that lady?"

But she had no time for an answer, for at that moment Basia rushed in, panting more than usual, more rosy than usual, with her forelock falling down over her eyes more than usual; she ran up to Ketling and Krysia, and thrusting her finger now into the eye of one, and now into the eye of the other, said, "Oh, sigh, love, marry! You think that Pan Michael will be alone in the world? Not a bit of it: I shall be with him, for I love him, and I have told him so. I was the first to tell him, and he asked if I wanted him, and I told him that I would rather have him than ten others; for I love him, and I'll be the best wife, and I will never leave him! I'll go to the war with him! I've loved him this long time, though I did not tell him; for he is the best and the worthiest, the beloved— And now marry

for yourselves, and I will take Pan Michael, to-morrow if need be — for — »

Here breath failed Basia.

All looked at her, not understanding whether she had gone mad or was telling the truth; then they looked at one another, and with that Pan Michael appeared in the door behind Basia.

« Michael,» asked Makovetski, when presence of mind had restored his voice to him, « is what we hear true? »

« God has wrought a miracle,» answered the little knight with great seriousness, « and here is my comfort, my love, my greatest treasure.»

After these words Basia sprang to him again like a deer.

Now the mask of astonishment fell from Zagloba's face, and his white beard began to quiver; he opened his arms widely and said, « God knows I shall sob! Haiduk and Michael, come hither! »

BASIA AND MICHAEL PART

From 'Pan Michael.' Copyright 1893, by Jeremiah Curtin. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

[The siege of Kamenyets is in progress. The defenders have just repulsed a fierce attack upon the castle, but they know their desperate plight, and foresee the tragic end. Basia is with the knights upon the ramparts.]

« PRAISE be to God,» said the little knight, « there will be rest till the morning kindya at least; and in justice it belongs to us.»

But that was an apparent rest only; for when night was still deeper, they heard in the silence the sound of hammers beating the cliff.

« That is worse than artillery,» said Ketling, listening.

« Now would be the time to make a sortie,» said the little knight; « but 'tis impossible, —the men are too weary. They have not slept; and they have not eaten, though they had food, for there was no time to take it. Besides there are always some thousands on guard with the miners, so that there may be no opposition from our side. There is no help but to blow up the new castle ourselves, and withdraw to the old one.»

"That is not for to-day," answered Ketling. "See, the men have fallen like sheaves of grain, and are sleeping a stone sleep. The dragoons have not even wiped their swords."

"Basia, it is time to go home and sleep," said the little knight.

"I will, Michael," answered Basia obediently; "I will go as you command. But the cloister is closed now: I should prefer to remain, and watch over your sleep."

"It is a wonder to me," said the little knight, "that after such toil sleep has left me, and I have no wish whatever to rest my head."

"Because you have roused your blood among the janissaries," said Zagloba. "It was always so with me: after a battle I could never sleep in any way. But as to Basia, why should she drag herself to a closed gate? Let her remain here till morning."

Basia pressed Zagloba with delight; and the little knight, seeing how much she wished to stay, said:—

"Let us go to the chambers."

They went in; but the place was full of lime dust, which the cannon-balls had raised by shaking the walls. It was impossible to stay there; so they went out again, and took their places in a niche made when the old gate had been walled in. Pan Michael sat there, leaning against the masonry. Basia nestled up to him, like a child to its mother. The night was in August, warm and fragrant. The moon illuminated the niche with a silver light; the faces of the little knight and Basia were bathed in its rays. Lower down, in the court of the castle, were groups of sleeping soldiers and the bodies of those slain during the cannonade; for there had been no time yet for their burial. The calm light of the moon crept over those bodies, as if that hermit of the sky wished to know who was sleeping from weariness merely, and who had fallen into the eternal slumber. Farther on was outlined the wall of the main castle, from which fell a black shadow on one half of the court-yard. Outside the walls, from between the bulwarks, where the janissaries lay cut down with sabres, came the voices of men. They were camp-followers and those of the dragoons to whom booty was dearer than slumber; they were stripping the bodies of the slain. Their lanterns were gleaming on the place of combat like fireflies. Some of them called to one another; and one was singing in an undertone a

sweet song not beseeming the work to which he was given at the moment: —

> "Nothing is silver, nothing is gold to me now,
> Nothing is fortune.
> Let me die at the fence, then, of hunger,
> If only near thee."

But after a certain time that movement began to decrease, and at last stopped completely. A silence set in which was broken only by the distant sound of the hammers breaking the cliffs, and the calls of the sentries on the walls. That silence, the moonlight, and the night full of beauty, delighted Pan Michael and Basia. A yearning came upon them, it is unknown why; and a certain sadness, though pleasant. Basia raised her eyes to her husband; and seeing that his eyes were open, she said: —

"Michael, you are not sleeping."

"It is a wonder, but I cannot sleep."

"It is pleasant for you here?"

"Pleasant. But for you?"

Basia nodded her bright head. "O Michael, so pleasant! ai, ai! Did you not hear what that man was singing?"

Here she repeated the last words of the little song, —

> "Let me die at the fence, then, of hunger,
> If only near thee."

A moment of silence followed, which the little knight interrupted: —

"But listen, Basia."

"What, Michael?"

"To tell the truth, we are wonderfully happy with each other; and I think if one of us were to fall, the other would grieve beyond measure."

Basia understood perfectly that when the little knight said "if one of us were to fall," instead of *die*, he had himself only in mind. It came to her head that maybe he did not expect to come out of that siege alive, — that he wished to accustom her to that termination; therefore a dreadful presentiment pressed her heart, and clasping her hands, she said: —

"Michael, have pity on yourself and on me!"

The voice of the little knight was moved somewhat, though calm.

"But see, Basia, you are not right," said he; "for if you only reason the matter out, what is this temporal existence? Why break one's neck over it? Who would be satisfied with tasting happiness and love here when all breaks like a dry twig,—who?"

But Basia began to tremble from weeping, and to repeat:—

"I will not hear this! I will not! I will not!"

"As God is dear to me, you are not right," repeated the little knight. "Look, think of it: there above, beyond that quiet moon, is a country of bliss without end. Of such a one speak to me. Whoever reaches that meadow will draw breath for the first time, as if after a long journey, and will feed in peace. When my time comes,—and that is a soldier's affair,—it is your simple duty to say to yourself, 'That is nothing! Michael is gone. True, he is gone far, farther than from here to Lithuania; but that is nothing, for I shall follow him.' Basia, be quiet; do not weep. The one who goes first will prepare quarters for the other: that is the whole matter."

Here there came on him, as it were, a vision of coming events; for he raised his eyes to the moonlight, and continued:—

"What is this mortal life? Grant that I am there first, waiting till some one knocks at the heavenly gate. Saint Peter opens it. I look: who is that? My Basia! Save us! Oh, I shall jump then! Oh, I shall cry then! Dear God, words fail me. And there will be no tears, only endless rejoicing; and there will be no pagans, nor cannon, nor mines under walls, only peace and happiness. Ai, Basia, remember, this life is nothing!"

"Michael, Michael!" repeated Basia.

And again came silence, broken only by the distant, monotonous sound of the hammers.

"Basia, let us pray together," said Pan Michael at last.

And those two souls began to pray. As they prayed, peace came on both; and then sleep overcame them, and they slumbered till the first dawn.

Pan Michael conducted Basia away before the morning kindya to the bridge joining the old castle with the town. In parting, he said:—

"This life is nothing! remember that, Basia."

THE FUNERAL OF PAN MICHAEL

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[Kamenyets has been basely surrendered to the Sultan. Pan Michael prepares to send forth his troops, but between him and Ketling there is a secret understanding: they have sworn to blow up the castle and meet death together, that the white flag may never be hoisted over the citadel of Kamenyets.]

When Volodyovski had mustered the troops, he called Pan Mushalski and said to him:—

"Old friend, do me one more service. Go this moment to my wife, and tell her from me—" Here the voice stuck in the throat of the little knight for a while. "And say to her from me—" He halted again, and then added quickly, "This life is nothing!"

The bowman departed. After him the troops went out gradually. Pan Michael mounted his horse and watched over the march. The castle was evacuated slowly, because of the rubbish and fragments which blocked the way.

Ketling approached the little knight. "I will go down," said he, fixing his teeth.

"Go! but delay till the troops have marched out. Go!"

Here they seized each other in an embrace which lasted some time. The eyes of both were gleaming with an uncommon radiance. Ketling rushed away at last toward the vaults.

Pan Michael took the helmet from his head. He looked awhile yet on the ruin, on that field of his glory, on the rubbish, the corpses, the fragments of walls, on the breastwork, on the guns; then raising his eyes, he began to pray. His last words were, "Grant her, O Lord, to endure this patiently; give her peace!"

Ah! Ketling hastened, not waiting even till the troops had marched out: for at that moment the bastions quivered, an awful roar rent the air; bastions, towers, walls, horses, guns, living men, corpses, masses of earth, all torn upward with a flame, and mixed,—pounded together, as it were, into one dreadful cartridge, flew toward the sky.

Thus died Volodyovski, the Hector of Kamenyets, the first soldier of the Commonwealth.

In the monastery of St. Stanislav stood a lofty catafalque in the centre of the church; it was surrounded with gleaming tapers, and on it lay Pan Volodyovski in two coffins, one of lead and one of wood. The lids had been fastened, and the funeral service was just ending.

It was the heartfelt wish of the widow that the body should rest in Hreptyoff: but since all Podolia was in the hands of the enemy, it was decided to bury it temporarily in Stanislav; for to that place the "exiles" of Kamenyets had been sent under a Turkish convoy, and there delivered to the troops of the hetman.

All the bells in the monastery were ringing. The church was filled with a throng of nobles and soldiers, who wished to look for the last time at the coffin of the Hector of Kamenyets, and the first cavalier of the Commonwealth. It was whispered that the hetman himself was to come to the funeral; but as he had not appeared so far, and as at any moment the Tartars might come in a chambul, it was determined not to defer the ceremony.

Old soldiers, friends or subordinates of the deceased, stood in a circle around the catafalque. Among others were present Pan Mushalski, the bowman, Pan Motovidlo, Pan Snitko, Pan Hromyka, Pan Nyenashinyets, Pan Novoveski, and many others, former officers of the stanitsa. By a marvelous fortune, no man was lacking of those who had sat on the evening benches around the hearth at Hreptyoff; all had brought their heads safely out of that war, except the man who was their leader and model. That good and just knight, terrible to the enemy, loving to his own; that swordsman above swordsmen, with the heart of a dove,—lay there high among the tapers, in glory immeasurable, but in the silence of death. Hearts hardened through war were crushed with sorrow at that sight; yellow gleams from the tapers shone on the stern, suffering faces of warriors, and were reflected in glittering points in the tears dropping down from their eyelids.

Within the circle of soldiers lay Basia, in the form of a cross, on the floor; and near her Zagloba, old, broken, decrepit, and trembling. She had followed on foot from Kamenyets the hearse bearing that most precious coffin, and now the moment had come when it was necessary to give that coffin to the earth. Walking the whole way, insensible, as if not belonging to this world, and now at the catafalque, she repeated with unconscious lips, "This life is nothing!" She repeated it because that beloved one had commanded her, for that was the last message which he

had sent her; but in that repetition and in those expressions were mere sounds, without substance, without truth, without meaning and solace. No: "This life is nothing" meant merely regret, darkness, despair, torpor, merely misfortune incurable, life beaten and broken,—an erroneous announcement that there was nothing above her, neither mercy nor hope; that there was merely a desert, and it will be a desert which God alone can fill when he sends death.

They rang the bells; at the great altar, Mass was at its end. At last thundered the deep voice of the priest, as if calling from the abyss: "*Requiescat in pace!*" A feverish quiver shook Basia, and in her unconscious head rose one thought alone: "Now, now, they will take him from me!" But that was not yet the end of the ceremony. The knights had prepared many speeches to be spoken at the lowering of the coffin; meanwhile Father Kaminski ascended the pulpit,—the same who had been in Hreptyoff frequently, and who in the time of Basia's illness had prepared her for death.

People in the church began to spit and cough, as is usual before preaching; then they were quiet, and all eyes were turned to the pulpit. The rattling of a drum was heard on the pulpit.

The hearers were astonished. Father Kaminski beat the drum as if for alarm; he stopped suddenly, and a death-like silence followed. Then a drum was heard a second and a third time; suddenly the priest threw the drumsticks to the floor of the church, and called:—

"Pan Colonel Volodyovski!"

A spasmodic scream from Basia answered him. It became simply terrible in the church. Pan Zagloba rose, and aided by Mushalski bore out the fainting woman.

Meanwhile the priest continued: "In God's name, Pan Volodyovski, they are beating the alarm! there is war, the enemy is in the land!—and do you not spring up, seize your sabre, mount your horse? Have you forgotten your former virtue? Do you leave us alone with sorrow, with alarm?"

The breasts of the knights rose; and a universal weeping broke out in the church, and broke out several times again, when the priest lauded the virtue, the love of country, and the bravery of the dead man. His own words carried the preacher away. His face became pale; his forehead was covered with sweat; his voice trembled. Sorrow for the little knight carried him away,

sorrow for Kamenyets, sorrow for the Commonwealth, ruined by the hands of the followers of the Crescent; and finally he finished his eulogy with this prayer:—

"O Lord, they will turn churches into mosques, and chant the Koran in places where till this time the Gospel has been chanted. Thou hast cast us down, O Lord; thou hast turned thy face from us, and given us into the power of the foul Turk. Inscrutable are thy decrees; but who, O Lord, will resist the Turk now? What armies will war with him on the boundaries? Thou, from whom nothing in the world is concealed,—thou knowest best that there is nothing superior to our cavalry! What cavalry can move for thee, O Lord, as ours can? Wilt thou set aside defenders behind whose shoulders all Christendom might glorify thy name? O kind Father, do not desert us! show us thy mercy! Send us a defender! Send a crusher of the foul Mohammedan! Let him come hither; let him stand among us; let him raise our fallen hearts! Send him, O Lord!"

At that moment the people gave way at the door; and into the church walked the hetman, Pan Sobieski. The eyes of all were turned to him; a quiver shook the people; and he went with clatter of spurs to the catafalque, lordly, mighty, with the face of a Cæsar. An escort of iron cavalry followed him.

"Salvator!" cried the priest, in prophetic ecstasy.

Sobieski knelt at the catafalque, and prayed for the soul of Volodyovski.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

(1841–1887)

THE strain sounded by Edward Rowland Sill has a quality of distinction, and a haunting loveliness of aspiration, such as to endear him to those who rejoice in art which is but the handmaiden to dignity of thought and quiet beauty of form. Life and song with Sill — as with Sidney Lanier, between whom and the New-Englander there is spiritual fellowship — were in harmony; and man and writer equally call forth admiration. Sill's life was studious, shy, withdrawn; his work too made no noisy demand on the public. It was not startling in manner. Its appeal was to the inner experience, to the still small voice, which is the soul's monitor. His art showed that unobtrusive obedience to the fundamental technique, which, from the Greek days to our own, has acted as a preservative of the written word.

EDWARD R. SILL

Sill was born in Windsor, Connecticut, on April 29th, 1841, and was graduated from Yale College at the age of twenty. At first he went to California with business plans in mind; but came back to the East, intending to become a minister, and studied for a short time at the Harvard Divinity School. This idea was soon abandoned; and he went to New York City and did editorial work on the New York Evening Mail. Then he went to Ohio to do some teaching, and thence was called to California again in 1871, as principal of the High School at Oakland; and after three years' service there, went to the University of California at Berkeley, to be the professor of English literature, — a position he held until 1882, when he returned to Ohio and devoted himself to literary work. He died at Cleveland, in that State, February 27th, 1887.

But it was the life internal, not that external, which was most significant in the case of Sill. A scholar, an idealist, as a teacher he was very unconventional but intensely inspiring. He fulfilled the grand pedagogic conception that the most fruitful teaching means not so much the imparting of knowledge as the stimulation of a fine personality. In his latest years, when out of health and thrown

much upon himself, his broodings were deep and wise, and his choicest lyrics are the precious register of them; another such registration being the remarkable letters he wrote to a few privileged friends. He lived aside from the feverish centres of activity, but kept in the stream of the nobler activities of the human mind and soul. As he wrote in one of the finest of his poems, 'Field-Notes':—

> «Life is a game the soul can play
> With fewer pieces than men say.»

Again in 'Solitude' he expresses his feeling:—

> «All alone, alone,
> Calm as on a kingly throne,
> Take thy place in the crowded land
> Self-centred in free self-command.
> Far from the chattering tongues of men,
> Sitting above their call or ken,
> Free from links of manner and form,
> Thou shalt learn of the wingèd storm,—
> God shall speak to thee out of the sky.»

All that one knows of Sill's personal side is in consonance with the aspiring note and the intellectual questing that mark his poetry.

Dying comparatively young, at forty-five, there is a sense of incompletion about his literary output. He did not write facilely nor polish much. A book of verse in young manhood, 'The Hermitage and Other Poems' (1867); a mid-manhood volume privately printed, 'The Venus of Milo and Other Poems' (1883); and a well-chosen posthumous selection, 'Poems' (1888), embracing the bulk of his worthiest work,—make up the scant list. He produced slowly, and was chary about collecting the pieces which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and elsewhere; only doing so, indeed, on the urgence of his publishers. But it is quality, not quantity, which defines a writer's place; and the charm, suggestion, and strength of Sill's verse cannot be gainsaid. The dominant trait in him is spirituality, coming out whether he is describing nature—few American poets have been more happy in this—or dealing with the deep heart of man. It is the soul's problem in relation to existence which awakens his warm interest and solicitude. The jocund mood, the touch of humor, were rare with him as a writer, but not entirely wanting, as the very strong satiric piece of verse 'Five Lives' is enough to prove. The playful side of his nature, too, is glimpsed in many of his private letters. Intellectually, and in the matter of diction to a degree, there is an Emersonian flavor to Sill. A lyric like 'Service,' for example, certainly would not have shamed the Concord Sage. Sill's spiritual faith had the same robust optimism as Emerson's, though there was

more sensitiveness to the minor chords of life. This strong, affirming belief in the triumph of spirit over flesh makes Sill's verse an ethical tonic, as well as an æsthetic delight. 'Field-Notes' is his noblest statement of this helpful philosophy, which however crops out continually in his work. This mood and attitude of mind, expressed with sincerity and tenderness, with music and imagination, denote Sill as one whose accomplishment, if slight in extent and unambitious in aim, is of a very high order, and such as could emanate only from a poet truly called to song.

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OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the King's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

HOME

THERE lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
  Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
  Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
  His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite love will lead thee home.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
  Sought out some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
  And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose:—"O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
  From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,—
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders,—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will: but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed: in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool;
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

A MORNING THOUGHT

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me:—
"This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear:
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death"?

STRANGE

He died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him; sudden fame
These suddenly warm comrades gave.
They called him pure, they called him brave;
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said, "You'd seek his like in vain,—
Gentle, and strong, and good:" none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Mended, was well! They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues; lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Thanked God they were not such as he;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread:
And made him, living, wish him dead.

LIFE

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

(1806–1870)

ONE of the stalwart pioneers of American literature was the South-Carolinian, William G. Simms. He cultivated letters under comparatively adverse conditions. He produced, under the whip of necessity and by force of a vigorous gift for literary composition, a remarkable number of books, many of them below his normal power. Yet some of his Revolutionary and Colonial romances have a merit likely to give them a lasting audience. Boys, who are keen on the scent of a stirring plot and a well-told story, still read Simms with gusto. Moreover, in making literary use of the early doings of his native State and of other Southern and border States, he did a real service in drawing attention to and awakening interest in local United States history. Simms had the wisdom, in a day when it was rarer than it is now, to draw upon this rich native material lying as virgin ore for the novelist. No other man of his time made more successful use of it.

W. G. SIMMS

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17th, 1806. His father was a self-made man of decided force, though lacking education. William had only a common-school training; and before studying law, was a clerk in a chemical house. He was admitted to the bar when twenty-one years of age; but cared little for the profession, indicating his preference the same year by publishing two volumes of poems. Throughout his career Simms courted the Muse; but his verse never became an important part of his achievement. In 1828 he became editor and part owner of the Charleston City Gazette, which took the Union side during the Nullification excitement. He held the position for four years, when the newspaper was discontinued because of political dissensions, leaving the editor in financial straits. After a year's residence in Hingham, Massachusetts,—where his first novel, 'Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal,' was written,—he returned to South Carolina; settling finally on his plantation Woodlands, near Medway, in that State, where he lived for many years the life of a genial

country gentleman, a large slave-owner, his mansion the centre of an open-handed hospitality. Simms was in these years the representative Southern author, visited as a matter of course by travelers from the North. This life was varied also by political office: he was for many years a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and was once an unsuccessful candidate for lieutenant-governor.

Personally Simms was an impulsive, choleric, generous-hearted man, full of pluck and energy, widely interested in the affairs of his land, doing steadily what he conceived to be right. During his meridian of strength he prospered, though driven to work hard to keep up his style of living. But when the war came he suffered the common lot of well-conditioned Southerners, and was almost ruined. Thereafter, until his death, it was an up-hill struggle. Simms was frankly, warmly sectional in his feelings, stoutly maintaining the right of the South to secede. A sympathetic picture of the days of his activity, in both sunshine and storm, is given in Professor William P. Trent's biography of him prepared for the 'American Men of Letters' series. Simms published more than thirty volumes of novels and shorter tales: his verse alone counts up to nearly twenty books, and in addition he wrote histories,—including several books of South Carolina biographies,—edited various standard authors, and contributed almost countless articles to periodicals. The voluminous nature of his writings explains the ephemerality of much of his work, and suggests his faults,—carelessness of style and looseness of construction, and an inclination to the sensational. Simms's bloody scenes are generally in full view of the audience: he did not see the value of reserve. But his good qualities are positive: he has lively characterization, brisk movement, a sense of the picturesque, and great fertility of invention.

It is unnecessary, in the case of a writer so fecund, to catalogue his works: the most powerful and artistic are those dealing with his native State; and the chapter quoted from 'The Yemassee,' the most popular and perhaps the best of all his fiction,—a story describing the uprising of the Indian tribe of that name, and the bravery of the early Carolinians in repulsing them,—gives an admirable idea of his gift for the graphic presentation of a dramatic scene. 'Guy Rivers,' in 1834, was Simms's first decided success in native romance; and crude as it is, has plenty of bustling action to hold the attention. The Revolutionary quadrilogy beginning with 'The Partisan' (1835), and ending with 'Katharine Walton' (1851), including also 'Mellichampe' and 'The Kinsman,'—all tales of Marion and his troopers and the British campaign in the Carolinas; the group of short stories known as 'Wigwam and Cabin' (1845), dealing with frontier and Indian life; and the much later 'The Cassique of Kiawah' (1860),

which depicts colonial days in Charleston,— are superior examples of his scope and style. Both the American and English public of that day took to his work: ten of his novels received German translation.

Simms was conscientious and indefatigable in getting the material for his tales: reading the authorities in print and manuscript, traveling in order to study the physical aspects of the country and gather oral legends and scraps of local history. Thus he came to know well, and to be able to reproduce with truth and spirit, the Indians and white men who filled his mind's eye. The reader of to-day is more likely to underestimate than to overestimate Simms in this regard. He was a writer with a very conspicuous talent for character limning and narrative, which was aided by years of ceaseless pen-work. Under less practical pressure, and with a keener sense of the obligation of the artist to his art, he might have ranked with Cooper. As it is, with all allowance for shortcomings, he is an agreeable figure whether he be considered as author or man.

THE DOOM OF OCCONESTOGA

From 'The Yemassee'

It was a gloomy amphitheatre in the deep forests to which the assembled multitude bore the unfortunate Occonestoga. The whole scene was unique in that solemn grandeur, that sombre hue, that deep spiritual repose, in which the human imagination delights to invest the region which has been rendered remarkable for the deed of punishment or crime. A small swamp or morass hung upon one side of the wood; from the rank bosom of which, in numberless millions, the flickering firefly perpetually darted upwards, giving a brilliance and animation to the spot, which at that moment no assemblage of light or life could possibly enliven. The ancient oak, a bearded Druid, was there to contribute to the due solemnity of all associations; the green but gloomy cedar, the ghostly cypress, and here and there the overgrown pine,— all rose up in their primitive strength, and with an undergrowth around them of shrub and flower that scarcely at any time, in that sheltered and congenial habitation, had found it necessary to shrink from winter. In the centre of the area thus invested rose a high and venerable mound, the tumulus of many preceding ages, from the washed sides of which might now and then be seen protruding the bleached bones of some ancient warrior or sage. A circle of trees at a little distance hedged it in,

made secure and sacred by the performance there of many of their religious rites and offices,—themselves, as they bore the broad arrow of the Yemassee, being free from all danger of overthrow or desecration by Indian hands.

Amid the confused cries of the multitude, they bore the captive to the foot of the tumulus, and bound him backward, half reclining upon a tree. A hundred warriors stood around, armed according to the manner of the nation,—each with a tomahawk and knife and bow. They stood up as for battle, but spectators simply; and took no part in a proceeding which belonged entirely to the priesthood. In a wider and denser circle gathered hundreds more: not the warriors, but the people,—the old, the young, the women and the children, all fiercely excited, and anxious to see a ceremony so awfully exciting to an Indian imagination; involving as it did not only the perpetual loss of human caste and national consideration, but the eternal doom, the degradation, the denial of and the exile from their simple forest heaven. Interspersed with this latter crowd, seemingly at regular intervals, and with an allotted labor assigned them, came a number of old women: not unmeet representatives, individually, for either of the weird sisters of the Scottish thane,

"So withered and so wild in their attire;"

and regarding their cries and actions, of whom we may safely affirm that they looked like anything but inhabitants of earth! In their hands they bore, each of them, a flaming torch of the rich and gummy pine; and these they waved over the heads of the multitude in a thousand various evolutions, accompanying each movement with a fearful cry, which at regular periods was chorused by the assembled mass. A bugle—a native instrument of sound, five feet or more in length; hollowed out from the commonest timber, the cracks and breaks of which were carefully sealed up with the resinous gum oozing from their burning torches; and which to this day, borrowed from the natives, our negroes employ on the Southern waters with a peculiar compass and variety of note—was carried by one of the party; and gave forth at intervals, timed with much regularity, a long, protracted, single blast, adding greatly to the wild and picturesque character of the spectacle. At the articulation of these sounds, the circles continue to contract, though slowly; until at length but a brief

space lay between the armed warriors, the crowd, and the unhappy victim.

The night grew dark of a sudden; and the sky was obscured by one of the brief tempests that usually usher in the summer, and mark the transition, in the South, of one season to another. A wild gust rushed along the wood. The leaves were whirled over the heads of the assemblage, and the trees bent downwards until they cracked and groaned again beneath the wind. A feeling of natural superstition crossed the minds of the multitude, as the hurricane, though common enough in that region, passed hurriedly along; and a spontaneous and universal voice of chanted prayer rose from the multitude, in their own wild and emphatic language, to the evil deity whose presence they beheld in its progress: —

> "Thy wing, Opitchi-Manneyto,
> It o'erthrows the tall trees —
> Thy breath, Opitchi-Manneyto,
> Makes the waters tremble —
> Thou art in the hurricane,
> When the wigwam tumbles —
> Thou art in the arrow fire,
> When the pine is shivered —
> But upon the Yemassee
> Be thy coming gentle —
> Are they not thy well-beloved?
> Bring they not a slave to thee?
> Look! the slave is bound for thee,
> 'Tis the Yemassee that brings him.
> Pass, Opitchi-Manneyto —
> Pass, black spirit, pass from us —
> Be thy passage gentle."

And as the uncouth strain rose at the conclusion into a diapason of unanimous and contending voices,— of old and young, male and female,— the brief summer tempest had gone by. A shout of self-gratulation, joined with warm acknowledgments, testified the popular sense and confidence in that especial Providence, which even the most barbarous nations claim as forever working in their behalf.

At this moment, surrounded by the chiefs, and preceded by the great prophet or high-priest, Enoree-Mattee, came Sanutee, the well-beloved of the Yemassee, to preside over the destinies of

his son. There was a due and becoming solemnity, but nothing of the peculiar feelings of the father, visible in his countenance. Blocks of wood were placed around as seats for the chiefs; but Sanutee and the prophet threw themselves, with more of imposing veneration in the proceeding, upon the edge of the tumulus, just where an overcharged spot, bulging out with the crowding bones of its inmates, had formed an elevation answering the purpose of couch or seat. They sat directly looking upon the prisoner; who reclined, bound securely upon his back to a decapitated tree, at a little distance before them. A signal having been given, the women ceased their clamors; and approaching him, they waved their torches so closely above his head as to make all his features distinctly visible to the now watchful and silent multitude. He bore the examination with stern, unmoved features, which the sculptor in brass or marble might have been glad to transfer to his statue in the block. While the torches waved, one of the women now cried aloud, in a barbarous chant, above him:—

> "Is not this a Yemassee?
> Wherefore is he bound thus—
> Wherefore with the broad arrow
> On his right arm growing,
> Wherefore is he bound thus?
> Is not this a Yemassee?"

A second woman now approached him, waving her torch in like manner, seeming closely to inspect his features, and actually passing her fingers over the emblem upon his shoulder, as if to ascertain more certainly the truth of the image. Having done this, she turned about to the crowd, and in the same barbarous sort of strain with the preceding, replied as follows:—

> "It is not the Yemassee,
> But a dog that runs away.
> From his right arm take the arrow,
> He is not the Yemassee."

As these words were uttered, the crowd of women and children around cried out for the execution of the judgment thus given; and once again flamed the torches wildly, and the shoutings were general among the multitude. When they had subsided, a huge Indian came forward and sternly confronted the prisoner.

This man was Malatchie, the executioner; and he looked the horrid trade which he professed. His garments were stained and smeared with blood, and covered with scalps, which, connected together by slight strings, formed a loose robe over his shoulders. In one hand he carried a torch, in the other a knife. He came forward, under the instructions of Enoree-Mattee the prophet, to claim the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto,—that is, in our language, the slave of hell. This he did in the following strain:—

> «'Tis Opitchi-Manneyto
> In Malatchie's ear that cries:—
> 'This is not the Yemassee,—
> And the woman's word is true,—
> He's a dog that should be mine:
> I have hunted for him long.
> From his master he had run,
> With the stranger made his home;
> Now I have him, he is mine:
> Hear Opitchi-Manneyto.'»

And as the besmeared and malignant executioner howled his fierce demand in the very ears of his victim, he hurled the knife which he carried, upwards with such dexterity into the air, that it rested point downward and sticking fast, on its descent, into the tree and just above the head of the doomed Occonestoga. With his hand, the next instant, he laid a resolute gripe upon the shoulder of the victim, as if to confirm and strengthen his claim by actual possession; while at the same time, with a sort of malignant pleasure, he thrust his besmeared and distorted visage close into the face of his prisoner. Writhing against the ligaments which bound him fast, Occonestoga strove to turn his head aside from the disgusting and obtrusive presence; and the desperation of his effort, but that he had been too carefully secured, might have resulted in the release of some of his limbs; for the breast heaved and labored, and every muscle of his arms and legs was wrought, by his severe action, into so many ropes,—hard, full, and indicative of prodigious strength.

There was one person in that crowd who sympathized with the victim. This was Hiwassee, the maiden in whose ears he had uttered a word, which, in her thoughtless scream and subsequent declaration of the event, when she had identified him, had

been the occasion of his captivity. Something of self-reproach for her share in his misfortune, and an old feeling of regard for Occonestoga,— who had once been a favorite with the young of both sexes among his people,— was at work in her bosom; and turning to Echotee, her newly accepted lover, as soon as the demand of Malatchie had been heard, she prayed him to resist the demand.

In such cases, all that a warrior had to do was simply to join issue upon the claim, and the popular will then determined the question. Echotee could not resist an application so put to him, and by one who had just listened to a prayer of his own so all-important to his own happiness; and being himself a noble youth, —one who had been a rival of the captive in his better days,— a feeling of generosity combined with the request of Hiwassee, and he boldly leaped forward. Seizing the knife of Malatchie, which stuck in the tree, he drew it forth and threw it upon the ground; thus removing the sign of property which the executioner had put up in behalf of the evil deity.

«Occonestoga is the brave of the Yemassee,» exclaimed the young Echotee, while the eyes of the captive looked what his lips could not have said. «Occonestoga is a brave of Yemassee: he is no dog of Malatchie. Wherefore is the cord upon the limbs of a free warrior? Is not Occonestoga a free warrior of Yemassee? The eyes of Echotee have looked upon a warrior like Occonestoga when he took many scalps. Did not Occonestoga lead the Yemassee against the Savannahs? The eyes of Echotee saw him slay the red-eyed Suwannee, the great chief of the Savannahs. Did not Occonestoga go on the war-path with our young braves against the Edistoes,— the brown foxes that came out of the swamp? The eyes of Echotee beheld him. Occonestoga is a brave, and a hunter of Yemassee: he is not the dog of Malatchie. He knows not fear. He hath an arrow with wings, and the panther he runs down in the chase. His tread is the tread of a sly serpent, that comes so that he hears him not upon the track of the red deer, feeding down in the valley. Echotee knows the warrior; Echotee knows the hunter; he knows Occonestoga,— but he knows no dog of Opitchi-Manneyto.»

«He hath drunk of the poison drink of the palefaces; his feet are gone from the good path of the Yemassee; he would sell his people to the English for a painted bird. He is the

slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," cried Malatchie in reply. Echotee was not satisfied to yield the point so soon, and he responded accordingly.

"It is true; the feet of the young warrior have gone away from the good paths of the Yemassee: but I see not the weakness of the chief when my eye looks back upon the great deeds of the warrior. I see nothing but the shrinking body of Suwannee under the knee — under the knife of the Yemassee. I hear nothing but the war-whoop of the Yemassee, when he broke through the camp of the brown foxes, and scalped them where they skulked in the swamp. I see this Yemassee strike the foe and take the scalp, and I know Occonestoga,—Occonestoga, the son of the well-beloved, the great chief of the Yemassee."

"It is good; Occonestoga has thanks for Echotee; Echotee is a brave warrior!" murmured the captive to his champion, in tones of melancholy acknowledgment. The current of public feeling began to set somewhere in behalf of the victim, and an occasional whisper to that effect might be heard here and there among the multitude. Even Malatchie himself looked for a moment as if he thought it not improbable that he might be defrauded of his prey; and while a free shout from many attested the compliment which all were willing to pay to Echotee for his magnanimous defense of one who had once been a rival — and not always successful — in the general estimation, the executioner turned to the prophet and to Sanutee, as if doubtful whether or not to proceed farther in his claim. But all doubt was soon quieted, as the stern father rose before the assembly. Every sound was stilled in expectation of his words on this so momentous an occasion to himself. They waited not long. The old man had tasked all the energies of the patriot, not less than of the stoic; and having once determined upon the necessity of the sacrifice, he had no hesitating fears or scruples palsying his determination. He seemed not to regard the imploring glance of his son, seen and felt by all besides in the assembly; but with a voice entirely unaffected by the circumstances of his position, he spoke forth the doom of the victim in confirmation with that originally expressed.

"Echotee has spoken like a brave warrior with a tongue of truth, and a soul that has birth with the sun. But he speaks out of his own heart, and does not speak to the heart of the

traitor. The Yemassee will all say for Echotee, but who can say for Occonestoga when Sanutee himself is silent? Does the Yemassee speak with a double tongue? Did not the Yemassee promise Occonestoga to Opitchi-Manneyto with the other chiefs? Where are they? They are gone into the swamp, where the sun shines not, and the eyes of Opitchi-Manneyto are upon them. He knows them for his slaves. The arrow is gone from their shoulders, and the Yemassee knows them no longer. Shall the dog escape who led the way to the English — who brought the poison drink to the chiefs, which made them dogs to the English and slaves to Opitchi-Manneyto? Shall he escape the doom the Yemassee hath put upon them? Sanutee speaks the voice of the Manneyto. Occonestoga is a dog, who would sell his father — who would make our women to carry water for the palefaces. He is not the son of Sanutee — Sanutee knows him no more. Look, Yemassees, — the Well-beloved has spoken!»

He paused, and turning away, sank down silently upon the little bank on which he had before rested; while Malatchie, without further opposition, — for the renunciation of his own son, by one so highly esteemed as Sanutee, was conclusive against the youth, — advanced to execute the terrible judgment upon his victim.

«O father, chief, Sanutee the Well-beloved!» was the cry that now, for the first time, burst convulsively from the lips of the prisoner: «hear me, father, — Occonestoga will go on the war-path with thee and with the Yemassee against the Edisto, against the Spaniard; hear, Sanutee, — he will go with thee against the English.» But the old man bent not, yielded not, and the crowd gathered nigher in the intensity of their interest.

«Wilt thou have no ear, Sanutee? It is Occonestoga, it is the son of Matiwan, that speaks to thee.» Sanutee's head sank as the reference was made to Matiwan, but he showed no other sign of emotion. He moved not, he spoke not; and bitterly and hopelessly the youth exclaimed: —

«Oh! thou art colder than the stone house of the adder, and deafer than his ears. Father, Sanutee, wherefore wilt thou lose me, even as the tree its leaf, when the storm smites it in summer? Save me, my father.»

And his head sank in despair as he beheld the unchanging look of stern resolve with which the unbending sire regarded

him. For a moment he was unmanned; until a loud shout of derision from the crowd, as they beheld the show of his weakness, came to the support of his pride. The Indian shrinks from humiliation, where he would not shrink from death; and as the shout reached his ears, he shouted back his defiance, raised his head loftily in air, and with the most perfect composure commenced singing his song of death,—the song of many victories.

"Wherefore sings he his death-song?" was the cry from many voices: "he is not to die!"

"Thou art the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," cried Malatchie to the captive; "thou shalt sing no lie of thy victories in the ear of Yemassee. The slave of Opitchi-Manneyto has no triumph;" and the words of the song were effectually drowned, if not silenced, in the tremendous clamor which they raised about him.

It was then that Malatchie claimed his victim. The doom had been already given, but the ceremony of expatriation and outlawry was yet to follow; and under the direction of the prophet, the various castes and classes of the nation prepared to take a final leave of one who could no longer be known among them. First of all came a band of young marriageable women, who, wheeling in a circle three times about him, sang together a wild apostrophe containing a bitter farewell, which nothing in our language could perfectly embody:—

"Go: thou hast no wife in Yemassee—thou hast given no lodge to the daughter of Yemassee—thou hast slain no meat for thy children. Thou hast no name—the women of Yemassee know thee no more. They know thee no more."

And the final sentence was reverberated from the entire assembly:—

"They know thee no more—they know thee no more."

Then came a number of the ancient men, the patriarchs of the nation, who surrounded him in circular mazes three several times, singing as they did so a hymn of like import:—

"Go: thou sittest not in the council of Yemassee—thou shalt not speak wisdom to the boy that comes. Thou hast no name in Yemassee—the fathers of Yemassee, they know thee no more."

And again the whole assembly cried out, as with one voice:—

"They know thee no more—they know thee no more."

These were followed by the young warriors, his old associates, who now in a solemn band approached him to go through a like

performance. His eyes were shut as they came, his blood was chilled in his heart, and the articulated farewell of their wild chant failed seemingly to reach his ear. Nothing but the last sentence he heard: —

> «Thou that wast a brother,
> Thou art nothing now —
> The young warriors of Yemassee,
> They know thee no more.»

And the crowd cried with them: —

«They know thee no more.»

«Is no hatchet sharp for Occonestoga?» moaned forth the suffering savage.

But his trials were only then begun. Enoree-Mattee now approached him with the words with which, as the representative of the good Manneyto, he renounced him — with which he denied him access to the Indian heaven, and left him a slave and an outcast, a miserable wanderer amid the shadows and the swamps, and liable to all the dooms and terrors which come with the service of Opitchi-Manneyto.

> «Thou wast a child of Manneyto — »

sung the high priest in a solemn chant, and with a deep-toned voice that thrilled strangely amid the silence of the scene.

> «Thou wast a child of Manneyto —
> He gave thee arrows and an eye;
> Thou wast the strong son of Manneyto —
> He gave thee feathers and a wing;
> Thou wast a young brave of Manneyto —
> He gave thee scalps and a war-song:
> But he knows thee no more — he knows thee no more.»

And the clustering multitude again gave back the last line in wild chorus. The prophet continued his chant: —

> «That Opitchi-Manneyto!
> He commands thee for his slave —
> And the Yemassee must hear him,
> Hear, and give thee for his slave:
> They will take from thee the arrow,
> The broad arrow of thy people;
> Thou shalt see no blessed valley,

Where the plum-groves always bloom;
Thou shalt hear no song of valor
From the ancient Yemassee;
Father, mother, name, and people,
Thou shalt lose with that broad arrow.
Thou art lost to the Manneyto—
He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more."

The despair of hell was in the face of the victim, and he howled forth in a cry of agony—that for a moment silenced the wild chorus of the crowd around—the terrible consciousness in his mind of that privation which the doom entailed upon him. Every feature was convulsed with emotion; and the terrors of Opitchi-Manneyto's dominion seemed already in strong exercise upon the muscles of his heart, when Sanutee, the father, silently approached him, and with a pause of a few moments, stood gazing upon the son from whom he was to be separated eternally—whom not even the uniting, the restoring, hand of death could possibly restore to him. And he, his once noble son,—the pride of his heart, the gleam of his hope, the triumphant warrior, who was even to increase his own glory, and transmit the endearing title of Well-beloved, which the Yemassee had given him, to a succeeding generation—he was to be lost forever! These promises were all blasted; and the father was now present to yield him up eternally—to deny him—to forfeit him, in fearful penalty, to the nation whose genius he had wronged, and whose rights he had violated. The old man stood for a moment,—rather, we may suppose, for the recovery of his resolution, than with any desire for the contemplation of the pitiable form before him. The pride of the youth came back to him—the pride of the strong mind in its desolation—as his eye caught the inflexible gaze of his unswerving father; and he exclaimed bitterly and loud:—

"Wherefore art thou come? Thou hast been my foe, not my father! Away—I would not behold thee!" and he closed his eyes after the speech, as if to relieve himself from a disgusting presence.

"Thou hast said well, Occonestoga: Sanutee is thy foe; he is not thy father. To say this in thy ears has he come. Look on him, Occonestoga—look up and hear thy doom. The young and the old of the Yemassee, the warrior and the chief—they have

all denied thee — all given thee up to Opitchi-Manneyto! Occonestoga is no name for the Yemassee. The Yemassee gives it to his dog. The prophet of Manneyto has forgotten thee; thou art unknown to those who were thy people. And I, thy father — with this speech; I yield thee to Opitchi-Manneyto. Sanutee is no longer thy father — thy father knows thee no more."

And once more came to the ears of the victim that melancholy chorus of the multitude: — "He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more."

Sanutee turned quickly away as he had spoken; and as if he suffered more than he was willing to show, the old man rapidly hastened to the little mound where he had been previously sitting, his eyes averted from the further spectacle. Occonestoga, goaded to madness by these several incidents, shrieked forth the bitterest execrations, until Enoree-Mattee, preceding Malatchie, again approached. Having given some directions in an undertone to the latter, he retired, leaving the executioner alone with his victim. Malatchie then, while all was silence in the crowd, — a thick silence, in which even respiration seemed to be suspended, — proceeded to his duty: and lifting the feet of Occonestoga carefully from the ground, he placed a log under them; then addressing him, as he again bared his knife, which he stuck in the tree above his head, he sung: —

"I take from thee the earth of Yemassee —
I take from thee the water of Yemassee —
I take from thee the arrow of Yemassee —
Thou art no longer a Yemassee —
The Yemassee knows thee no more."

"The Yemassee knows thee no more," cried the multitude; and their universal shout was deafening upon the ear. Occonestoga said no word now; he could offer no resistance to the unnerving hands of Malatchie, who now bared the arm more completely of its covering. But his limbs were convulsed with the spasms of that dreadful terror of the future which was racking and raging in every pulse of his heart. He had full faith in the superstitions of his people. His terrors acknowledged the full horrors of their doom. A despairing agony, which no language could describe, had possession of his soul. Meanwhile the silence of all indicated the general anxiety; and Malatchie prepared to seize the knife and perform the operation, when a

confused murmur arose from the crowd around: the mass gave way and parted; and rushing wildly into the area came Matiwan, his mother — the long black hair streaming — the features, an astonishing likeness to his own, convulsed like his; and her action that of one reckless of all things in the way of the forward progress she was making to the person of her child. She cried aloud as she came, with a voice that rang like a sudden death-bell through the ring: —

"Would you keep the mother from her boy, and he to be lost to her for ever? Shall she have no parting with the young brave she bore in her bosom? Away, keep me not back — I will look upon, I will love him. He shall have the blessing of Matiwan, though the Yemassee and the Manneyto curse."

The victim heard; and a momentary renovation of mental life, perhaps a renovation of hope, spoke out in the simple exclamation which fell from his lips: —

"O Matiwan — O mother!"

She rushed towards the spot where she heard his appeal; and thrusting the executioner aside, threw her arms desperately about his neck.

"Touch him not, Matiwan," was the general cry from the crowd. "Touch him not, Matiwan: Manneyto knows him no more."

"But Matiwan knows him; the mother knows her child, though the Manneyto denies him. O boy — O boy, boy, boy!" And she sobbed like an infant on his neck.

"Thou art come, Matiwan, thou art come; but wherefore? To curse like the father — to curse like the Manneyto?" mournfully said the captive.

"No, no, no! Not to curse — not to curse! When did mother curse the child she bore? Not to curse but to bless thee. To bless thee and forgive."

"Tear her away," cried the prophet; "let Opitchi-Manneyto have his slave."

"Tear her away, Malatchie," cried the crowd, now impatient for the execution. Malatchie approached.

"Not yet — not yet," appealed the woman. "Shall not the mother say farewell to the child she shall see no more?" and she waved Malatchie back, and in the next instant drew hastily from the drapery of her dress a small hatchet, which she had there carefully concealed.

"What wouldst thou do, Matiwan?" asked Occonestoga, as his eye caught the glare of the weapon.

"Save thee, my boy — save thee for thy mother, Occonestoga — save thee for the happy valley."

"Wouldst thou slay me, mother? wouldst strike the heart of thy son?" he asked, with a something of reluctance to receive death from the hands of a parent.

"I strike thee but to save thee, my son; since they cannot take the totem from thee after the life is gone. Turn away from me thy head; let me not look upon thine eyes as I strike, lest my hands grow weak and tremble. Turn thine eyes away — I will not lose thee."

His eyes closed; and the fatal instrument, lifted above her head, was now visible in the sight of all. The executioner rushed forward to interpose, but he came too late. The tomahawk was driven deep into the skull, and but a single sentence from his lips preceded the final insensibility of the victim.

"It is good, Matiwan, it is good: thou hast saved me — the death is in my heart." And back he sank as he spoke; while a shriek of mingled joy and horror from the lips of the mother announced the success of her effort to defeat the doom, the most dreadful in the imagination of the Yemassee.

"He is not lost — he is not lost! They may not take the child from his mother. They may not keep him from the valley of Manneyto. He is free — he is free!" And she fell back in a deep swoon into the arms of Sanutee, who by this time had approached. She had defrauded Opitchi-Manneyto of his victim, for they may not remove the badge of the nation from any but the living victim.

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT

THE burden of the Desert,
The Desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirlwinds
Comes rushing up the steep; —
I see the spoiler spoiling,
I hear the strife of blows:
Up, watchman, to thy heights, and say
How the dread conflict goes!

What hear'st thou from the desert?—
  «A sound as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
  And to an ocean hurled;
The roaring as of waters,
  The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
  That all the desert fills.»

What seest thou on the desert?
  «A chariot comes,» he cried,
«With camels and with horsemen,
  That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
  From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
  As fearing still to see!»

What, watchman, of the horsemen?—
  «They come, and as they ride,
Their horses crouch and tremble,
  Nor toss their manes in pride;
The camels wander scattered,
  The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed as if they dreaded still
  The foe with whom they fought.»

What foe is this, thou watchman?—
  «Hark! hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
  As if they feared a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
  Their very shouts a groan:
'Babylon,' they cry, 'has fallen,
  And all her gods are gone!'»

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

(B. C. 556–468)

BY WALTER MILLER

FROM the steps of "Tritonia's airy shrine," adorning with its glistering columns the summit of "Sunium's marbled steep," there opens over mountains and waters a wide prospect, which for natural beauty and richness of suggestion is scarcely surpassed in all the Hellenic world. Separated from Sunium only by a narrow strait of that wine-dark sea, the nearest of the "isles that crown the Ægean deep" is the first of the Cyclades,—the island of Ceos,—Ionian and yet almost Attic. As it is impossible to think of Stratford-on-Avon without a suggestion of Shakespeare, so Ceos has but little meaning for us apart from her great bard, Simonides.

There, in the village of Iulis, he was born (556 B. C.), the son of Leoprepes, himself a chorus-leader and a poet's son; and so, by right of inheritance and education, something of the gift of song was his. In the national festival celebrated near his home each year in honor of Carthæan Apollo, the young Simonides found occasion and exercise for his native gifts. There also the greatest poets of Greece competed for the choral prize; and yet before he was thirty, that prize was his again and again. His fame soon spread far beyond his native isle; so that the Muse-loving Hipparchus, when he came to gather round his court at Athens the first artists and poets of his time, at once sent for young Simonides to come from Ceos.

Upon the assassination of Hipparchus (514), Simonides was called to Thessaly to be poet-laureate to the sons of Scopas at Crannon and Pharsalus, and afterward at the court of Larissa. His sound common-sense, and the consummate diplomacy with which he treated rulers and handled difficult problems of statecraft, gave him an influence with kings and statesmen never enjoyed by any other poet. We find him in his later years in the same position of honor with Hiero of Syracuse. His nephew Bacchylides and Pindar were there too, as were also Æschylus and Epicharmus; but it was Simonides whose influence told in affairs of State. Hiero had quarreled violently with his kinsman Theron, tyrant of Agrigentum; war had been declared; the opposing armies stood face to face ready for battle: the wisdom and tact of Simonides won a bloodless victory; the warring tyrants were reconciled, and the armies marched back to their homes in peace.

But it is at republican Athens that we find him at his best. Though associated there with Miltiades, Themistocles, Cimon, King Pausanias of Lacedæmon, Æschylus, Polygnotus, and the other giants of those days of spiritual uplifting that followed the Persian wars, his glory pales not in comparison. Those martial heroes beat back the Mede at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa; he glorified the victories in his songs. In competition with the great warrior-poet Æschylus himself, he won the State prize with his ode on Marathon.

Simonides died in Sicily in his eighty-ninth year (468), and was buried before the gates of Syracuse.

As to his personal character: reared in accordance with the strict moral code for which Ceos was justly famed, he had added to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance (σωφροσύνη). Indeed, Simonides's «temperance»—mastery of self, Hellenic «sanity»—had in antiquity become proverbial. Love and wine find no place in his verse. A striking feature of his writings is his tendency to moral apothegms and maxims. The wisdom of the Seven Sages and the piety of an Æschylus were his.

The world of critics, ancient and modern, has often reproached him with being the first poet (though not the last!) to sell his verse for pay. Exalted Pindar did the same. And the calling of the poet was reduced to a purely business basis. He knew what his work was worth in gold, and he obtained his price. Witness Anaxilas of Rhegium, who offered our poet—for a song of victory in honor of his mules victorious in the race—a recompense too modest by half. Simonides declined, so the story runs, explaining that he could not sing the praises of asses' progeny. Anaxilas doubled his offer, and Simonides in response wrote a famous ode beginning—

«Hail, daughters of the storm-swift steeds!»

But his literary contracts, according to the following anecdote, were not always financially so successful. His Thessalian patron, Scopas, once engaged him for a certain specified sum to write an ode in his honor: when the ode was finished and sung, Scopas would pay only half the stipulated honorarium, bidding Simonides collect the other half from the Dioscuri whose praises had filled as large a portion of the ode as his own. The grateful return was paid in full by the sons of Zeus: Scopas, his sons, and all his court were banqueting; the palace roof fell with a crash upon them, and Simonides alone was saved. The gods are «better pay» than «tyrants»!

Simonides was the most productive of the Greek lyrists, as his Muse was the most versatile. In no less than fifty-six public contests, so he tells us, at fifty-six public festivals, his lyrical compositions gained the first prize; and there may have been more after that was written,—phenomenal success, when we remember that

Euripides, the favorite of the Hellenic world, received first prize but five times. His successes moreover were commensurate with his years. We have another epigram in which he rejoices to have won at Athens, in his eighty-first year (476), the first prize with a composition of his own produced by a chorus of fifty voices, with Aristides the Just as choragos. And his public victories must, in comparison with his odes written for private individuals and his spontaneous bursts of song, have been only the smallest part of his life's work.

His productions cover almost every field of lyrical composition. No sort of choral song seems to have been wanting from his repertoire. We have fragments of Pæans, Hymns, Dithyrambs, Hyporchemes, Epinicia, Elegies, Dirges, and more, besides the Epigrams.

It is upon the epigrams that his greatest fame must rest, as they alone of the extant remains do not consist of mere fragments. The epigram was originally what the name implies,—the inscription upon a tomb or upon a votive offering to explain its significance. By a natural transfer of meaning, an epigram easily came to be a couple of verses containing in pointed, polished form, a thought which might very well serve as an inscription to the object that suggested it. The unexpected—the ingenious turning of the point at the end—was no essential feature of the classical epigram; but within the compass of the few verses allotted to it, the story it had to tell must be complete. And no one possessed in like degree the gift Simonides had, of crowding a bookful of meaning into two faultless lines. Upon the tomb of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ he wrote:—

> Go thou, stranger, and bear to Lacedæmon this message:—
> Tell them that here we lie, faithful to Sparta's commands.

How long a poem he might with such a theme have made! But in two lines, without a trace of artificiality or forced rhetoric, he has sketched the Spartan character, and told the whole story of that loyal devotion to country that meant so much to every Greek. Description there is none: that would have been superfluous. No word of praise is there: the deeds were their own encomium.

> Diophon, Philo's son, at the Isthmus and Pytho a victor;
> Broad jump, foot-race, disk, spear-throw, and wrestle he won.

In one line he gives his hero's name, his lineage, and his victory at two great festivals; into the five words of the pentameter line with consummate skill he puts in the exact order of their succession in the stadium the five events of the Greek pentathlon, in which Philo's son was victor.

The finest and most famous of all his epigrams are those inspired by the Persian wars. The glory of those days permeated his verse; the life of the victorious living and the death of the noble slain are both glorified. These verses may be wanting in splendor and magnificence: the man who could have furnished those qualities had "stood on the wrong side in his country's life struggle; and Greece turned to Simonides, not to Pindar, to make the record of her heroic dead." (Murray.) A few even of these are no more than plain, prosaic statements of fact. Compare —

> When, as leader of Greece, he routed the Median army,
> King Pausanias gave Phœbus this off'ring of thanks,—

with the simple lines on the men of Tegea who fell at Platææ:—

> Thanks to the valor of these men! that smoke never blackened the heavens,
> Rising from Median flames blazing in Tegean homes.
> Theirs was to leave to their children a city of glory and freedom,
> Theirs to lay down their lives, slain in defense of their own,—

and the general epitaph of the heroes of Platææ:—

> Glory immortal they left a bequest to the land of their fathers—
> Fame for the land they loved; death's sable shroud for themselves.
> Still, though dead, are they not dead; for here their virtue abiding
> Brings them from Hades again, gives them a glorious life.

A difficulty which taxed the epigrammatist's utmost skill to surmount was the graceful weaving in of unmetrical names, of dates, and of other naturally prosaic necessities. How well Simonides could handle even these is illustrated by the two following autobiographical notices:—

> Chief of the Archons in Athens that year they named Adimantus,
> When the fair tripod of bronze fell to Antiochis's tribe.
> That year Xenophilus's son, Aristides the Just, was choragos,
> Leader of fifty men singing the praise of the god.
> Glory was won for their trainer, Simonides,—poet victorious,—
> Ceian Leoprepes's son, then in his eightieth year.

> Fifty-and-six great bulls, Simonides, fell to thee, prizes,
> Tripods fifty-and-six, won ere this tablet was set.
> So many times having trained the gladsome chorus of singers,
> Victory's splendid car glorious didst thou ascend.

The following is brevity "gone to seed":—

"Tell me then who thou art. Whose son? Of what country? What victory?"
"Casmyl. Euagoras's son. From Rhodes. Boxing at Pytho."

In the epigrams the dialect is Attic; in the choral odes the conventional Doric has been retained.

The "epinician," the choral song in honor of a victor in the great national games of Greece, may almost be called Simonides's own creation. Down to the times of Simonides a few verses had sufficed; but with him came the full artistic structure of the magnificent epinician ode as we find it perfected in Pindar. With the glorification of the victor, the praises of a god or a mythical hero connected with the victor — his fortunes, his family, or his country — are appropriately interwoven. Passing on by easy transitions from the human to the divine, and from the divine again to the human, the poet dwells upon the lessons of truth and wisdom suggested by his hero's life, and the god whom he has glorified. "To be perfectly good is a hard matter: only God may be perfect; and man is good only as God dwells in him."

In the epinicia, Simonides may fall short of the grandeur of Pindar, and yield supremacy to him alone. But in the field of Elegy and of the Dirge, as in the Epigram, he stands without a peer in the world's literature. Pindar's pathos may be sublime, Æschylus's awful; but Simonides knows how to touch the heart. Pindar philosophizes on the glory awaiting the dead whose life has been well spent: Simonides gives expression to the sorrow of the hearts that mourn, and awakens our sympathies; he knows the healing power of tears, and the power that the story of another's sorrow has to make them flow, when one's own grief seems to have dried their fountain. He dwells upon the frailty of human fortunes, the inevitability of fate, and the goodness and justice of God, — the consolation of sympathy, not of hope. What *threnos* could be more exquisitely delicate and touching than Danaë's mother-heart yearning over her sleeping babe, — unconscious of any danger, — as together in the chest they are helplessly tossed by the storm upon the waves; and the tearful appeal at the end to Zeus, the father of her child! And as she prays, the storm in her own bosom is stilled.

No less fine, in exquisite pathos and exalted patriotic sentiment, are the few verses left to us of the elegy on the heroes of Thermopylæ. It is quoted in full below.

Simonides's position among the melic poets may be suggested by the influence he exercised on the development of lyric poetry, especially in choral song. (1) The dithyramb he removed from the narrow sphere of Bacchus-worship and adapted it to the service of any god. (2) With him the *threnos* was elevated from a simple monody to a great choral. (3) It was Simonides who introduced the myth into the epinician and gave it the form which Pindar perfected. (4) And the epigram as a recognized division of poetry is his own creation.

The best editions of the fragments are—Bergk, 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci,' 4th ed., Vol. iii.; Schneidewin, 'Simonidis Cei Carminum Reliquiæ'; Hartung, 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci,' with a German translation, Vol. vi. A few translations are given in Appleton, 'Greek Poetry in English Verse,' and Tomlinson, 'Selections from the Greek Anthology.'

Walter Miller

DANAË'S LAMENT

And while she lay within the carven chest,
Rocked by the soughing winds and troubled waves,
Fear crept into her not untearstained cheeks,
And clasping Perseus closelier round she spake:—

"O child, what woes are mine! Yet thou sleep'st sound.
In infant heedlessness thou slumberest
Within the bronze-nailed chest,
While lampless night and darkness swathe thee round.
Nor though the washing brine bedew thy hair,
Takest thou care,
Nor though the wind lift up its voice aloud,—
Face to my face, wrapped in thy purple shroud.
Not fearful unto thee the name of Fear!
Else wouldst thou to my words lend readier ear.

"Yet sleep, my babe, I bid thee sleep, my child,
And sleep, ye waters wild;
Sleep, mine insatiate woe!
And grant, O father Zeus, some respite come
Out of thy mercy. Nay, too bold I know
This boon I ask, past justice to bestow:
I pray thee, pardon me, my lips are dumb."

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Alphonse G. Newcomer

[The following versions are all taken from a careful study of Simonides by John Sterling. The essay appeared in the Westminster Review for 1838.]

FROM THE 'EPINICIAN ODE FOR SCOPAS'

A MAN can hardly good in truth become,
With hands, feet, mind, all square, without a flaw.
. . . . . .
Nor suits my thought the word of Pittacus,
Though he was sage, that to be virtuous
Is hard. This fits a god alone.
A man must needs to evil fall,
When by hopeless chance o'erthrown.
Whoso does well, him good we call,
And bad if bad his lot be known;
Those by the gods beloved are best of all.
Enough for me in sooth
Is one not wholly wrong,
Nor all perverse, but skilled in useful truth,—
A healthy soul and strong:
He has no blame from me,
Who love not blame;
For countless those who foolish be,
And fair are all things free from shame.
That therefore which can ne'er be found
I seek not, nor desire with empty thought,—
A man all blameless, on this wide-spread ground,
'Mid all who cull its fruitage vainly sought.
If found, ye too this prize of mine
Shall know: meanwhile all those I love
And praise, who do no wrong by will malign;
For to necessity must yield the gods above.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR DEDICATED TO ARTEMIS

THE sons of Athens here at sea subdued
In fight all Asia's many-voicèd brood;
And when the Medes had fallen, they built up this—
Their trophy due to maiden Artemis.

EPITAPH FOR THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ

Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot:
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre, nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

FRAGMENT OF A SCOLION

Like a reinless courser's bound
Or an Amyclean hound,
Chase thou with wheeling footstep
the song's meandering sound.

TIME IS FLEETING

To one dread gulf all things in common tend:
There loftiest virtues, amplest riches, end.

Long are we dying; reckoned up from birth,
Few years, and evil those, are ours on earth.

Of men the strength is small, the hopes are vain,
And pain in life's brief space is heaped on pain;
And death inevitable hangs in air,
Of which alike the good and evil share.

'Mid mortal beings naught for ever stays:
And thus with beauteous love the Chian says,
"The race of man departs like forest leaves;"
Though seldom he who hears the truth receives.

For hope, not far from each, in every heart—
Of men full-grown, or those unripe—will start:
And still while blooms the lovely flower of youth,
The empty mind delights to dream untruth;
Expects nor age nor death, and bold and strong
Thinks not that sickness e'er can work it wrong.

Ah fools! deluded thus, untaught to scan
How swiftly pass the life and youth of man:
This knowing, thou, while still thou hast the power
Indulge thy soul, and taste the blissful hour.

VIRTUE COY AND HARD TO WIN

And 'tis said
That Virtue, dwelling high on pathless rocks,
A holy goddess, loves the holy place;
And never there is seen by eyes of those
Whom painful labor has not tried within,
And borne them up to manhood's citadel.

EPITAPHS

A poor man, not a Crœsus, here lies dead,
And small the sepulchre befitting me:
Gorgippus I, who knew no marriage-bed
Before I wedded pale Persephone.

Thou liest, O Clisthenes, in foreign earth,
Whom wandering o'er the Euxine destiny found:
Thou couldst not reach thy happy place of birth,
Nor seest the waves that gird thy Chios round.

Young Gorgo dying to her mother said,
While clinging on her bosom wept the maid,
"Beside my father stay thou here, and bear
A happier daughter for thine age to care."

Ah! sore disease, to men why enviest thou
Their prime of years before they join the dead?—
His life from fair Timarchus snatching now,
Before the youth his maiden bride could wed.

JEAN CHARLES SIMONDE DE SISMONDI

(1773–1842)

BY HUMPHREY J. DESMOND

When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, the Simonde family, who were of the Huguenot faith, migrated from Dauphiné in France to Geneva, where they became citizens of the higher class. Here Jean Charles Leonard Simonde was born, May 9th, 1773. Noticing at the beginning of his literary career the similarity of his family arms with those of the noble Tuscan house of Sismondi, he adopted the name of Sismondi, — reverting, as he believed, to the original family name. Sismondi's intellectual tastes came from his mother, a woman of superior mind and energy. Though the family were in good circumstances, his father served for a time as the village pastor of Bossex. The family mansion was at Châtelaine near Geneva; and here and in the schools of the republican city the future historian received his education.

Sismondi

The period of his young manhood fell in troublous times. His father, trusting in the financial skill of Necker, had lost all his investments with the collapse of the Swiss banker. Young Sismondi cheerfully accepted the irksome duties of clerk in a Lyons counting-house. Then the French Revolution drove him back to Geneva; and revolutionary ideas invading Switzerland, the family fled to England in 1793. But Sismondi's mother pined for the home and the society of happier days; and in the face of revolutionary dangers they returned to Geneva. Here a tragedy at Châtelaine, the family mansion,—the killing by Jacobin soldiers of a friend to whom they had given shelter,—led them to seek securer refuge in Italy; and they sold Châtelaine and settled down on a small estate at Pescia, near Lucca. For two years Sismondi lived, labored, and studied on his pleasant Italian farm. Though a man of moderate views and a lover of liberty, he could not escape the turmoil of the times. On four occasions he was imprisoned as a suspect:

now by the French, who thought him an aristocrat, and now by the Italians, who thought him a Frenchman. In 1800 he returned to Geneva, which thereafter was his permanent home. Here he became the intimate friend of Madame de Staël, by whom he was greatly influenced; and he found himself at home in the circle of distinguished people surrounding this brilliant woman. With her he visited Italy in 1805, on the famous journey out of which she gave the world 'Corinne.' At Geneva he became Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for the department of Leman; and always taking a keen interest in the political affairs of his native city, he served for many years in its Legislative Council. One of the episodes of his life was an interview with Napoleon after the latter's return from Elba in 1815. Sismondi espoused the cause of the Emperor, and published a series of articles in the Moniteur in support of the counter-revolution.

After Waterloo he visited his mother on the Tuscan farm which she had continued to occupy. Here he met Miss Allen, an English lady, sister-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh. Subsequently, in April 1819, he married her; and this union, though made late in life (he was then forty-six), and not blessed with children, appears to have been a happy one. He made his home at Chênes, a country-house near Geneva. His mother, who had exercised a great influence over him through all his manhood years, died in 1821. He found solace now in the assiduous historical labors he had undertaken, and which absorbed him almost up to the day of his death, June 25th, 1842.

The collected writings of Sismondi comprise sixty volumes, and touch upon a wide variety of subjects. His earliest work, on the 'Agriculture of Tuscany' (Geneva, 1801), was the result of his experiences on his Pescia farm.

During his sojourn in England he acquired the English language; and the influence of his acquaintance with the writings of Adam Smith is apparent in a work on 'Commercial Wealth' which he published at Geneva in 1803. Later on he completely changed his economic opinions, as was evident in an article on 'Political Economy' which he contributed in 1817 to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. Subsequently, in 1819, his 'New Views of Political Economy' was published in three volumes; and in 1836 he published his 'Studies in Social Science,' two volumes of which are entirely devoted to political economy.

It is however as a historian that Sismondi made his first and lasting impression in literature. His 'History of the Italian Republics,' in sixteen volumes, appeared between the years 1803 and 1819; and that work being finished, he then turned to his still bulkier task, the 'History of the French,' which occupied his time from 1818 to the year of his death in 1842, and of which twenty-nine volumes were

published. The amount of labor which he gave to these works was prodigious. Speaking of his 'History of the Italian Republics,' he says: "It was a work which continued for at least eight hours a day during twenty years. I was obliged constantly to read and converse in Italian and Latin, and occasionally in French, German, Portuguese, and Provençal." It required untiring research. "I have nine times," he says, "traversed Italy in different directions, and have visited nearly all places which were the theatres of any great event. I have labored in almost all the great libraries, I have searched the archives in many cities and many monasteries." Dealing as he did with an infinity of details, it is not to be wondered at that as he went more and more into the Middle Age chronicles of petty Italian wars and conspiracies, his ardor cooled. The work was not, in its reception, a flattering success. However, the author was encouraged to persevere. His 'History of the French' extends from the reign of Clovis to the accession of Louis XVI., covering a period of nearly thirteen centuries.

As a historian, Sismondi, though laborious and painstaking, suffers by comparison with the better work done by later writers, who have covered the same ground with a better perspective and a truer historical grasp, with more literary genius, and with the advantage of access to archives and original documents denied the Genevan. "More recent investigations," says President Adams in his 'Manual of Historical Literature,' "have thrown new light on Italian affairs of the Middle Ages, and consequently Sismondi's work cannot be regarded as possessing all its former value." His 'History of the French' was soon entirely superseded by the greater work of Henri Martin. Sainte-Beuve, in one of his 'Lundis' devoted to Sismondi, rather sarcastically refers to him as "the Rollin of French history."

The general spirit of his historical writings is made apparent in the following extract from the close of his 'History of the French':

"I am a republican; but while preserving that ardent love of liberty transmitted to me by my ancestors, whose fate was united with that of two republics, and a hatred of every kind of tyranny, I hope I have never shown a want of respect for those time-honored and lofty recollections which tend to foster virtue in noble blood, or for that sublime devotion in the chiefs of nations which has often reflected lustre on the annals of a whole people."

He seems, however, in later years, to have become somewhat reactionary in his views; and this brought him into unpleasant relations with his neighbors. When France demanded the expulsion from Switzerland of Prince Louis Napoleon, the citizens of Geneva were particularly opposed to so inhospitable a measure. Sismondi believed the demand should be granted. Threats were made against his life, and his native city became for him a dangerous place of residence.

Then, the overturning of the ancient constitution of Geneva by the democratic revolution of November 1841, was a bitter grief to him.

Outside of his historical work, Sismondi was engaged in the year 1810 to furnish the publishers of the 'Biografia Universale' with the lives of distinguished Italians; for which, we are informed, he was paid six francs per article. At the conclusion of this task he prepared a course of lectures on the 'Literature of the South of Europe,' which he delivered at Geneva in 1811. This in the year 1814 was the basis of a work in four volumes,—written, as Hallam tells us, «in that flowing and graceful style which distinguishes the author, and succeeding in all that it seeks to give,—a pleasing and popular, yet not superficial or unsatisfactory, account of the best authors in the Southern languages.» In 1822 he published a historical novel in three volumes, called 'Julia Severa,' purporting to show the condition of France under Clovis; and in 1832 he condensed his 'History of the Italian Republics' into one volume. M. Mignet, in his eulogy read in 1845 before the Royal Academy of Sciences, says of Sismondi: «For half a century he has thought nothing that is not honorable, written nothing that is not moral, wished nothing that is not useful. Thus has he left a glorious memory, which will be forever respected.»

BOCCACCIO'S 'DECAMERON'

From 'Literature of the South of Europe'

One cannot but pause in astonishment at the choice of so gloomy an introduction to effusions of so gay a nature. We are amazed at such an intoxicated enjoyment of life under the threatened approach of death; at such irrepressible desire in the bosom of man to divert the mind from sorrow; at the torrent of mirth which inundates the heart, in the midst of horrors which should seem to wither it up. As long as we feel delight in nourishing feelings that are in unison with a melancholy temperament, we have not yet felt the overwhelming weight of real sorrow. When experience has at length taught us the substantial griefs of life, we then first learn the necessity of resisting them; and calling the imagination to our aid to turn aside the shafts of calamity, we struggle with our sorrow, and treat it as an invalid from whom we withdraw every object which may remind him of the cause of his malady. With regard to the stories themselves, it would be difficult to convey an idea of them

by extracts, and impossible to preserve in a translation the merits of their style. The praise of Boccaccio consists in the perfect purity of his language, in his eloquence, his grace,—and above all, in that naïveté which is the chief merit of narration, and the peculiar charm of the Italian tongue. Unfortunately, Boccaccio did not prescribe to himself the same purity in his images as in his phraseology. The character of his work is light and sportive. He has inserted in it a great number of tales of gallantry; he has exhausted his powers of ridicule on the duped husband, on the depraved and depraving monks, and on subjects in morals and religious worship which he himself regarded as sacred; and his reputation is thus little in harmony with the real tenor of his conduct.

THE TROUBADOUR

From 'Literature of the South of Europe'

On the most solemn occasions, in the disputes for glory, in the games called Tensons, when the Troubadours combated in verse before illustrious princes, or before the Courts of Love, they were called upon to discuss questions of the most scrupulous delicacy and the most disinterested gallantry. We find them inquiring, successively, by what qualities a lover may render himself most worthy of his mistress; how a knight may excel all his rivals; and whether it be a greater grief to lose a lover by death or by infidelity. It is in these Tensons that bravery becomes disinterested, and that love is exhibited pure, delicate, and tender; that homage to woman becomes a species of worship, and that a respect for truth is an article in the creed of honor. These elevated maxims and these delicate sentiments were mingled, it is true, with a great spirit of refining. If an example was wanted, the most extravagant comparisons were employed. Antitheses, and plays upon words, supplied the place of proofs. Not unfrequently,—as must be the case with those who aim at constructing a system of morals by the aid of talent alone, and who do not found it on experience,—the most pernicious sentiments, and principles entirely incompatible with the good order of society and the observation of other duties, were ranked amongst the laws of gallantry. It is, however, very creditable to the Provençal poetry, that it displays a veneration for the

beauties of chivalry; and that it has preserved, amidst all the vices of the age, a respect for honor and a love of high feeling.

This delicacy of sentiment among the Troubadours, and this mysticism of love, have a more intimate connection with the poetry of the Arabians and the manners of the East than we should suspect when we remember the ferocious jealousy of the Mussulmans, and the cruel consequences of their system of polygamy. Amongst the Mussulmans, woman is a divinity as well as a slave, and the seraglio is at the same time a temple and a prison. The passion of love displays itself amongst the people of the South with a more lively ardor and a greater impetuosity than in the nations of Europe. The Mussulman does not suffer any of the cares or the pains or the sufferings of life to approach his wife. He bears these alone His harem is consecrated to luxury, to art, and to pleasure. Flowers and incense, music and dancing, perpetually surround his idol, who is debarred from every laborious employment. The songs in which he celebrates his love breathe the same spirit of adoration and of worship which we find in the poets of chivalry; and the most beautiful of the Persian ghazeles, and the Arabian cassides, seem to be translations of the verses or songs of the Provençals.

We must not judge of the manners of the Mussulmans by those of the Turks of our day. Of all the people who have followed the law of the Koran, the latter are the most gloomy and jealous. The Arabians, while they passionately loved their mistresses, suffered them to enjoy more liberty; and of all the countries under the Arabian yoke, Spain was that in which their manners partook most largely of the gallantry and chivalry of the Europeans. It was this country also which produced the most powerful effects on the cultivation of the intellect, in the south of Christian Europe.

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

From 'A History of the Italian Republics'

While the power of the kings of Naples, of the emperors, and of the popes, was as it were suspended in Italy, innumerable small States, which had risen to almost absolute independence, experienced frequent revolutions, for the most part

proceeding from internal and independent causes. We can at most only indicate shortly those of the republics which were the most distinguished and the most influential in Italy; but before thus entering within the walls of the principal cities, it is right to give a sketch of the general aspect of the country,—particularly as the violent commotions which it experienced might give a false idea of its real state. This aspect was one of a prodigious prosperity, which contrasted so much the more with the rest of Europe, that nothing but poverty and barbarism were to be found elsewhere. The open country (designated by the name of *contado*) appertaining to each city was cultivated by an active and industrious race of peasants, enriched by their labor, and not fearing to display their wealth in their dress, their cattle, and their instruments of husbandry. The proprietors, inhabitants of towns, advanced them capital, shared the harvests, and alone paid the land-tax; they undertook the immense labor which has given so much fertility to the Italian soil,—that of making dikes to preserve the plains from the inundation of the rivers, and of deriving from those rivers innumerable canals of irrigation. The *naviglio grande* of Milan, which spreads the clear waters of the Ticino over the finest part of Lombardy, was begun in 1179, resumed in 1257, and terminated a few years afterwards. Men who meditated, and who applied to the arts the fruits of their study, practiced already that scientific agriculture of Lombardy and Tuscany which became a model to other nations; and at this day, after five centuries, the districts formerly free, and always cultivated with intelligence, are easily distinguished from those half-wild districts which had remained subject to the feudal lords.

The cities, surrounded with thick walls, terraced, and guarded by towers, were for the most part paved with broad flagstones; while the inhabitants of Paris could not stir out of their houses without plunging into the mud. Stone bridges of an elegant and bold architecture were thrown over rivers; aqueducts carried pure water to the fountains. The palace of the podestas and *signorie* united strength with majesty. The most admirable of those of Florence, the Palazzo-Vecchio, was built in 1298. The Loggia in the same city, the church of Santa Croce, and that of Santa Mariadel Fiore with its dome so admired by Michael Angelo, were begun by the architect Arnolfo, scholar of Nicolas di Pisa, between the years 1284 and 1300. The prodigies of this first-born

of the fine arts multiplied in Italy: a pure taste, boldness, and grandeur struck the eye in all the public monuments, and finally reached even private dwellings; while the princes of France, England, and Germany, in building their castles, seemed to think only of shelter and defense. Sculpture in marble and bronze soon followed the progress of architecture: in 1300, Andrea di Pisa, son of the architect Nicolas, cast the admirable bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence; about the same time, Cimabue and Giotto revived the art of painting, Casella that of music, and Dante gave to Italy his divine poem unequaled in succeeding generations. History was written honestly, with scrupulous research and with a graceful simplicity, by Giovanni Villani and his school; the study of morals and philosophy began; and Italy, ennobled by freedom, enlightened nations till then sunk in darkness.

The arts of necessity and of luxury had been cultivated with not less success than the fine arts: in every street, warehouses and shops displayed the wealth that Italy and Flanders only knew how to produce. It excited the astonishment and cupidity of the French or German adventurer who came to find employment in Italy, and who had no other exchange to make than his blood against the rich stuffs and brilliant arms which he coveted. The Tuscan and Lombard merchants, however, trafficked in the barbarous regions of the west, to carry there the produce of their industry. Attracted by the franchises of the fairs of Champagne and of Lyons, they went thither as well to barter their goods as to lend their capital at interest to the nobles, habitually loaded with debt; though at the risk of finding themselves suddenly arrested, their wealth confiscated by order of the King of France, and their lives too sometimes endangered by sanctioned robbers, under the pretext of repressing usury. Industry, the employment of a superabundant capital, the application of mechanism and science to the production of wealth, secured the Italians a sort of monopoly through Europe; they alone offered for sale what all the rich desired to buy: and notwithstanding the various oppressions of the barbarian kings, notwithstanding the losses occasioned by their own oft-repeated revolutions, their wealth was rapidly renewed. The wages of workmen, the interest of capital, and the profit of trade rose simultaneously, while every one gained much and spent little; manners were still simple, luxury was unknown, and the future was not forestalled by accumulated debt.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SOLDIER: FRANCESCO CARMAGNOLA

From 'A History of the Italian Republics'

AN ILLUSTRIOUS fugitive, Francesco Carmagnola, who arrived about this time [1425–26] at Venice, accomplished what Florence had nearly failed in, by discovering to the Venetians the project of the Duke of Milan to subjugate them. Francesco Carmagnola had, by the victories he had gained, the glory he had acquired, and the influence he obtained over the soldiers, excited the jealousy, instead of the gratitude, of Filippo Maria; who disgraced him and deprived him of his employment, without assigning any reason. Carmagnola returned to court, but could not even obtain an interview with his master. He retired to his native country, Piedmont; his wife and children were arrested, and his goods confiscated. He arrived at last, by way of Germany, at Venice; soon afterward some emissaries of the Duke of Milan were arrested for an attempt to poison him. The doge, Francesco Foscari, wishing to give lustre to his reign by conquest, persuaded the Senate of Venice to oppose the increasing ambition of the Duke of Milan. A league formed between Florence and Venice was successively joined by the Marquis of Ferrara, the lord of Mantua, the Siennese, Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, and King Alphonso of Naples, who jointly declared war against Filippo Maria Visconti on the 27th of January, 1426. Carmagnola was charged to raise an army of 16,000 cuirassiers and 8,000 infantry in the States of Mantua.

The good fortune of Carmagnola in war still attended him in the campaign of 1426. He was as successful against the Duke of Milan as he had been for him: he took from him the city and the whole province of Brescia. The duke ceded this conquest to the Venetians by treaty on the 30th of December; but he employed the winter in assembling his forces, and in the beginning of spring renewed the war. He equipped a considerable fleet on the Po, in order to take possession of the States of Mantua and Ferrara, the allies of the two republics. This fleet was attacked by the Venetians, and after an obstinate battle, burnt near Cremona on the 21st of May, 1427. The Duke of Milan had given the command of his army to Nicolo Piccinino, the pupil of Braccio, who had brought with him the flower of the Bracceschi army. Nicolo attacked Carmagnola on the 12th of July, at Casalsecco; but the heat was so intense, and the dust rose in such

clouds from under the horses' feet, that the two armies, enveloped in nearly the darkness of night, could no longer distinguish each other, or discern the signals: they separated without claiming advantage on either side. A third battle took place on the 11th of October, 1427, in a marsh near Macalo; Carmagnola here completely defeated the Milanese army, commanded by Carlo Malatesta, and comprising Francesco Sforza, Nicolo Piccinino, and all the most illustrious captains of Italy. By an imprudent generosity, Carmagnola released these important prisoners; and thus provoked the resentment of the procurators of St. Mark, who accompanied him. A new peace, signed on the 18th of April, 1428, again suspended hostilities without reconciling the parties, or inspiring the belligerents with any mutual confidence. The Florentines took advantage of this interval of repose to attack Paulo Guinigi, lord of Lucca, whose alliance with the Duke of Milan had irritated them, although he had afterwards been abandoned by Filippo Maria. The Lucchese, profiting by this last circumstance, revolted against their lord in September, deposed him, and sent him prisoner to Milan. The Florentines were afterwards driven out of the States of Lucca by Nicolo Piccinino, who defeated them on the borders of the Serchio on the 2d of December, 1430; and the general war recommenced.

In this last campaign, fortune abandoned Carmagnola. On the 17th of May, 1431, he suffered himself to be surprised at Soncino, which he had reached with his advanced guard, by Francesco Sforza, who took prisoners 1600 of his cavalry; he, however, escaped and rejoined his still brilliant army. On the 23d of May he approached the Po, to second the Venetian fleet in an attack on Cremona; but the fleet, pushed by that of the Milanese on the opposite shore, was destroyed in his presence, without the possibility of his rendering it any aid. However great his desire to repair these checks, he could not meet the enemy again during the remainder of the summer. A deadly distemper broke out among the horses throughout Italy; his troops were dismounted: and as the fate of battle depended almost entirely on the cavalry, this calamity reduced him to complete inaction.

The Senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms,—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers,—further observed that of governing with extreme rigor those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the

virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them; they supposed them ever disposed to treachery: and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the armies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The Senate joined to this rigor the perfidy and mystery which characterize an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence; he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April, 1432, to fix with the signoria the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conduct him in pomp to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the Senate, was placed in the chair of honor; he was pressed to speak; his discourse was applauded. The day began to close; lights were not yet called for, but the general could no longer distinguish the faces of those who surrounded him: when suddenly the *sbirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture,—rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and his answers to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian Senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May, 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out, —his mouth gagged to prevent any protestation of innocence,— and placed between the two columns on the square of St. Mark: he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the Senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror.

THE RUIN OF FLORENCE AND ITS REPUBLIC: 1530

From 'A History of the Italian Republics'

A PERIOD of three centuries of weakness, humiliation, and suffering in Italy began in the year 1530: from that time she was always oppressed by foreigners, and enervated and corrupted by her masters. These last reproached her with the vices of which they were themselves the authors. After having

reduced her to the impossibility of resisting, they accused her of cowardice when she submitted, and of rebellion when she made efforts to vindicate herself. The Italians, during this long period of slavery, were agitated with the desire of becoming once more a nation: as, however, they had lost the direction of their own affairs, they ceased to have any history which could be called theirs; their misfortunes have become but episodes in the histories of other nations. We should not, however, look upon the task we have imposed on ourselves as concluded, if we did not distinguish amidst this general subjugation, the particular calamities which closed the existence of the republics which still remained independent after the coronation of Charles V.

The Florentines, who from 1512 had been victims of all the faults of Leo X. and Clement VII.,—who had been drawn into all the oscillations of their policy, and called upon to make prodigious sacrifices of money for projects with which they had not even been made acquainted,—were taught under these popes to detest the yoke of the Medici. When the Constable of Bourbon approached their walls in his march to Rome, on the 26th of April, 1527, they were on the point of recovering their liberty: the Cardinal de Cortona, who commanded for the Pope at Florence, had distributed arms among the citizens for their defense, and they determined to employ them for their liberation; but the terror which this army of brigands inspired did the cardinal the service of repressing insurrection. When, however, they heard soon after of the taking of Rome, and of the captivity of the Pope, all the most notable citizens presented themselves in their civic dress to the Cardinal de Cortona; declared firmly, but with calmness, that they were henceforth free; and compelled him, with the two bastard Medici whom he brought up, to quit the city. It was on the 17th of May, 1527, that the lieutenant of Clement obeyed; and the constitution, such as it existed in 1512, with its grand council, was restored without change, except that the office of gonfalonier was declared annual. The first person invested with this charge was Nicolo Capponi, a man enthusiastic in religion and moderate in politics: he was the son of Pietro Capponi, who had braved Charles VIII. In 1529 he was succeeded by Baldassare Carducci, whose character was more energetic and opinions more democratic. Carducci was succeeded in 1530 by Raffaele Girolami, who witnessed the end of the republic.

Florence, during the whole period of its glory and power, had neglected the arts of war: it reckoned for its defense on the adventurers whom its wealth could summon from all parts to its service; and set but little value on a courage which men without any other virtue were so eager to sell to the highest bidder. Since the transalpine nations had begun to subdue Italy to their tyranny, these hireling arms sufficed no longer for the public safety. Statesmen began to see the necessity of giving the republic a protection within itself. Machiavelli, who died on the 22d of June, 1527, six weeks after the restoration of the popular government, had been long engaged in persuading his fellow-citizens of the necessity of awakening a military spirit in the people: it was he who caused the country militia, named *l'ordinanza*, to be formed into regiments. A body of mercenaries, organized by Giovanni de' Medici, a distant kinsman of the Pope's, served at the time as a military school for the Tuscans, among whom alone the corps had been raised: it acquired a high reputation under the name of *bande nere.* No infantry equaled it in courage and intelligence. Five thousand of these warriors served under Lautrec in the kingdom of Naples, where they almost all perished. When, towards the end of the year 1528, the Florentines perceived that their situation became more and more critical, they formed among those who enjoyed the greatest privileges in their country two bodies of militia, which displayed the utmost valor for its defense. The first, consisting of three hundred young men of noble families, undertook the guard of the palace, and the support of the constitution; the second, of four thousand soldiers drawn only from among families having a right to sit in the council-general, were called the civic militia: both soon found opportunities of proving that generosity and patriotism suffice to create, in a very short period, the best soldiers. The illustrious Michael Angelo was charged to superintend the fortifications of Florence: they were completed in the month of April 1529. Lastly, the ten commissioners of war chose for the command of the city Malatesta Baglioni of Perugia, who was recommended to them as much for his hatred of the Medici, who had unjustly put his father to death, as for his reputation for valor and military talent.

Clement VII. sent against Forence, his native country, that very Prince of Orange, the successor of Bourbon, who had made him prisoner at Rome; and with him that very army of robbers

which had overwhelmed the Holy See and its subjects with misery and every outrage. This army entered Tuscany in the month of September 1529, and took possession of Cortona, Arezzo, and all the upper Val d'Arno. On the 14th of October the Prince of Orange encamped in the plain of Ripoli, at the foot of the walls of Florence; and towards the end of December, Ferdinand de Gonzaga led on the right bank of the Arno another imperial army, composed of 20,000 Spaniards and Germans, which occupied without resistance Pistoia and Prato. Notwithstanding the immense superiority of their forces, the imperialists did not attempt to make a breach in the walls of Florence: they resolved to make themselves masters of the city by blockade. The Florentines, on the contrary, animated by preachers who inherited the zeal of Savonarola, and who united liberty with religion as an object of their worship, were eager for battle: they made frequent attacks on the whole line of their enemies, led in turns by Malatesta Baglioni and Stefano Colonna. They made nightly sallies, covered with white shirts to distinguish each other in the dark, and successively surprised the posts of the imperialists; but the slight advantages thus obtained could not disguise the growing danger of the republic. France had abandoned them to their enemies; there remained not one ally either in Italy or the rest of Europe; while the army of the Pope and Emperor comprehended all the survivors of those soldiers who had so long been the terror of Italy by their courage and ferocity, and whose warlike ardor was now redoubled by the hope of the approaching pillage of the richest city in the West.

The Florentines had one solitary chance of deliverance. Francesco Ferrucci, one of their citizens, who had learned the art of war in the *bande nere*, and joined to a mind full of resources an unconquerable intrepidity and an ardent patriotism, was not shut up within the walls of Florence: he had been named commissary general, with unlimited power over all that remained without the capital. Ferrucci was at first engaged in conveying provisions from Empoli to Florence; he afterwards took Volterra from the imperialists: and having formed a small army, proposed to the signoria to seduce all the adventurers and brigands from the imperial army, by promising them another pillage of the pontifical court; and succeeding in that, to march at their head on Rome, frighten Clement, and force him to grant peace to their country. The signoria rejected this plan as too daring. Ferrucci then

formed a second, which was little less bold. He departed from Volterra; made the tour of Tuscany, which the imperial troops traversed in every direction; collected at Leghorn, Pisa, the Val di Nievole, and in the mountains of Pistoia, every soldier, every man of courage, still devoted to the republic; and after having thus increased his army, he intended to fall on the imperial camp before Florence, and force the Prince of Orange, who began to feel the want of money, to raise the siege. Ferrucci, with an intrepidity equal to his skill, led his little troop from the 14th of July to the 2d of August, 1530, through numerous bodies of imperialists, who preceded, followed, and surrounded him on all sides, as far as Gavinana, four miles from San Marcello, in the mountains of Pistoia. He entered that village about midday on the 2d of August, with 3,000 infantry and 500 cavalry. The Prince of Orange at the same time entered by another gate, with a part of the army which besieged Florence. The different corps which had on every side harassed Ferrucci in his march poured in upon him from all quarters: the battle instantly began, and was fought with relentless fury within the walls of Gavinana. Philibert de Challon, Prince of Orange, in whom that house became extinct, was killed by a double shot, and his corps put to flight; but other bands of imperialists successively arrived, and continually renewed the attack on a small force exhausted with fatigue: 2,000 Florentines were already stretched on the field of battle, when Ferrucci, pierced with several mortal wounds, was borne bleeding to the presence of his personal enemy, Fabrizio Maramaldi, a Calabrese, who commanded the light cavalry of the Emperor. The Calabrese stabbed him several times in his rage, while Ferrucci calmly said, "Thou wouldst kill a dead man!" The republic perished with him.

When news of the disaster at Gavinana reached Florence, the consternation was extreme. Baglioni, who for some days had been in treaty with the Prince of Orange, and who was accused of having given him notice of the project of Ferrucci, declared that a longer resistance was impossible; and that he was determined to save an imprudent city, which seemed bent upon its own ruin. On the 8th of August he opened the bastion, in which he was stationed, to an imperial captain, and planted his artillery so as to command the town. The citizens, in consternation, abandoned the defense of the walls, to employ themselves in concealing their valuable effects in the churches; and the

signoria acquainted Ferdinand de Gonzaga, who had succeeded the Prince of Orange in the command of the army, that they were ready to capitulate. The terms granted (on the 12th of August, 1530) were less rigorous than the Florentines might have apprehended. They were to pay a gratuity of 80,000 florins to the army which besieged them, and to recall the Medici. In return, a complete amnesty was to be granted to all who had acted against that family, the Pope, or the Emperor. But Clement had no intention of observing any of the engagements contracted in his name. On the 20th of August he caused the parliament, in the name of the sovereign people, to create a *balia*, which was to execute the vengeance of which he would not himself take the responsibility: he subjected to the torture, and afterwards punished with exile or death, by means of this *balia*, all the patriots who had signalized themselves by their zeal for liberty. In the first month one hundred and fifty illustrious citizens were banished; before the end of the year there were more than one thousand sufferers: every Florentine family, even among those most devoted to the Medici, had some one member among the proscribed.

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

(18–)

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON — who was born in Stonington, Connecticut, of the Trumbull family learned in politics, war, science, and bibliography, and who married in 1867 Edward Slosson of New York — made friends with the public in a charming little book entitled 'The China-Hunter's Club,' published in New York in 1878, and still dear to the pottery-loving heart.

In 1888 'Fishin' Jimmy' appeared in the New Princeton Review. He was at once recognized in this country, preached about, quoted, and «conveyed» to transatlantic admirers, who held him up as a model, perfect in his way, as he is. Other of her stories, written on the same lines, have been published in that and other magazines since, not very numerously; and in 1891 seven of them were gathered into a volume called 'The Seven Dreamers.' A longer one, 'Aunt Liefy,' was published in book form.

Mrs. Slosson was fortunate in selecting the short story as her mode of expression, and in her choice of subjects and place; for she is the apostle — the defender, rather — of the eccentric mystic; and were her characters and her scenes placed in any other part of the white world than New England, it is doubtful whether, even with her skill in creating illusion, she would be able to convince the readers that these strange dreams are true.

But he who has solved the mystery of its stern ice-bound winters, its sweet chill springs, its prodigal summers: and has learned to know its rural people, whose daily food is work, to whom responsibility comes early and stays late; whose manners are as country manners must be, and whose speech is plain; whose conscience is a scourge; whose hearts are often as tender and as pure as their own arbutus blooming under snow, — to such a reader, nothing she has to say of this strange, bitter-sweet country is impossible.

He who has gotten at the secret of New England can believe that Mrs. Slosson has seized upon a perfectly recognizable element of its life when she draws its men and women as shrewd, witty, wise, and «off» on some point. Her characters for the most part tell their own story: or they tell them to the writer, who instinctively shows herself to be of a different mold, perhaps a different creed, but whose intercourse with her homely friends has no superciliousness in it, or the hardness of the mere exploiter of literary «copy»; she treats them rather with a fine reverence and tender charity, which at the

same time recognizes the sharp passages in the drama of life. This dramatic power is perhaps a hint that she would be a weaver of pure romance; but the subtle instinct of the artist tells her that to make such characters as hers other than they are, she must throw them upon a perfectly naturalistic background.

Therefore she paints a scene, minute in detail, recognizable by every visitor to the chosen regions where her story is laid. It may be the old «Indian burying-ground,» so called, in the pine forest along the banks of Gale River; or the margin of Pond Brook in Franconia, the peaceful little village among the northern hills; or in a street in quiet Sudbury. Or Hartford is the chosen spot; and Hartford names, and faces as stable as New England principles, are introduced to give an air of reality to such a whimsical conception as 'Butterneggs.'

Mrs. Slosson is a trained botanist and entomologist, and to the skill of the literary artist is added a store of experience gleaned from the meadows and the woods. All the lovely wild flowers of the northern spring and summer are gathered in heaps of soft greenness and bits of bright color in her backgrounds; and all the songs of the thicket, the swamp, and the wood, make music there. But there are lonely farm-houses, where solitary souls have thought and pondered in the long winter nights, till they have mused too long; and to recompense them for the companionship, the beauty, the poetry, which they have missed, like Peter Ibbetson in Du Maurier's lovely story they have «learned how to dream.» Cap'n Burdick's dream is of the millennium. Uncle Enoch Stark's is of his sister Lucilla, who died before he was born, but to him lives vaguely somewhere in the dim West. Aunt Randy dreams that Jacob, a worm, «favors» her dead boy; and when he becomes a butterfly, she is convinced of the resurrection. Wrestlin' Billy earned his name because he shared with the patriarch the honor of a struggle with an angel. «Faith Came and Went» in the vision of a plain, shy Sudbury woman. A Speakin' Ghost comforted and illumined a Kittery exile imprisoned as caretaker in a New York city house.

«They have different names for sech folks,» continues Aunt Charry. «They say they're 'cracked,' they've 'got a screw loose,' they're 'a little off,' they 'ain't all there,' and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well to my mind as to say they're all jest dreamin'. . . . And what's more, I believe when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' idees o' theirn, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world,—I believe, I say, that they're glad too.»

All this is impossible? Who shall say that these dreams are but the expansion of idiosyncrasies? For, science to the contrary, they are chapters in the history of the soul.

From too tense a strain on the emotions Mrs. Slosson is delivered by a whimsical and acute sense of humor,—a distinctly feminine humor,—which happily comes to relieve the overcharged heart. Without it the reader would be unduly oppressed; but who can resist a Speakin' Ghost who is not dim nor fair nor cold, but "about fourteen or fifteen, I should think, and noway pretty to look at: real freckled, but that warn't no great drawback to me, an' he had a kind of light reddish-yaller hair, not very slick, but mussy and rough-like. I knowed he was from the country as soon's I seed him. Any one could tell that. His hands were red an' rough an' scratched, an' he had warts."

And who could help comforting with promises of "what she would be let to do in heaven," poor Colossy the little paralytic, who dreamed about cooking, and made a pudding with "a teacupful of anise and cumin," cooked in a "yaller" baking-dish, in "a pint of milk and honey"?

The humor of 'Butterneggs' is pure fun. Loretty Knapp, Coscob Knapp, a spinster of seventy, brisk, keen, and controversial, is possessed with the truth of heredity; and to trace its effects, dreams of a sister, who inherited all the family traits. For Coretty Knapp, born at sea, and lost for thirty years, when she appeared in Hartford "wrapped in furry an' skinny garm'nts," was a Knapp all over. The ministers' meeting called to find out the original religion, politics, and social instincts of this modern Caspar Hauser failed indeed in its object, but firmly settled the theory of inheritance. 'Butterneggs' is the most "knowing," bewildering story,—the fun almost bubbling over, but never quite.

Mrs. Slosson's lovely spirit teaches her to preserve the dignity of New England life through all the whimsicalities of her characters. Her religion is the kindly one of a belief in the final reward of good living; and that "up yonder," as Mrs. Peevy in 'Dumb Foxglove' put it, "they make allowances fast enough." Her most eccentric and highly intensified characters are never repulsive, but claim the sympathy with which she would surround all those who in a kindlier tongue than ours are called God's Fools.

[From 'Seven Dreamers.' Copyright 1890, by Harper & Brothers.]

BUTTERNEGGS

"I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured."
—'TWELFTH NIGHT.'

SHE was a woman of nearly seventy, I should think; tall, thin, and angular, with strongly marked features and eyes of very pale blue. Her hair, still dark, though streaked with gray, was drawn back from her temples and twisted into a little hard knot behind, and she wore no cap. We had scarcely exchanged greetings before her eyes fell upon my modest bouquet.

"Butterneggs, I declare for 't!" she exclaimed with lively interest; "fust I've seed this season; mine don't show a speck o' blowth yet, an' mine's gen'lly fust. Where 'd it grow, ma'am, 'f I may ask?"

I told her of the spot near Buttermilk Falls where we had found it; but did not think it necessary to inform her that we had gone there in search of the plant at Jane's suggestion, that the sight of it might prompt the old woman to tell a certain tale. I begged her at once to accept the flowers, which she did with evident pleasure, placing the homely little nosegay carefully in water. For a vase she used a curious old wineglass, tall and quaint; far more desirable in my eyes than a garden full of the common yellow flowers it held, and I bent forward eagerly to examine it. Aunt Loretty seemed to regard my interest as wholly botanical in its nature, and centred upon her beloved Linaria vulgaris; and I at once rose in her estimation.

"It's a sightly posy, ain't it, ma'am?" she said; "jest about the likeliest there is, I guess. But then it's heredit'ry in our fam'ly, so o' course I like it."

"Hereditary!" I exclaimed, forgetting for a moment my promise to take things quietly, showing no surprise or incredulity. "Butter-and-eggs hereditary in your family!"

"Yes, ma'am, 'tis; leastways the settin' by 't is. All the Knappses set everything by butterneggs. Ye can't be a Knapp—course I mean our branch o' the fam'ly—ye can't be one o' our Knappses an' not have that plant, with its yeller blooms an' little narrer whity-green leaves, for yer fav'rite. The Knappses allers

held it so, an' they allers will hold it so, or they won't be Knappses. Didn't I never tell ye," she asked, turning to my companion, "'bout my sister, an' losin' her, an' the way I come to find her?"

I do not remember just how Jane evaded this direct question; but her reply served the desired purpose, and Aunt Loretty was soon started upon her wonderful story.

"My father was Cap'n Zenas Knapp, born right here in Coscob. He follered the sea; an 's there warn't much sea 'round here to foller, he moved down Stonin'ton way, an' took ter whalin'. An' bimeby he married a gal down there, S'liny Ann Beebe, an' he lost sight an' run o' Coscob an' the Knappses for a long spell. But pa was a Knapp clear through 'f there ever was one; the very Knappiest Knapp, sot'speak, o' the hull tribe, an' that's puttin' it strong 'nough. All their ways, all their doin's, their likin's an' dislikin's, their take-tos an' their don't-take-tos, their goods an' their bads — he had 'em all hard. An' they *had* ways, the Knappses had, an' they've got 'em still, what's left o' the fam'ly — the waysiest ways! Some folks ain't that kind, ye know: they're jest like other folks. If ye met 'em 'way from hum ye wouldn't know where they come from or whose relations they was: they might be Peckses o' Horseneck, or Noyeses o' West'ly, or Simsb'ry Phelpses, or agin they might be Smithses o' ary place, for all the fam'ly ways they'd got. But our folks, the hull tribe on 'em, was tarred with the same stick, 's ye might say; ye'd 'a knowed 'em for Knappses wherever they was — in Coscob, Stonin'ton, or Chiny. F'rinstance, for one thing, they was all Congr'ation'l in religion; they allers had ben from the creation o' the airth. Some folks might say to that, that there wa'n't no Congr'ation'l meetin's 's fur back 's that. Well, I won't be too sot, — mebbe there wa'n't: but 'f that's so, then there wa'n't no Knappses; there *couldn't* be Knappses an' no Congr'ation'lists. An' they all b'lieved in foreord'nation an' 'lection. They was made so. Ye didn't have ter larn it to 'em: they got it jest 's they got teeth when 'twas time; they took it jest 's they took hoopin'-cough an' mumps when they was 'round. They didn't, ary one on 'em, need the cat'chism to larn 'em 'bout 'Whereby for 's own glory he hath foreordained whats'ever comes to pass,' nor to tell 'em 't 'He out o' his mere good pleasure from all etarnity 'lected some to everlastin' life'; they knowed it their-selves, the Knappses did. An' they stuck to their b'liefs, an'

would 'a' stood up on the Saybrook platform an' ben burnt up for 'em, like John Rogers in the cat'chism, sayin', —

> 'What though this carcass smart a while,
> What though this life decay.'

"An' they was all Whigs in pol'tics. There wa'n't never a Knapp — our branch — who voted the Dem'cratic ticket. They took that too: no need for their pa's to tell 'em; jest 's soon 's a boy got to be twenty-one, an' 'lection day come round, up he went an' voted the Whig ticket, sayin' nothin' to nobody. An' so 'twas in everything. They had ways o' their own. It come in even down to readin' the Scriptur's; for every Knapp 't ever I see p'ferred the Book o' Rev'lations to ary other part o' the Bible. They liked it all, o' course, for they was a pious breed, an' knowed 't all Scriptur 's give by insp'ration, an' 's prof't'ble, an' so forth; but for stiddy, every-day readin' give 'em Rev'lations. An' there was lots o' other little ways they had, too; sech as strong opp'sition to Baptists, an' dreffle dislikin' to furr'ners, an' the greatest app'tite for old-fashioned, hum-made, white-oak cheese.

"Then they was all 'posed to swearin', an' didn't never use perfane language, none o' the Knappses; but there was jest one sayin' they had when 'xcited or s'prised or anything, an' that was, 'C'rinthians!' They would say that, all on 'em, 'fore they died, one time or 'nother. An' when a Knapp said it, it did sound like the awf'lest kind o' perfan'ty; but o' course it wa'n't. An' 'fore an' over all, every born soul on 'em took ter flowers an' gardens. They would have 'em wherever they was. An' everything they touched growed an' thriv: drouth didn't dry 'em, wet didn't mold 'em, bugs didn't eat 'em; they come up an' leafed out an' budded an' blowed for the poorest, needin'est Knapp 't lived, with only the teentiest bit of a back yard for 'em to grow in, or broken teapots an' cracked pitchers to hold 'em. But they might have all the finest posies in the land, roses an' heelyertropes an' verbeny an' horseshoe g'raniums, an' they'd swop 'em all off, ary Knapp would,— our branch,— for one single plant o' that blessed flower ye fetched me to-day, butterneggs. How 't come about 's more 'n I can say, or how long it's ben goin' on, — from the very fust start o' things, fortino; but tennerate, every single Knapp I ever see or heerd on held butterneggs to be the beautif'lest posy God ever made.

"I can't go myself in my rec'lection back o' my great-gran'-mother; but I r'member her, though I was a speck of a gal when she died. She was a Bissell o' Nor'field, this State, but she married a Knapp, an' seemed to grow right inter Knapp ways; an' she an' gran'f'ther — great-gran'f'ther I mean, Shearjashub Knapp — they used to have a big bed o' butterneggs in front o' the side door, an' it made the hull yard look sunshiny even when the day was dark an' drizzly. There ain't nothin' shinin'er an' goldier than them flowers with the different kinds o' yeller in 'em; they'll most freckle ye, they're so much like the sun shinin'. Then the next gen'ration come Gran'pa Knapp, — his given name was Ezry, — an' he was bed-rid for more 'n six year. An' he had butterneggs planted in boxes an' stood all 'round his bed, an' he did take sech comf't in 'em. The hull room was yeller with 'em, an' they give him a sort o' biliousy, jandersy look; but he did set so by 'em; an' the very last growin' thing the good old man ever set eyes on here b'low, afore he see the green fields beyond the swellin' flood, was them bright an' shinin' butterneggs. An' his sister Hopey, she 't married Enoch Ambler o' Green's Farms, I never shall forgit her butterneggs border 't run all 'round her garden; the pea-green leaves an' yeller an' saffrony blooms looked for all the world like biled sparrergrass with chopped-egg sarce.

"Well, you'll wonder what on airth I'm at with all this rig-majig 'bout the Knappses an' their ways; but you'll see bimeby that it's all got suthin' to do with the story I begun on 'bout my sister, an' the way I come to lose her an' find her ag'in. There's jest one thing more I must put in, an' that's how the Knappses gen'lly died. 'Twas e'enamost allers o' dumb ager. That's what they called it them days: I s'pose 'twould be malairy now, — but that wa'n't invented then, an' we had to git along 's well 's we could without sech lux'ries. The Knappses was long-lived, — called threescore 'n ten bein' cut off in the midst o' your days; but when they did come ter die 'twas most gen'lly of dumb ager. But even 'bout that they had their own ways; an' when a Knapp — our branch I would say — got dumb ager, why, 'twas dumber an' agerer 'n other folkses dumb ager, an' so 't got the name o' the Knapp shakes. An' they all seemed to use the same rem'dies an' physics for the c'mplaint. They wa'n't much for doctors, but they all b'lieved in yarbs an' hum-made steeps an' teas. An' 'thout any 'dvice or doctor's receipts or anything, 's soon 's they felt the creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' that

meant dumb ager, with their heads het up an' their feet 'most froze, they'd jest put some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' sew a strip o' red flann'l round their neck, an' put a peppergrass poultice to the soles o' their feet, an' go to bed; an' there they'd lay, drinkin' their cam'mile an' hardhack, strong an' hot, an' allers with their head on a hard thin piller, till all was over, an' they was in a land where there's no dumb ager nor any kind o' sickness 't all. Gran'f'ther died o' dumb ager; great-gran'f'ther died on it — had it six year; Aunt Hopey Ambler, great-aunt Cynthy, an' second cousin Shadrach, all went off that way. An' pa — well, he didn't die so; but that's part o' my sister's story.

"Ma, she was a Beebe, 's I said afore; but she might 'a' ben 'most anything else, for there wa'n't any strong Beebe ways to her. Her mother was a Palmer, — 'most everybody's mother is, down Stonin'ton way, ye know, — an' ma was 's much Palmer 's Beebe, an' she was more Thayer than ary one on 'em (her gran'-mother was a Thayer). So 't stands to reason that when we child'n come 'long we was more Knapp than Beebe. There was two on us, twins an' gals, me an' my sister; an' they named us arter pa's twin sisters 't died years afore, Coretty an' Loretty, — an' I'm Loretty.

"Well, by the time we was four year old pa he'd riz to be cap'n. He was honest an' stiddy, 's all the Knappses be, an' that's the sort they want for whalin'. So when the Tiger was to be fitted up for a three-year v'y'ge, why, there was nothin' for 't but pa he must go cap'n. But ma she took on so 'bout it, — for he hadn't ben off much sence she married him, — that jest for peace, if nothin' else, he fin'lly consented to take her an' the twins along too; an' so we went. Well, I can't tell ye much about that v'y'ge, o' course. I was only a baby, an' all I know about it 's what ma told me long a'terward. But the v'y'ge 'a'n't got much to do with my story. They done pretty fair: took a good many sperm whales, got one big lump o' ambergrease, an' pa he was in great sperrits; when all on a suddent there come a dreffle storm, an' they lost their reck'nin', an' they got on some rocks, an' the poor old Tiger went all to pieces. I never can rightly remember how any soul on us was saved; but we was, some way or other, ma an' me an' some o' the crew, — but poor pa an' Coretty was lost. As nigh 's I can rec'lect the story, we was tied to suthin' ' nuther that 'd float, ma an' me, an' a ship picked us up an' fetched us home. Tennerate we got here, — to

Stonin'ton I mean; but poor ma was a heart-broken widder, an' I was half an orph'n an' only half a pair o' twins. For my good pa an' that dear little Coretty was both left far behind in the dreadful seas. An' that's why pa didn't die o' the Knapp shakes.

"I won't take up your time tellin' all that come arter that, for it's another part you want to hear. So I'll skip over to the time when I was a woman growed, ma dead an' gone, an' me livin' all by myself — a single woman, goin' on thirty-seven year old, or p'r'aps suthin' older — in Har'ford, this State. I'd had my ups an' my downs, more downs than ups; I'd worked hard an' lived poor: but I was a Knapp, an' never gin up, an' so at last there I was in a little bit of a house, all my own, on Morg'n Street, Har'ford. An' there I lived, quite well-to-do, an' no disgrace to any Knapp 't ever lived, be she who she be. I had plenty to do, though I hadn't any reg'lar trade. I wa'n't a tail'ress exactly, but I could make over their pas' pant'loons for boys, an' cut out jackets by a pattern for 'em; an' I wa'n't a real mill'ner, but I could trim up a bunnet kind o' tasty, an' bleach over a Leghorn or a fancy braid as well as a perfession'l; I never larnt the dressmakin' trade, but I knew how to cut little gals' frocks an' make their black-silk ap'ons; an' I'd rip up an' press an' clean ladies' dresses, an' do over their crape an' love veils, an' steam up their velvet ribb'ns over the tea-kettle to raise the pile. An' I sewed over carpets, an' stitched wristban's, an' — I don't know what I didn't do them days: for I had what ary Knapp I ever see — I mean our branch — had all their born days; an' that was, 's I 'spose you know, o' course — fac'lty.

"An' the best fam'lies in Har'ford employed me, an' set by me; an' knowin' what I was an' what my an'stors had ben, they treated me 's if I was one of their own sort. An' ag'in an' ag'in I've set to the same table with sech folks 's the Wadsworthses an' Ellsworthses an' Terrys an' Wellses an' Huntin'tons. An' I made a good deal outer my gard'nin'. I had all the Knapp hank'rin' for that; an' from the time I was a mite of a gal I was allers diggin' an' scratchin' in the dirt like a hen, stickin' in seeds an' slips, an' pullin' up weeds, snippin' an' prunin' an' trainin' an' wat'rin'. An' I had the beautif'lest gard'n in Har'ford, an' made a pretty penny outer it too. I sold slips an' cuttin's, an' saved seeds o' my best posies, puttin' 'em up in little paper cases pasted over at the edges; an' there was plenty o' cust'mers for 'em, I can tell ye. For my sunflowers was 's big

as pie plates, my hollyhawks jest dazzlin' to look at, my cant'-b'ry-bells big an' blue, my dailyers 's quilly 's quills — all colors; I had four kinds o' pinks; I had bach'lor's-buttons, feather-fews, noneserpretties, sweet-williams, chiny-asters, flowerdelooses, tulups, daffies, larkspurs, prince's-feathers, cock's-combs, red-balm, mournin'-bride, merrygools — Oh, I'm all outer breath, an' I 'a'n't told ye half the blooms I had in that Har'ford garden. But I could tell ye! If 'twas all drawed out there on that floor an' painted to life, I couldn't see it any plainer 'n I see 't this minnit, eyes shet or op'n. An' how I did set by them beds! Dr. Hawes — I went to the Centre to meetin' — Dr. Hawes he says, one time when he come to make a past'ral call, says he in his way, — he was kinder ongraceful, ye know, — p'intin' his long finger at me an' shakin' it up an' down, he says: 'Loretty, Loretty,' very loud an' solemn, ye know, 'don't you set your 'fections on them fadin' flowers o' earth an' forgit the never-with'rin' flowers o' heaven,' he says. Ye see he'd ben prayin' with me, an' right in the midst an' 'mongst o' his prayer he ketched sight o' me reachin' out to pull up a weed in the box o' young balsams I was startin' in the house. So 'tain't no wonder he was riled; for he was dreffle good, an' was one of them folks who, 's the hymn says, —

> 'Knows the wuth o' prayer,
> An' wishes often to be there.'

"Well, 'twas 'bout that time, 's I was sayin', an' I was a single woman o' thirty-seven, or p'r'aps a leetle more, — not wuth countin' on a single woman's age, — when there come upon me the biggest, awf'lest, scariest s'prise 't ever come upon any one afore, let 'lone a Knapp — our branch. A letter come to me one day from Cap'n Akus Chadwick, form'ly o' Stonin'ton, an' a friend o' pa's, but now an old man in New Lon'on, an' this 's what he says: Seems 't a ship 'd come into New Bedford, a whalin' ship, with a r'mark'ble story. They'd had rough weather an' big gales, an' got outer their course, an' they'd sighted land, an' when they come to 't — I don't know how or why they did come to 't, whether they meant ter or had ter — they see on the shore a woman, an' when they landed there wa'n't ary other folks on the hull island: nothin' but four-footed critters — wild ones — an' birds an' monkeys, an' all kinder outlandish bein's; not a blessed man or woman, not even a heath'n or a idle, 's fur 's

they could tell, in the hull deestrick, but only jest this one poor woman. An' she couldn't talk no more 'n Juley Brace to the 'sylum; an she was queer-lookin', an' her clo'es was all outer fash'n, kinder furry an' skinny garm'nts, an' she had a lonesome, scaret kinder look, 's if she hadn't ben much in comp'ny. An' yit with 't all there was a sorter r'spectable 'pearance, an'— O ladies, I'm all stuffed up, an' can't swaller good. I'm livin' over 'n my mind the fust time I read them words, an' was struck all 'n a heap by 'em. Jest hand me them posies a minute, an' I'll be all right in a jiffy.— There, now I can go on. With it all, he says, there was a strong Knapp look about this unfort'nate isl'nder; in fac', she favored 'em so strong 't the fust mate, a Mystic man, who'd often heerd the story o' pa's shipwreck an' Coretty's drownin', thought he'd orter 'nquire inter the matter. The cap'n o' the ship was a Scotchman, an' the sailors was mostly Portergeese, an' Sandwidgers, an' Kannakers; an' she wouldn't take no notice o' ary on 'em, an' tried to run away. But when 'Lias Mall'ry, the mate, went up to her, she stopped an' looked 't him, an' kinder gabbled a leetle bit, in a jibbery sorter way, an' when he ast her to come aboard she follered like a lamb. An' they fetched her along, an' the more they see on her — I mean 'Lias, who was the only one 't knowed the Knappses, our branch — the more 't seemed sure an' sartin 't this was reely an' truly, strange as 't might be, Coretty Knapp, who'd ben lost more'n thirty year afore. There's no use my tryin' to tell you how I felt, or what I done jest at fust: when I read that letter I couldn't seem to sense it one mite; an' yit in half an hour 't seemed 's if I'd a-knowed it a year, an' I never misdoubted that 'twas true 's gospil, an' that my poor dear little twin sister Coretty 'd ben found an' was comin' home to me.

"I gin up pa t' wunst; he'd 'a' ben too old now, even for a Knapp, an' I see plain enough 't he must be deader 'n dead: but oh, what 'twas to realize 't I had a reel flesh-an'-blood sister, queer an' oncivilized 's she must be a'ter livin' in the backwoods so long! The letter went on to say that 'Lias Mall'ry was on his way to Har'ford this very minute, 'bringin' Miss Knapp to her only livin' relation' — that was me. An' 't said they was goin' to bring her jest 's she was when they ketched her, so 's I could see her in her nat'ral state: an' who had a better right? 'But land's sake!' I says to myself 's I lay that letter down, 'how she'll look a-comin' through Har'ford streets all skinny an' furry an'

jabbery 's they d'scribe her! I do hope she'll take a carr'ge.' Well, I couldn't stand all this alone, an' I put on my bunnit an' shawl an' went up to Dr. Hawes's an' to Deacon Colton's an' over to Sister Pitkin's, an' I told 'em all this amazin' hist'ry, wonderf'ler than 'Rob'nson Crusoe' or 'Riley's Narr'tive.' An' sech a stir 's it made in quiet old Har'ford you'd never bleeve. Afore I'd fairly got hum an' took off my things, folks begun to call. Ev'ry one wanted to know 'f 'twas reely an' truly so, an' 'f I had a reel live heath'n sister comin' home from them far-away countries where ev'ry prospeck pleases an' only man is vile. But this part on't I wouldn't hear to for a minute. 'Whatever she is,' I says, 'she ain't a heath'n. She's a Knapp, born 'f not bred, an' there never was a heath'n 'mong the Knappses sence Knappses was fust made. Mebbe she ain't a perfesser,' I says,—'prob'ly ain't, for she 'a'n't had no settled min'ster or sech priv'leges; but she don't have nothin' to do with idles an' sech foolishness,' I says. But I could see 't they was countin' on suthin' outer this for monthly concert, an' that stirred me up a leetle; but I jest waited. An' bimeby—what do you think o' this?—there was a *c'mittee* waited on me. An' sech a time!

"There was P'fessor Phelps o' the Congr'ational Sem'nary, an' P'fessor Spencer o' Wash'n't'n College, an' Elder Day the Baptist min'ster; an' there was one o' the Dem'cratic ed'tors o' the Har'ford Times, an' some one from the Connet'cut Cour'nt; an' Dr. Barnes o' Weth'sfield, a infiddle, who'd writ a sorter Tom-Painey book that was put inter the stove by every Christian 't got hold on it. An' there was Mr. Gallagher from the deaf-an'-dumb 'sylum, an' Dr. Cook from the crazy 'sylum, an' Mr. Williams the 'Piscople min'ster, an' Priest O'Conner the Cath'lic, an' Parson Loomis the Meth'dist. That's 'bout all, I b'lieve, but there may 'a' ben some I disremember arter all these years. An' what do you think—what *do* you think they wanted? 'Twas some time afore I could see through their talk myself; for they was all big scholars, an' you know them's the hardest sort to compr'end. But bimeby I made out 't they was all dreffle 'xcited about this story o' my sister; for it gin 'em a chance they'd never 'xpected to git, of a bran'-new human bein' growed up without 'precept or 'xample,' 's they say, or ary idee o' religion or pol'tics or church gov'ment, or doctrines o' any sort. An' they'd all got together an' 'greed, 'f I was willin', they'd jest 'xper'ment on Coretty Knapp. Well, 't fust I didn't take t' the

idee one speck. It seemed kinder onnat'ral an' onhuman to go to work pullin' to pieces an' patchin' up an' fittin' in scraps to this poor, onfort'nate, empty sorter soul, 't had strayed 'way off from its hum in a Christian land o' deestrick schools an' meetin's, an' all sech priv'leges, instead o' takin' her right inter our hearts an' 'fections, an' larnin' her all 't she orter know. 'T seemed 's if we orter let 'xper'ments alone, an' go to coddlin' an' coss'tin' up this poor lost sheep, which was wuth far more 'n ninety an' nine which goes not astray.

"But howsomepro — as Elder Cheeseman used to say — they was all, 's I said afore, larned men, an' most on 'em good men too; an' 's they was all 'greed, an' I was only one, and a woman too, I gin up. An' afore they left, 'twas all settled 't they all should have a try at poor sister Coretty, an' all persent their own views on religion, pol'tics, an' so forth. An' me nor nobody was to make nor meddle aforehand, or try to prej'dice her one way or t'other; an' so they 'xpected to find out what the nat'ral mind would take ter, or whether there was anything 't all in heredit'ry ways. I could 'a' telled 'em that last afore they b'gun, but I thought I'd let 'em find 't out their own way.

"You might think, mebbe, I'd ben scaret 'bout the r'sult. For what a dreffle thing 'f poor Coretty 'd ben talked over by Elder Day,— a dreffle glib talker, 's all Baptists be, an' a reel good man, 's most on 'em is, though I say 't 's shouldn't, bein' a Knapp myself, with all the Knappses' dislike to their doctrines, — what 'f she'd ben talked over to 'mersion an' close c'mmunion views, an' ben dipped 'stead o' sprinkled? Or ag'in, 'f she'd b'lieved all the Cath'lic priest let on, an' swallered his can'les an' beads an' fish an' sech popish things. Or wuss still, s'pose she'd backslid hully, an' put her trust in Dr. Barnes's talk,— becomin' an infiddle, like unter the fool that said in his heart. But some way or 'nother I wa'n't a mite 'fraid. I fell right back on my faith in a overrulin' Prov'dence, an' p'r'aps more on Knapp ways, an' felt all the time Coretty 'd come out right at the eend.

"But you see she hadn't come yit; an' the thing was ter know whether you could make her un'erstan' anything till she'd larnt to talk. 'F she could only gabble, how was any on us to know whether she gabbled Baptistry or 'Piscopality or what-all; an' we'd got to wait an' see. An' Mr. Gallagher o' the 'sylum, he wanted to try her on signs fust, an' see 'f he couldn't c'mmunicate with

her right off by snappin' his fingers an' screwin' up his featur's an' p'intin' at her in that dumb way they do up t' the 'sylum. He said 'twas more nat'ral to do that way than to talk; but then he didn't know much about the Knappses an' their powers o' speech. An' Dr. Cook, the crazy doctor, he said he was int-'rested in the brains part o' the subjick, an' he'd jest like ter get at 'em; he wanted to see what 'fect on her head an' 'djacent parts this queer sorter retired life 'd had. An' so they went on till they went off.

"Well, might' 's well come to the p'int o' my story, an' the blessed minute I fust see my twin sister,—my t'other half, you might say; for 'twas reely her, a-comin' in at the gate. 'Twa'n't so bad 's I 'xpected. I'd kinder got my head sot on picters o' the Eskimoses in my jography, with buff'lo robes tied round 'em; an' I was r'lieved when I see her get outer the carr'ge with 'Lias Mall'ry, lookin' quite respect'ble an' Knappy. To be sure she had skins on; but she'd gone an' made 'em inter a reel fair likeness o' my plainest every-day dresses, cut gorin' an' sorter fittin' in at the waist, an' with the skirt pretty long, 'bout to the tops o' her gaiters. An' she had quite a nice-lookin' bunnit on, braided o' some kinder furrin grass or straw; hum-made o' course, an' not jest in the latest fash'n,—but that wa'n't to be 'xpected when she'd made it 'fore ever seein' one. An' she was dreffle tanned an' freckled an' weather-beat like, but oh, my! my! wa'n't she a Knapp all over, from head to foot! Every featur' favored some o' the fam'ly. There was Uncle Zadock's long nose, an' gran'mer's square chin, an' Aunt Hopey's thick eyebrows, an' dear pa's pacin' walk, an' over an' above all there was *me* all over her, 's if I was a-lookin' 't myself in a lookin'-glass. I d' know what I done for a minute. I cried an' I choked an' I blowed my nose, an' I couldn't say one blessed word till I swallered hard an' set my teeth, an' then I bust out, 'O Coretty Knapp, I'm glad to see ye! how's your health?' I'd forgot for a minute 'bout her not talkin'; but I own I was beat when she jest says, 's good 's I could say it myself, says she, 'Thank ye, sister Loretty: how's yourn?' An' we shook hands an' kissed each other;—I'd been so 'fraid she'd rub noses or hit her forrid on the ground,—s'lammin', 's the books o' travels says;—an' then she took one cheer an' I took another, an' we both took a good look 't each other, for you know we hadn't met anywheres for the longest spell. An' I forgot all about 'Lias Mall'ry till he says,

'You see, Miss Knapp, she speaks pretty good, don't she? Them Scotch an' Portergeese an' so on couldn't get a word out on her; but 's soon 's she heerd good Connet'cut spoke, she picked 't right up 's slick 's anything.' 'O' course I did, Mr. Mall'ry,' says Coretty. 'I never could abide them furr'ners. United States talk 's good enough for me,' says she. 'Knapp all over,' says I;—'an' now do take off your things an' jest make yourself to hum, an' le's have a good old-fashioned talk, for I 'a'n't seen none o' my folks for so long.'

"But when she took off her bunnit an' I see how the poor thing 'd ben an' gone an' twisted up her hair behind in the same tight, knobby, Knappy way all the Knappses—the female part o' our branch, I mean—had fixed theirn for gen'rations, furzino, I 'most cried ag'in. 'Course she hadn't no hairpins nor shoestring to fasten 't with; but she'd tied it tight 's tight with some kind o' barky stuff, an' stuck a big thorn in to keep it there.

"Well, you won't care 'bout our talk: it was all folksy an' Knappy an' 'bout fam'ly matters, for we had lots to talk about. She'd lost all run o' the fam'ly an' neighbors, never hearin' a word for more 'n thirty year. In fac', she'd forgot all about pa an' ma an' me, 's was nat'ral, with not a livin' soul to talk to; for she owned right up she'd never seed a human bein', or heerd a word o' speech, or seen a paper, sence I see her last in that dreffle spell o' weather out to sea. So I'll jest jump over to where the 'xperiment was tried an' how it come out. I'd kep' my prommus an' never said one word about religion, or pol'tics, or church gov'ment, or anything o' that kind, though I did ache to know her views.

"An' they all come in, the evenin' arter she arriv,—the c'mittee, I mean,—to have it out with her. Coretty did'nt s'mise 'twas an 'xperiment,—she thought 'twas a sorter visitin' time; an' she was dreffle fond o' comp'ny, an' never 'd had much chance for 't. So there she set a-knittin' (she took to that right off, an' 'fore I'd done castin' on for her she ketched it outer my hands an' says, ''Twill be stronger with double thread, Loretty,' an' she raveled it out an' done it over double). She set there knittin', 's I said afore, an' I set close by her; an' the c'mittee they set round, an' they'd 'greed 'mong theirselves how they'd do it, an' who'd have the fust chance; an' arter a few p'lite r'marks about the weather an' her health, an' sech, Mr. Williams, the 'Piscople min'ster, begun, an' he says:—'Miss Knapp, I s'pose

there wa'n't no Church in your place o' res'dence, seein' 't there was so few 'nhabitants. But even 'f there'd a-ben more 'f a parish,' says he, 'there couldn't 'a ben no reel Church' (he spoke it with a cap'tle C, 's all 'Piscoples does), ''s there wa'n't no prop'ly fixed-up priest, nor no bishop to put his hands on one,' he says. (Mebbe I don't give jest the very words, but I git the meanin' straight.) 'No, sir,' says sister, 'there wa'n't a meetin'-house on the hull island, nor any means o' grace o' that kind; for there wa'n't no folks but me, an' you can't have a prosp'rous religious s'ciety without folks. But 'f there had ben,' she says, ribbin' away at her stockin' top, two an' one, two an' one, says she, 'we'd 'a' listened to a few can'dates, an' s'lected a suit'ble party, had a s'ciety meetin', an' called him. For myself,' says she, 'I don't set much by this applestollic succesh'n.'

"Well, I was beat agin, spite o' knowin' the strong feelin' o' the fam'ly on that very p'int; for how on airth 'd she picked up sech sound an' good idees 'way off in that rural deestrick? I tell ye, ye can't 'xplain it on ary other ground than *ways;* 'twas Knapp ways. Mr. Williams he looked a mite riled, but he was a dreffle pleasant man, an' he kep' on, though the others they sorter smiled. I can't rec'lect all he said, but 'twas 'bout the orders in the Church, the deacons an' presbyter'ans an' bishops; an' he talked 'bout the creed an' other art'cles an' collicks an' lit'nies, an' all them litigical things. He did talk beautiful, I own it myself, an' my mouth was all in my heart for a spell, for Coretty kep' so still, an' seemed 's if she was a-listenin' an med'tatin'. But in a minute I see she was jest countin' her stitches to set her seam, an' I was r'lieved. An' when he got through talkin he handed her a prayer-book — jest a common one, he called it — an' a little cat'chism. Coretty took 'em, perlite 's ye please, an' she looked 't the covers, an' she says very p'lite, 'Much obleeged to ye, sir; but they don't seem ter int'rest me, someway. I can make up prayers for myself, 'f it's all the same to you,' she says, still dreffle p'lite; 'an' this cat'chism don't seem to go t' the right spot, 's fur as I'm consarned,' says she, not openin' it 't all: 'but I'm jest 's much obleeged to ye;' — an' she went on knittin'.

"Then Elder Day he opened the subjeck o' Baptistry. Fust, sister Coretty listened p'litely 's she had afore: but he hadn't hardly got to his sec'ndly afore she pricked up her ears an' jumped 's if suthin' 'd hit her, an' she lay down her stockin' an' stiffened up, an' she looked him right in the eye; an' 'fore he

was half-way to the thirdly she broke out, an' she says: 'Elder Day, I don't want to be imp'lite to comp'ny in my sister's house, an' me jest arriv; but there's suthin' in me that reely can't stand them doctrines o' yourn another minute, they rile me so. No, I *won't* stand it!' she says, with her face all red, an' her eyes snappin'; an' she b'gun to gether up her things, an' git up outer her cheer for a run. But I went up ter her, an' whispered to her, an' sorter smoothed her down; for I see what 'twas, an' 't the old Knapp feelin' 'gainst Baptists that'd ben growin' up an' 'ncreasin' for cent'ries was all comin' inside on her t' wunst an' tearin' her up: but Elder Day he jest said, 's pleasant 's pie-crust, he says, 'Let her 'lone, Miss Knapp, an' I'll read her a soothin' varse or two,' an' he up with a little leather-covered book, an' he read out:—

> "'A few drops o' water dropped from a man's han',—
> They call it baptissum, an' think it will stan'
> On the head of a child that is under the cuss;
> But that has no warrant in Scriptur' for us.'

"He was goin' on; but Coretty she jest jumped up, makin' her cheer fall over with a bang, an' she slat her work down an' run outer the room, her knittin' bobbin' a'ter her,—for the ball o' yarn was in her pocket. I went a'ter her to coax her back, but she kep' a-sayin', 'O Loretty, what's the matter o' me! I'm jest bilin' an' bubblin' an' swellin' up inside, an' I feel 's if nothin' could help me but burnin' up a few Baptists,' she says. An' I says, 'Keep 's quiet 's you can, sister: it's dreffle tryin', I know, an' it's all come on you t' wunst,—the strong Knapp feelin' ag'in 'em,—but come back to the keepin'-room an' we'll change the subjeck.' An' she come. An' then Priest O'Conner, the Cath'lic, he begun at her; an' he was jest 's smooth 's silk, an' he talked reel fluent 'bout the saints, an' purg't'ry, an' Fridays, an' the bach'lor state for min'sters, an' penances, an' I d' know what-all. An' Coretty she was hard at work at her knittin'; an' when he stopped to take breath, an' pull out some beads an' medals an' jingly trinkets o' that sort, she kinder started 's if she'd jest waked up, an' she says, ''Xcuse me, Mr. O'Conner, I lost the thread o' what you was sayin' for a minute, but I won't trouble ye to go over 't ag'in: I don't seem ter take to Cath'lics, an' I never wear beads.' An' she went on knittin'.

"An' so 'twas with 'em all,—'Piscople, Baptist, Meth'dist: every livin' soul on 'em, they done their best, an' never p'duced any impression 't all. But bimeby P'fessor Phelps o' the Congr'a-tion'l Sem'nary, he got his turn an' b'gun. Oh, how she did jest drink it in! She dropped her knittin' an' set up an' leaned for-rud, an' she smiled, an' nodded her head, an' beat her hands up an' down, an' tapped her foot, 's if she was hearin' the takin'est music; she 'most purred, she seemed so comf't'ble an' sat'sfied. Wunst in a while she'd up an' say suthin' herself 'fore he could say it. F'rinstance, when he come to foreord'nation an' says, 'My good woman, I hope soon ter 'xplain to you 'bout the won'-ful decrees o' God, an' how they are his etarnal purpose, an'' — 'Don't put yourself out to do that, p'fessor,' she says. 'O' course I know 't accordin' to the couns'l of his own will he 'th foreordained whats'ever cometh to pass; but I'd jest like to hear you preach on that subjeck.' An' when he alluded to some hav-in' ben 'lected to everlastin' life, she says, kinder low, to herself like, 'Out of his mere good pleasure from all etarnity, I s'pose.' The very words o' the cat'chism, ye see; an' she never goin' to weekly cat'chism or monthly r'view! An' when he stopped a minute she says, all 'xcited like, 'Now I call *that* talk, an' it's the very fust I've heerd to-night.' Then he took a book out of his pocket. 'Twas a copy of the old New England Primer, with whity-blue covers outside an' the cat'chism inside, an' he says, 'Miss Knapp, p'raps you ain't f'miliar with this little book, but — ' She ketched it right outer his hand, an' the tears they come right up inter her eyes, an' she says in a shaky voice, 'I don't think I ever see 't afore, p'fessor, but it 'pears to be the West-minster Shorter.' Then she jest give way an' cried all over it till 'twas soppin'. An' she did jest hang on ter his words when he come to the prob'ble futur' o' most folks, an' how the cat'-chism says they're 'under His wrath an' cuss, an' so made li'ble to all the mis'ries o' this life, to death itself, an' the pains o' hell f'rever.' She jest kep' time to them words with her head an' her hands an' her feet, 's if 'twas an old toon she'd knowed all her born days.

"An' so 'twas, right straight through: they tried her on every-thing, an' 'twas allus the same come-out; she picked an' kep' all the Knappses had allus stood to, an' throwed away what the Knappses 'd disliked. She 'most pitched her knittin', ball an' all, at the Dem'cratic newspaper man; an' when the Connet'cut

Cour'nt ed'tor laid down the Whig platform, she called out loud: 'I'm on that; that's my pol'cy. Who's our can'date?' Poor Mr. Gallagher, he didn't make out to c'mmunicate with her 's he 'xpected. He tried her on a Bible story in signs, but a'ter lookin' at him a minute she turned away an' says: 'Poor creatur', can't he talk any? He must 'a' ben cast away some time, I guess, an' 'tis sorter dumb'in' to the speech, as I orter know. But he'll pick it up agin.' An' the doctor from the crazies, an' the p'fessor from Wash'n't'n College, they tried all kinds o' brainy tricks on her; but her head was 's sound as their own, and made on the good old Knapp patt'n. An'—oh, I wish you could 'a' seen how foolish Dr. Barnes looked when she says to him, a'ter he'd opened out his infiddle b'liefs or unb'liefs, says she: 'Now you jest hush up. I sh'd think you'd be ashamed, a'ter livin' here in a Christian land 'mong Congr'ation'lists all your days, an' not know who made you, an' what your chief eend is, an' what the Scriptur's princ'p'ly teach. Even I knowed that,' she says, 'an' me in a heath'n land o' graven im'ges.'

"I'm spinnin' out my story in reel Knappy way,—they're a long-winded lot,—but I'll try to bind off now. But fust I must tell ye 'bout the time I showed Coretty my garden. She'd ben anxious to see 't; said she lotted on flowers, an' had dreffle pretty ones on th' island, kinder tropicky an' queer, but she wanted ter see some hum ones. So I took her out an' showed her my beds. 'Twas July, an' my garden was like a rainbow or a patchwork comf'ter,—all colors. She walked round an' looked at the roses an' pinks an' all, and smelt at 'em, an' seemed pleased.

"'But somehow I'm kinder dis'p'inted too,' she says: 'I d' know why, but there's suthin' lackin'.' I jest kep' still, an' kinder led her 'long down the walk to the corner 'hind the row o' box, an' fust she knowed she was standin' by the bed o' butterneggs. She stood stock-still a minute; then she held up both hands an' cried out, 'Oh, C'rinthians!'

"'Twas the fust time she'd ever used the 'xpression; there never 'd ben any 'casion for 't, for she'd had sech a quiet sorter life. A'ter that she was allus hangin' round that bed like a cat round a valerium patch, 'tendin' them posies, weedin' 'em, wat'rin', tyin' 'em up, pickin' 'em, wearin' 'em, an' keepin' 'em in her room. 'Twas a dreffle comfort to have her with me; but 'twa'n't to last; I see that 'most 's soon 's she got settled down with me. She b'gun to droop an' wilt down, an' to look pindlin' an'

lean-like, an' bleached out. I tried not to see it, an' talked 's if 'twas change o' air, an' givin' up her r'tired life, an' 's if she'd soon pick up an' grow to a good old Knapp age. But when she b'gun to c'mplain o' feelin' creepy an' goose-fleshy an' shiv'ry, to say her head was het up an' her feet 'most froze, I couldn't shet my eyes to 't no longer; I knowed the sympt'ms too well: it was the old Knapp enemy, dumb ager. She was awful young for that; not forty yit, an' the Knappses mostly lived to eighty or ninety. But I'll tell you how I reasoned 't out to myself. The fam'ly — the rest on 'em — was all their lives takin' in gradjal-like — stronger an' stronger 's they could bear 'em — the Knapp b'liefs. One a'ter t'other they got 'em, like teeth, an' so they could stand it. But jest think on 't a minnit: that poor dear gal took in all them b'liefs — an' strong ones they was, too, the strongest goin' — in jest a few days' time. Foreord'nation, 'lection, etarnal punishment, the Whig platform, Congr'ation'l s'ciety gov'ment, United States language, white-oak cheese, butter-neggs, — in short, the hull set o' Knapp ways, she took 'em all, 's you might say, 't one big swaller. No wonder they disagreed with her, an' left her nothin' for 't but to take the only one left 't she hadn't took a'ready, — the Knapp shakes!

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout it to her; I never spoke o' the fam'ly trouble 't all, an' I knowed she'd never heerd on 't in her life. She kep' up an' 'bout for a spell; but one day she come to see me, an' she says, very quiet an' carm, 'Loretty, 'f ye'll give me the sarcepan I'll jest set some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' put a strip o' red flannel round my neck an' go to bed.' My heart sunk 'way down 's I heerd her; but I see 't she'd left out some o' the receipt, so I hoped 'twa'n't so bad 's I feared. But jest 's she was goin' inter her bedroom she turned round an' says, 'An' mebbe a peppergrass poult'ce on the bottoms o' my feet would be a good an' drawin' thing,' she says. There was a lump in my throat, but I thinks to myself, 'Never mind, 'f she don't 'lude to the piller.' An' I was pickin' the peppergrass an' wond'rin' if 'twas the smell o' that 't made my eyes so wet an' smarty, when she calls me softly, an' she says, 'Sister, I'm dreffle sorry to trouble ye, but 'f you could give me another piller, — a hard, thin one, — I'd be 'bleeged.' Then I knowed 'twas all over, an' I never had a grain o' hope agin.

"You'll 'xcuse me, ladies, from talkin' much more 'bout that time. I think on 't 'nough, dear knows; I dream on 't, an' wake

with my piller all wet: but 'tain't good for me to say too much 'bout it. She wa'n't sick long: her dumb ager wa'n't very chronic, 's the doctors says, but sharp an' quick. An' jest three weeks from the day she come home to me she'd added one more to the long list o' things she'd had to larn in such a lim'ted per'od, poor gal, an' took in the Knapp way o' dyin'.

"An' 'twas a quiet way; peace'ble, still-like, not makin' no great fuss 'bout it, but ready an' willin'. She didn't want much waitin' on, only fresh posies — butterneggs o' course — in the wineglass on the stand by her bed; an' ye may be sure she allus had 'em there. An' I picked all I had, an' stuck 'em in pitchers an' mugs an' bowls, an' stood 'em on the mantel-shelf, an' on the chest o' drawers, an' any place 't would hold 'em, an' the room was all lit up with 'em — an' with her hope an' faith an' patient ways too; an' so she seemed to pass right through a shinin' yeller path, till we lost sight on her where it ended, I 'a'n't the leastest doubt, in the golden streets o' heaven.

"But I 'xpect to see her agin 'fore very long. There's more o' the fam'ly t'other side than there is here now, an' when I think o' all the tribe o' Knappses in that land 'cross the river, why, I think I'd be kinder glad to go there myself: 'twould be 'most like goin' to Thanksgivin' 't the old homestid. An' I was sayin' to Marthy Hustid yist'day — she looks a'ter me now, ye know — 't I had a kinder creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' sometimes, 't my head was all het up an' my feet 'most froze, an' I guessed she better be lookin' at the yarb bags up garr't, an' layin' in a little red flann'l, in case o' any sickness in the fam'ly. 'An' Marthy,' I says, 'I s'pose there's a harder piller in the house 'n the one I'm usin',— a thin one, you know.' An' I *am* glad the butterneggs is comin' in season."

As we came away from the little brown house and drove along towards Greenwich, we were silent for a little. Then I exclaimed: "Jane Benedict, how much truth is there in that wild tale? Was her sister shipwrecked, and did she appear after many days? For pity's sake enlighten me, for my head is 'all het up,' as Aunt Loretty would say!"

"She was an only child," answered Jane calmly, as she touched Billy lightly with the whip. "I believe her father was a sailor, and was lost at sea. She herself lived as housekeeper for many years with Dr. Lounsbury of Stamford, who wrote that queer book on heredity,— 'Heirship,' I think he called it. Perhaps she imbibed some of his ideas."

JULIUS SLOWACKI

(1809–1849)

THE poetic genius of Poland put forth its fairest flower in the trefoil of Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Slowacki. Strongly contrasted in individuality, the three were united by their love of country; in their lives as in their works the controlling motive is an ardent patriotism. All were exiles from the land they loved; and their works, which constitute the glory of Polish literature, were written on an alien soil. They all strove to keep alive the pride of their countrymen in Poland's ancient greatness; but in Slowacki a certain temperamental pessimism, in sharp contrast to the national optimism of his brother poets, held his patriotic hopes restrained. An intense love of freedom, and a hatred of the régime of the Czar, glow in his impassioned verse. He was a patriot of the people. Krasinski, allied with the highest families, and Mickiewicz, the favorite of the great, were patriots of a more aristocratic mold. Upon them all fell the mighty shadow of Byron; and in none was the Byronic spirit more perfectly reincarnated than in Slowacki. He surpassed his master; and although he outgrew this influence, and drew loftier inspiration from Shakespeare and Calderon, he retained to the end the traces of "Satanic" pessimism. In a rough classification of the members of this brilliant triad, Mickiewicz, the master of the epic and lyric, may be called the poet of the present; Krasinski, the prophet and seer, the poet through whom the future spoke; while Slowacki, the dramatist, was the panegyrist of the past.

JULIUS SLOWACKI

Julius Slowacki was born at Krzemieniec on August 23d, 1809. His father was a professor of some note at the University of Vilna, where the lad received his education. His mother idolized and spoiled him, sowing the seeds of that supreme self-love which became in him a moral malady. From the first he had the conscious resolve to become a great poet. Upon leaving the university in 1828 he entered the uncongenial service of the State. Two years later he

abandoned his post; and left Poland to be thenceforth a homeless wanderer. During the period of his official bondage in Warsaw he produced his early Byronic tales in verse: 'Hugo,' a romance of the Crusades, 'Mnich' (The Monk), 'Jan Bielecki,' 'The Arab,' etc. They are distinguished by boldness of fancy and great beauty of diction; but their gloomy pessimistic tone ran counter to the prevailing taste of that still hopeful time, and the day of their popularity was deferred until renewed misfortunes had chastened the public heart. Two dramas belong to the same period,—'Mindowe' and 'Mary Stuart.' The scene of the former is laid in the ancient days before Christianity had been established in Lithuania; the latter challenges comparison with Schiller's play, and surpasses it in dramatic vigor. It is still a favorite in the repertoire of the Polish theatres.

Slowacki delighted in powerful overmastering natures: it was the demonic in man that most appealed to him; and that element in his own nature during the turbulent days of 1830 and 1831 burst forth into revolutionary song. His fine 'Ode to Freedom,' the fervid 'Hymn to the Mother of God,' and the ringing martial spirit of his 'Song of the Lithuanian Legion,' stirred all hearts, and raised Slowacki at once to the front rank among the poetic exponents of the Polish national idea.

When in 1832 Slowacki settled in Geneva, a new period in his literary career began: he emerged from the shadow of Byron, and his treatment of life became more robust and earnest. Unconsciously his Kordjan came to resemble Conrad in the third part of Mickiewicz's 'Dziady' (In Honor of our Ancestors). The first two acts of this powerful drama are still somewhat in the Byronic manner, but the last three acts are among the finest in the whole range of Polish dramatic literature. The theme is patriotic: the hero plunges into a conspiracy at Warsaw to overthrow the Czar; but at the critical moment the man is found wanting, and because he puts forth no adequate effort he miserably fails. This dramatically impressive but morally impotent conclusion reveals the ineradicable pessimism of the poet's mind. Kordjan is of that irresolute Slavic type which Sienkiewicz has so mercilessly analyzed in 'Without Dogma.' To this same period of Slowacki's greatest productivity belong the two splendid tragedies 'Mazepa' and 'Balladyna.' In 'Mazepa' is all the fresh vigor of the wind-swept plains; it has a dramatic quality that reminds of Calderon, and maintains itself with unabated popularity upon the Polish stage. 'Balladyna' is the most original of all the poet's creations. Shakespeare superseded Byron; but the master now inspired and no longer dominated. 'Lilla Weneda,' of later date, was the second part of an unfinished trilogy, of which 'Balladyna' was the first: the design of the whole was to recreate the

mythical traditions of Poland. On this ancient background is portrayed the conflict of two peoples; and it is characteristic of the poet that he allows the nobler race to succumb to the ruder.

It was during Slowacki's Swiss sojourn also that he wrote one of the finest lyric gems of Polish poetry, 'In Switzerland.' In it he immortalized the Polish maiden who for too short a time ruled his wayward nature in a brief but beautiful dream of love. In Rome in 1836 he met Krasinski, to whose lofty inspiration his own soul responded. During a trip in the Orient he wrote his deeply pathetic poem 'Ojciec Zadzumionych' (The Father of the Plague-Stricken). Upon this doomed man, as upon Job, is heaped misfortune on misfortune until human capacity for suffering is exhausted, and the man becomes a stony monument of misery. There is an overwhelming directness of presentation in this poem that suggests the agony of the marble Laocoön. It surpasses Byron at his best.

In 1837 Slowacki rejoined Krasinski in Florence, and under his influence wrote in Biblical style the allegory of 'Anhelli.' It is a song of sorrow for the sufferings of Poland and her exiled patriots; but it loses itself at last in the marsh of mystic Messianism into which the masterful but vulgar Towianski lured many of the nobler spirits of Poland, including Mickiewicz. Krasinski resisted, and the two friends were separated. Slowacki and his greater rival were stranded on the shoal of Towianism. The works which he had written in Switzerland he began to publish in Paris in 1838; but 'Beniowski' was the only work of art that he wrote after that time. This is a lyric-epic of self-criticism. His works thenceforth were water-logged with mysticism, and do not belong to the domain of art. In 'Król Duch' (King Mind) this madness reaches its height. Embittered and out of touch with the world, he died in Paris on April 3d, 1849.

Slowacki surpassed all his contemporaries in the magnificent flights of his imagination, and in the glowing richness of his language and imagery. His dramas are among the chief ornaments of Polish literature; and his beautiful letters to his mother should be mentioned as perfect gems of epistolary style. His contempt for details of form and composition seems sometimes like a conscious defiance of the recognized requirements of art; but the splendid exuberance of his thought and fancy ranks him among the great poets of the nineteenth century. He was keenly alive to the faults and failings of his countrymen, as is shown in his 'Incorrigibles'; but in the temple of Polish fame his place is secure at the left of Mickiewicz, at whose right stands Krasinski with the 'Psalm of Sorrow' in his hand.

FROM 'MINDOWE'

In 'Poets and Poetry of Poland.' Copyright 1881, by Paul Soboleski

[Mindowe, king of Litwania, having embraced the Christian religion, his blind mother Ronelva and his nephew Troinace conspire to effect his death. Mindowe has banished Lawski, the prince of Nalzhaski, and essayed to win the affections of his wife. Lawski, not having been heard of for some time, is supposed to be dead. The scene opens just after the baptismal rites of the monarch.]

Scene: The royal presence chamber. Enter Casimir *and* Basil, *from different sides*

BASIL — Saw you the rites to-day, my Casimir?
Casimir — I saw what may I never see again, —
The altars of our ancient faith torn down,
Our king a base apostate, groveling
Beneath a —
Basil [*interrupting him*] — Hold! knowest thou not
The ancient saw that "Palace walls have ears"?
The priests throng round us like intruding flies,
And latitude of speech is fatal.
Casimir — True —
I should speak cautiously. But hast seen
The prince?
Basil — Who? Troinace?
Casimir — The same.
Ha! here he comes, and with the queen-mother;
It is not safe to parley in their presence. Hence
Along with me: I've secrets for thine ear.
[*Exit Casimir and Basil.*

Ronelva *enters, leaning upon the arm of* Troinace, *and engaged with him in conversation.*

Troinace — Thou hast a son, Ronelva, crowned a king!
Ronelva — Is he alive? with sight my memory fails.
Once I beheld the world, but now 'tis dark —
My soul is locked in sleep — O God! O God!
My son! hast seen my royal son — the King,
Thy uncle, Troinace? How is he arrayed?
Troinace — In regal robes, and with a jeweled cross
Sparkling upon his breast.
Ronelva — A cross! — what cross?
'Tis not a symbol of his sovereignty —

Troinace — It is a gift made by his new ally,
The Pope.
Ronelva — The Pope! — The Pope! I know none such!
Who is this Pope! — Is 't he who sends new gods
To old Litwania? Yes — I've heard of him.

A pause. Then enter Mindowe, *crowned, and arrayed in purple, with a diamond cross upon his breast, and accompanied by* Heidenric, *the Pope's legate.* Herman *precedes them bearing a golden cross.* Lawski, *disguised as a Teutonic Knight, with a rose upon his helmet, and his visor down, bearing a casket.* Lutuver *attending the King.* Lawski *stands apart.*

Ronelva — I feel that kindred blood is near, Mindowe!
Thy mother speaks! approach! [*He approaches.*
Hast thou returned
From some new expedition. Is thy brow
Covered with laurels, and thy stores
Replete with plunder? Do I hear the shouts,
Th' applause of the Litwanians, hailing thee
As conqueror? Returnest thou from Zmudie,
From Dwina's shores triumphant? Has the Russian Bear
Trembled before thy sword? Does Halicz fear
Thy angry frown? Speak! with a mother's tears
I'll hail the conqueror.
Mindowe — My mother! why
These tones and words sarcastic? Knowest thou not
That victory perches on another's helm?
I am at peace, and am — a Christian king.
Ronelva — Foul shame on thee, blasphemer! Hast thou fallen
As low as this? Where is thy bold ambition?
To what base use hast placed thy ancient fame?
Is 't cast aside like to some foolish toy
No longer worth the hoarding? Shame upon
Thy craven spirit! Canst thou live without
That glorious food, which e'en a peasant craves,
Holding it worthless as thy mother's love,
And thy brave father's faith?
Mindowe — Nay, mother, nay!
Dismiss these foolish fancies from thy brain.
Behold! my jeweled brow is bent before thee.
Oh, bless thy son!
Ronelva — Thou vile apostate! Thou
Dare ask for approbation? Thou! — I curse thee!

Sorrow and hate pursue thy faltering steps.
Still may thy foes prove victors; subjects false;
Thy drink be venom, and thy joy be woe.
Thy mind filled with remorse, still mayst thou live,
Seeking for death, but wooing it in vain,—
A foul, detested, blasted renegade.
I have bestowed to earth a viper; but
From thee shall vipers spring, who like their sire
Shall traitors be unto their native land,
And eager plunge them into ruin's stream!
Depart! and bear thy mother's curse!

Mindowe — Mother,
My mother —

Ronelva — Call me not mother, viper!
I do disclaim thee; — thee — and all thy seed!
[*Exit Ronelva, leaning on Troinace.*

Mindowe [*speaking as though awe-stricken*] —
Heard ye that curse?

Heidenric — What are the frantic words
Of a revengeful woman? Empty air —

Mindowe — A mother's curse! It carries pestilence,
Blight, misery, and sorrow in its train.
No matter! It is, as the legate says,
But "empty air."
[*To Heidenric*] — What message do you bear?

Heidenric — Thus to the great Litwanian king, Pope Innocent
(Fourth of the name who've worn the papal crown)
Sends greeting: Thou whose power extends
From farthest Baltic to the shores of Crim,
Go on and prosper. Though unto thy creed
He thinks thy heart is true, still would he prove —

[*Mindowe starts, and exclaims "Ha!"*]

Send thou to him as neighboring monarchs do
An annual tribute. So he'll bless thy arms
That ere another year elapses Russ' shall yield,
And Halicz fall before thy conquering sword.

Mindowe — Thanks to the Pope. I'll profit by his leave;
I'll throw my troops in Muscovy, and scourge
The hordes of Halicz, move in every place
Like an avenging brand, and say — The Pope
Hath given me power. But, hark ye! legate,
What needs so great a priest as he of Rome

With my red gold to buy him corn and oil?
Explain! I do not understand the riddle.

Heidenric— He merely asks it as a pledge of friendship,
But nothing more. The proudest kings of Europe
Yield him such tribute.

Mindowe— Tribute!—base priest!
Whene'er thy master asks for tribute, this—

[*Striking his sword.*]

Is my reply. What hast thou there?

Heidenric— A gift—
A precious relic of most potent virtue.
Thou'st heard of St. Sebastian? holy man!
He died a martyr. This which brought him death
Is sent unto thee by his Holiness—

[*Presents a rusty spear-head.*]

Mindowe— Fie on such relics! I could give thy Pope
A thousand such! This dagger by my side
Had hung from childhood. It has drunk the blood
Of many a foe that vexed my wrath; and oft
Among them there were men, and holy men,
As holy, sir, as e'er was St. Sebastian.

Heidenric— Peace, thou blasphemer!

Mindowe [*angrily*]— How! dost thou wish thy head
To stand in safety on thy shoulders?
What means this insolence, sir legate?
Think'st thou that I shall kneel, and bow, and fawn,
And put thy master's iron yoke upon me?
They act not freely whom the fetters bind,
And none shall forge such galling chains for me!
There's not one more Mindowe in the world,
Nor is your Pope a crowned Litwanian king.

Heidenric— I speak but as the representative
Of power supreme o'er earthly monarchs.

Mindowe— Thou doest well to shelter thus thyself
Under the shield of thy legation. Hast
Aught more to utter of thy master's words,
Aught more to give?

Heidenric— I have a gift to make
Unto thy queen.

Mindowe— The queen hath lain, sir prince,
In cold corruption for a twelvemonth back.
What means this mockery?

Heidenric — Pardon, my lord!
It was not known unto his Holiness.
The forests of Litwania are so dark
They shut her doings from her neighbor's ken.
If then the queen be dead, who shall receive
This goodly gift?

Mindowe — My mother —

Heidenric — If I may judge
By what I heard e'en now, she'd not accept
Our offering.

Mindowe — Then give the gorgeous gaw
To Lawski's widow — she who soon will be
My crownèd queen. Summon her hither, page.
[*Exit Page.*
Attendants, take from hence these costly gifts,
And give them in the royal treasurer's care. —
[*Exit Attendants.*

Enter Aldona

Here comes my spotless pearl, the fair Aldona,
The choicest flower of the Litwanian vales.
Address thy speech to her.

Heidenric — Beauteous maid,
Accept these golden flowers from Tiber's banks,
Where they have grown, nursed by the beams of faith.
Nor deem them less in value that they are
By the brighter lustre of thine eyes eclipsed.

Aldona — These costly jewels and the glare of gold,
Albeit they suit not my mourning weeds,
May serve as dying ornaments. As such
I will accept them.

Heidenric [*aside*] — Ay! I warrant me.
Like to most women, she accepts the gift,
Nor farther questions. Gold is always — *gold.*

[*Motions to Lawski to approach Aldona. He does so, tremblingly.*]

Mindowe [*to Lawski*] —
Thou tremblest, Teuton!

[*Lawski raises his visor as he approaches Aldona. She recognizes his features, shrieks, and falls. Exit Lawski.*]

Mindowe — Help there — she swoons!
Without there!

Enter Attendants

Mindowe— Bear her hence. Pursue that knight.
[*Exit Attendants with Aldona.*
[*To Heidenric*]—What means this mystery?
Heidenric— I know not, sire.
He said that he had vowed whilst in our train
For certain time to keep his visor down.
He's taciturn. This with his saddened air,
Together with the rose upon his helm,
The emblem of the factious house of York,
Bespeaks him English—to my thought, at least.
Mindowe— Think ye such poor devices can deceive?
He is a spy—a base, deceitful spy.
Begone! for by my father's sepulchre
I see a dagger in my path. Begone!
[*Exit Heidenric and Herman.*
Approach, Lutuver. Didst thou see that knight
Who left so suddenly?
Lutuver— I did so, sire,
But 'f all the group I least suspected *him*
Of treasonable practices. He's silent,
For no one understands his language here;
He keeps aloof from men, because he's sad;
He's sad, because he's poor: so ends that knight.
Mindowe [*not heeding him*]—
I tell thee that my very soul's pulse throbbed,
And my heart cast with quicker flow my blood,
When that young knight approached Aldona. [*Muses.*]
Now, by the gods, I do believe 'tis he—
The banished Lawski—here to dog my steps:
What thinkest thou, Lutuver?
Lutuver— Slay him, sire!
If it be he, he's taken from my path;
If not—to slay a Teuton is no crime.
Mindowe— Thou counselest zealously. But still, thy words
Fall not upon an ear which thinks them good.
I tell thee that this Lawski is my bane,
A living poison rankling 'fore mine eyes.
Men prate about the virtues of the man:
And if a timorous leaning to the right,
From fear to follow where the wrong directs,
Be virtue, then is he a paragon.
No wonder we are deadly foes. To me

The brightness which is shed o'er all his deeds,
When placed in contact with my smothered hate,
Seems as the splendor of the noonday sun
Glancing upon some idol's horrid form,
Making its rude appearance ruder still.
One word of mine, Lutuver, might destroy
This abject snail, who crawling near my hope
Hath scared it off. But I would have him live,
And when he meets his adorable wife,—
When in th' excess of 'raptured happiness
Each fibre fills with plenitude of joy,
And naught of bliss is left to hope for,—then
At fair Aldona's feet shall he expire,
And the full heart just beating 'gainst her own
Shall yield its living current for revenge.
And she—his wife—to whom I knelt in vain,
Who oft has said she courted my dislike,
And wished I'd hate her,—she shall *have* her wish.
[*Exeunt Mindowe and Lutuver, as the curtain falls.*

I AM SO SAD, O GOD!

From 'Poets and Poetry of Poland.' Copyright 1881, by Paul Soboleski

I AM so sad, O God! Thou hast before me
Spread a bright rainbow in the western skies,
But thou hast quenched in darkness cold and stormy
The brighter stars that rise;
Clear grows the heaven 'neath thy transforming rod:
Still I am sad, O God!

Like empty ears of grain, with heads erected,
Have I delighted stood amid the crowd,
My face the while to stranger eyes reflected
The calm of summer's cloud;
But thou dost know the ways that I have trod,
And why I grieve, O God!

I am like to a weary infant fretting
Whene'er its mother leaves it for a while:
And grieving watch the sun, whose light in setting
Throws back a parting smile;
Though it will bathe anew the morning sod,
Still I am sad, O God!

To-day o'er the wide waste of ocean sweeping,
  Hundreds of miles away from shore or rock,
I saw the cranes fly on, together keeping
    In one unbroken flock;
Their feet with soil from Poland's hills were shod,
    And I was sad, O God!

Often by strangers' tombs I've lingered weary,
  Since, grown a stranger to my native ways,
I walk a pilgrim through a desert dreary,
    Lit but by lightning's blaze,
Knowing not where shall fall the burial clod
    Upon my bier, O God!

Some time hereafter will my bones lie whitened,
  Somewhere on strangers' soil, I know not where:
I envy those whose dying hours are lightened,
    Fanned by their native air;
But flowers of some strange land will spring and nod
    Above my grave, O God!

When, but a guileless child at home, they bade me
  To pray each day for home restored, I found
My bark was steering — how the thought dismayed me —
    The whole wide world around!
Those prayers unanswered, wearily I plod
    Through rugged ways, O God!

Upon the rainbow, whose resplendent rafter
  Thy angels rear above us in the sky,
Others will look a hundred years hereafter,
    And pass away as I;
Exiled and hopeless 'neath thy chastening rod,
    And sad as I, O God!

ADAM SMITH

(1723–1790)

BY RICHARD T. ELY

To speak of Adam Smith as the author of 'The Wealth of Nations' brings before us at once his chief claim to a place among the immortals in literature. The significance of this work is so overwhelming that it casts into a dark shadow all that he wrote in addition to this masterpiece. His other writings are chiefly valued in so far as they may throw additional light upon the doctrines of this one book. Few books in the world's history have exerted a greater influence on the course of human affairs; and on account of this one work, Adam Smith's name is familiar to all well-educated persons in every civilized land.

Adam Smith

Rarely does a man occupy so prominent a position in human thought, whose personality is so vague and elusive. He is generally so described that the impression is produced of a dull and uninteresting man. Quite the opposite must have been the case, however; for even the few incidents recorded of his life are sufficient to show us, when we think about it, that he must have been a delightful friend and companion. Adam Smith is generally associated in the popular mind with weighty disquisitions on free trade, on labor, on value, and other economic topics; but his life was by no means devoid of romantic touches.

Adam Smith was born of respectable parents — his father being a well-connected lawyer — at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, on June 5th, 1723. His father had died three months before his birth; but he was brought up and well educated by his mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached. It is said, indeed, that he never recovered from his mother's death, which took place when he was sixty years of age. After attending a school in his native town, he was sent to the University of Glasgow at the age of fourteen; and three years later, obtaining an «exhibition,» — or, as we say in the United States, a scholarship, — he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he remained

for more than six years. In 1748 he moved to Edinburgh, and delivered public lectures on rhetoric and *belles-lettres*. Three years later he was appointed professor of logic in Glasgow University, and four years later he exchanged his professorship for that of moral philosophy. In 1763 he resigned his professorship, and traveled for three years on the Continent of Europe as tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch. From 1766 to 1776 he lived in retirement, engaged in the preparation of his great work, 'The Wealth of Nations,' which appeared in the latter year and very soon made him famous. During the years 1776 to 1778 he lived in London, mingling with the best literary society of the time. The year last named witnessed his return to his native Scotland, where he chose Edinburgh as his home for the rest of his life. Three years before his death, which occurred in 1790, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and was highly gratified by the honor conferred upon him.

Adam Smith was a bachelor; but we are told by Dugald Stewart, his biographer, that he had once been warmly attached to a beautiful and accomplished young lady. It is not known why it was that their union was never consummated: neither one ever married. Dugald Stewart saw the lady after the death of Adam Smith, when she was upwards of eighty; and he stated that she «still retained evident traces of her former beauty. The power of her understanding and the gayety of her temper seemed to have suffered nothing from the hand of time.»

Adam Smith was not a voluminous writer, and some of the MSS. which he did compose were destroyed by his order. His works, however, show a wide range of thought and study. One brief treatise of some note is entitled 'A Dissertation on the Origin of Languages.' Three essays deal with the 'Principles which Lead and Direct Philosophical Inquiries as Illustrated'—first, by the 'History of Ancient Astronomy'; second, by the 'History of Ancient Physics'; third, by 'Ancient Logic and Metaphysics.' Other essays are on 'The Imitative Arts'; 'Music,' 'Dancing,' 'Poetry'; 'The External Senses'; 'English and Italian Verses.'

A few words must be devoted to the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments' before hastening on to the 'Wealth of Nations.' The former is an ambitious work, and one which in itself has considerable merit. Moreover, it is significant because it is part of a large treatise on moral philosophy which Smith planned. This treatise was to have embraced four parts: first, 'Natural Theology'; second, 'Ethics'; third, 'Jurisprudence'; fourth, 'Police, Revenue, and Arms.' The second part is 'The Moral Sentiments'; and in the 'Wealth of Nations' he presented the fourth part, as he himself tells us. Unfortunately, he has not given the world the first and third parts, which however

were embraced in his lectures to his students while he was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

The 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' it has been maintained, would have achieved renown for its author, and a place for him in literature, had it been presented to the world simply as a collection of essays on the topics with which it deals; viz., the 'Propriety and Impropriety of Actions,' their 'Merit and Demerit,' 'Virtue,' 'Justice,' 'Duty,' etc. The essays are finely written, full of subtle analysis and truthful illustration. The book is least significant, however, as philosophy; because it lacks any profound examination of the foundation upon which the author's views rest.

The guiding principle of the 'Moral Sentiments' is sympathy, or fellow feeling; not merely pity or compassion, but feeling with our fellows in their joys as well as sorrows. This sympathy is distinguished from self-love, and it is described as something given to man by nature. This idea is brought out by the opening words, which are these: «How selfish soever man may be supposed, there is evidently some principle in his nature which interests him in the fortune of others, and renders their happiness necessary to him; though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it.»

The full title of Adam Smith's great work, ordinarily given as simply the 'Wealth of Nations,' is 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.' The date of the appearance of this book — viz., 1776 — is a significant one, for it recalls the Declaration of Independence. Both of them were the outcome of the same political and social philosophy; both of them were protests against ancient wrongs and abuses.

The 'Wealth of Nations' appeared when the industrial revolution was fairly under way; inventions and discoveries had begun their transformation of industrial society. Old forms and methods were no longer sufficient for the growing, expanding life of this «springtime of the nations»; these springtimes of the nations recur at intervals, and a great deal of rubbish has to be cleared away to make room for new life. Adam Smith's work was largely negative. One biographer of him, Mr. R. B. Haldane, speaks of him as «one of the greatest vanquishers of error on record.» He regarded himself as the advocate of a system of natural liberty: «nature» and «liberty» are two perpetually recurring words; they must be associated, to understand the economic philosophy of the 'Wealth of Nations.' One of the assumptions underlying this book is that of a beneficent order of nature lying back of all human institutions. The cry of the age was «back to nature.» Rousseau gave loud utterance to this watchword, and it was echoed and re-echoed by the writers and thinkers of the eighteenth century, both great and small. Nature, it was held,

has done all things well; everything proceeding from the hands of nature is good: what is evil in the world is man's artificial product; before man interfered with nature there was the «golden age,» and to this «golden age» we must somehow get back. We must break away from human contrivances, and seek for the order prescribed by nature. Consequently we have perpetually recurring demand for natural rights, natural liberty, natural law.

Nature has implanted in man self-interest, and the operation of self-interest in the individual man is socially beneficent. Nature has so ordered things that each man in seeking his own welfare will best promote the welfare of his fellows. We must simply leave nature alone, and give fair play to natural forces to bring about the largest production of wealth. The causes of the wealth of nations must be sought in the manifold actions of self-interest of individuals. The 'Wealth of Nations,' then, is a protest against restraints and restrictions; it is directed against what was held to be the over-government, but what subsequent history has shown to be rather the unwise and unjust government, of that period. Careful examination of modern nations, especially as revealed in their financial expenditures, shows that as modern nations have progressed, the activities of government have undergone immense expansion, but have changed their direction and have altered their methods; their spirit and purpose are different.

The abuses against which Adam Smith chiefly protested were restrictions upon the freedom of trade, and the exclusive privileges of ancient guilds and corporations, and laws directed against labor. He was in principle a free-trader. His anti-monopoly views, however, are equally pronounced.

It is important to notice one thing in connection with Adam Smith's protest against labor laws; and that is, that he had in mind laws aimed to control labor in the interest of the employer, and not laws like our modern labor laws, the purpose of which is to protect and advance the interests of labor. He said, indeed, in one place, that if any labor law should chance to be in the interest of labor, it was sure to be a just law. This ought not to be forgotten in comparing his spirit with that of modern writers who protest against labor legislation. He was warmly humanitarian, and his ruling passion was to benefit mankind. On his death-bed he expressed regret that he had been able to do so little.

Adam Smith was far from being a mere doctrinaire. He had the practical disposition of the Scotchman, and was a close observer of life. Common-sense, then, was one of his chief characteristics; and he never hesitated to make exceptions to general principles when this was required by concrete conditions. Free trade, for example, was

a good thing; but he at once recognized that changes in tariff policies must be made with due regard to existing interests which had grown up under a different policy. Private action in the sphere of education was in accord with his philosophy; yet he could say that under certain circumstances it might be wise for the government to foster education, especially in a country with democratic institutions.

Even in so brief a sketch as this, a word must be said about Adam Smith's position with respect to labor. He opens the 'Wealth of Nations' with the statement that "The annual labor of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life which it annually consumes." One school of writers, the Mercantilists, had held that the main thing in the advancement of the wealth of nations was foreign trade. A later school, valued highly by Smith,—viz., the Physiocrats,—had maintained that in the rent of land must be sought the causes of the increase of wealth. It is doubtless as a protest against both these schools that Adam Smith states that the original fund of wealth is labor. He wants to make labor central and pivotal. Rodbertus, the German socialist, has claimed that his socialism consists simply in an elaboration of Adam Smith's doctrine of labor; but this is undoubtedly going too far.

All the economists before the time of Adam Smith must be regarded as his predecessors; all the economists who have lived since Adam Smith have carried on his work: and his position in economics is therefore somewhat like that of Darwin in natural science. There are many schools among modern economists, but their work all stands in some relation to that large work of this "old master."

The centenary of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' was celebrated in 1876; and it was at that time stated that no other work had enjoyed the honor of a centennial commemoration. Statesmen in all nations have been influenced by it. Buckle, with his customary exaggeration, makes this statement: "Well may it be said of Adam Smith, and that too without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more to the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has presented an authentic account." Even the more careful Bagehot used these words: "The life of nearly every one in England—perhaps of every one—is different and better in consequence of it. No other form of political philosophy has ever had one thousandth part of the influence on us."

Richard T. Ely

THE PRUDENT MAN

From the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments'

THE prudent man always studies seriously and earnestly to understand whatever he professes to understand, and not merely to persuade other people that he understands it; and though his talents may not always be very brilliant, they are always perfectly genuine. He neither endeavors to impose upon you by the cunning devices of an artful impostor, nor by the arrogant airs of an assuming pedant, nor by the confident assertions of a superficial and impudent pretender: he is not ostentatious even of the abilities which he really possesses. His conversation is simple and modest; and he is averse to all the quackish arts by which other people so frequently thrust themselves into public notice and reputation. For reputation in his profession he is naturally disposed to rely a good deal upon the solidity of his knowledge and abilities: and he does not always think of cultivating the favor of those little clubs and cabals, who, in the superior arts and sciences, so often erect themselves into the supreme judges of merit; and who make it their business to celebrate the talents and virtues of one another, and to decry whatever can come into competition with them. If he ever connects himself with any society of this kind, it is merely in self-defense; not with a view to impose upon the public, but to hinder the public from being imposed upon, to his disadvantage, by the clamors, the whispers, or the intrigues, either of that particular society or of some other of the same kind.

The prudent man is always sincere; and feels horror at the very thought of exposing himself to the disgrace which attends upon the detection of falsehood. But though always sincere, he is not always frank and open; and though he never tells anything but the truth, he does not always think himself bound, when not properly called upon, to tell the whole truth. As he is cautious in his actions, so he is reserved in his speech; and never rashly or unnecessarily obtrudes his opinion concerning either things or persons.

The prudent man, though not always distinguished by the most exquisite sensibility, is always very capable of friendship. But his friendship is not that ardent and passionate but too often transitory affection, which appears so delicious to the generosity of youth and inexperience. It is a sedate but steady and faithful attachment to a few well-tried and well-chosen companions;

in the choice of whom he is guided not by the giddy admiration of shining accomplishments, but by the sober esteem of modesty, discretion, and good conduct. But though capable of friendship, he is not always much disposed to general sociality. He rarely frequents, and more rarely figures in, those convivial societies which are distinguished for the jollity and gayety of their conversation. Their way of life might too often interfere with the regularity of his temperance, might interrupt the steadiness of his industry, or break in upon the strictness of his frugality.

But though his conversation may not always be very sprightly or diverting, it is always perfectly inoffensive. He hates the thought of being guilty of any petulance or rudeness; he never assumes impertinently over anybody, and upon all common occasions is willing to place himself rather below than above his equals. Both in his conduct and conversation he is an exact observer of decency; and respects, with an almost religious scrupulosity, all the established decorums and ceremonials of society. And in this respect he sets a much better example than has frequently been done by men of much more splendid talents and virtues, who in all ages — from that of Socrates and Aristippus down to that of Dr. Swift and Voltaire, and from that of Philip and Alexander the Great down to that of the great Czar Peter of Moscovy — have too often distinguished themselves by the most improper and even insolent contempt of all the ordinary decorums of life and conversation, and who have thereby set the most pernicious example to those who wish to resemble them, and who too often content themselves with imitating their follies without even attempting to attain their perfections.

In the steadiness of his industry and frugality, in his steadily sacrificing the ease and enjoyment of the present moment for the probable expectation of the still greater ease and enjoyment of a more distant but more lasting period of time, the prudent man is always both supported and rewarded by the entire approbation of the impartial spectator, and of the representative of the impartial spectator,— the man within the breast. The impartial spectator does not feel himself worn out by the present labor of those whose conduct he surveys; nor does he feel himself solicited by the importunate calls of their present appetites. To him their present, and what is likely to be their future, situation are very nearly the same; he sees them nearly at the same distance, and is affected by them very nearly in the same manner: he knows, however, that to the persons principally concerned

they are very far from being the same, and that they naturally affect *them* in a very different manner. He cannot therefore but approve, and even applaud, that proper exertion of self-command which enables them to act as if their present and their future situation affected them nearly in the same manner in which they affect him.

The man who lives within his income is naturally contented with his situation, which by continual though small accumulations is growing better and better every day. He is enabled gradually to relax, both in the rigor of his parsimony and in the severity of his application; and he feels with double satisfaction this gradual increase of ease and enjoyment, from having felt before the hardship which attended the want of them. He has no anxiety to change so comfortable a situation; and does not go in quest of new enterprises and adventures, which might endanger, but could not well increase, the secure tranquillity which he actually enjoys. If he enters into any new projects or enterprises, they are likely to be well concerted and well prepared. He can never be hurried or driven into them by any necessity, but has always time and leisure to deliberate soberly and coolly concerning what are likely to be their consequences.

The prudent man is not willing to subject himself to any responsibility which his duty does not impose upon him. He is not a bustler in business where he has no concern; is not a meddler in other people's affairs; is not a professed counselor or adviser, who obtrudes his advice where nobody is asking it; he confines himself, as much as his duty will permit, to his own affairs, and has no taste for that foolish importance which many people wish to derive from appearing to have some influence in the management of those of other people; he is averse to enter into any party disputes, hates faction, and is not always very forward to listen to the voice even of noble and great ambition. When distinctly called upon, he will not decline the service of his country; but he will not cabal in order to force himself into it, and would be much better pleased that the public business were well managed by some other person, than that he himself should have the trouble, and incur the responsibility, of managing it. In the bottom of his heart he would prefer the undisturbed enjoyment of secure tranquillity, not only to all the vain splendor of successful ambition, but to the real and solid glory of performing the greatest and most magnanimous actions.

OF THE WAGES OF LABOR

From the ‹Wealth of Nations›

THE produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor.

In that original state of things, which precedes both the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock, the whole produce of labor belongs to the laborer. He has neither landlord nor master to share with him.

Had this state continued, the wages of labor would have augmented with all those improvements in its productive powers, to which the division of labor gives occasion. All things would gradually have become cheaper. They would have been produced by a smaller quantity of labor; and as the commodities produced by equal quantities of labor would naturally in this state of things be exchanged for one another, they would have been purchased likewise with the produce of a smaller quantity.

But though all things would have become cheaper in reality, in appearance many things might have become dearer than before, or have been exchanged for a greater quantity of other goods. Let us suppose, for example, that in the greater part of employments the productive powers of labor had been improved to tenfold, or that a day's labor could produce ten times the quantity of work which it had done originally; but that in a particular employment they had been improved only to double, or that a day's labor could produce only twice the quantity of work which it had done before. In exchanging the produce of a day's labor in the greater part of employments, for that of a day's labor in this particular one, ten times the original quantity of work in them would purchase only twice the original quantity in it. Any particular quantity in it, therefore,—a pound weight for example, —would appear to be five times dearer than before. In reality, however, it would be twice as cheap. Though it required five times the quantity of other goods to produce it, it would require only half the quantity of labor either to purchase or to produce it. The acquisition, therefore, would be twice as easy as before.

But this original state of things, in which the laborer enjoyed the whole produce of his own labor, could not last beyond the first introduction of the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock. It was at an end, therefore, long before the most considerable improvements were made in the productive powers

of labor, and it would be to no purpose to trace further what might have been its effects upon the recompense or wages of labor.

As soon as land becomes private property, the landlord demands a share of almost all the produce which the laborer can either raise, or collect from it. His rent makes the first deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

It seldom happens that the person who tills the ground has wherewithal to maintain himself till he reaps the harvest. His maintenance is generally advanced to him from the stock of a master, the farmer who employs him, and who would have no interest to employ him unless he was to share in the produce of his labor, or unless his stock was to be replaced to him with a profit. This profit makes a second deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

The produce of almost all other labor is liable to the like deduction of profit. In all arts and manufactures the greater part of the workmen stand in need of a master to advance them the materials of their work, and their wages and maintenances till it be completed. He shares in the produce of their labor, or in the value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed; and in this consists his profit.

It sometimes happens, indeed, that a single independent workman has stock sufficient both to purchase the materials of his work, and to maintain himself till it be completed. He is both master and workman, and enjoys the whole produce of his own labor, or the whole value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed. It includes what are usually two distinct revenues belonging to two distinct persons,—the profits of stock, and the wages of labor.

Such cases, however, are not very frequent, and in every part of Europe, twenty workmen serve under a master for one that is independent; and the wages of labor are everywhere understood to be, what they usually are when the laborer is one person, and the owner of the stock which employs him another.

What are the common wages of labor, depends everywhere upon the contract usually made between those two parties, whose interests are by no means the same. The workmen desire to get as much, the masters to give as little, as possible. The former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter in order to lower, the wages of labor.

It is not, however, difficult to foresee which of these two parties must, upon all ordinary occasions, have the advantage in the dispute, and force the other into a compliance with their terms. The masters, being fewer in number, can combine much more easily; and the law, besides, authorizes or at least does not prohibit their combinations, while it prohibits those of the workmen.* We have no acts of Parliament against combining to lower the price of work; but many against combining to raise it. In all such disputes the masters can hold out much longer. A landlord, a farmer, a master manufacturer or merchant, though they did not employ a single workman, could generally live a year or two upon the stocks which they have already acquired. Many workmen could not subsist a week, few could subsist a month, and scarce any a year, without employment. In the long run the workman may be as necessary to his master as his master is to him; but the necessity is not so immediate.

We rarely hear, it has been said, of the combinations of masters, though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines upon this account that masters rarely combine, is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform, combination not to raise the wages of labor above their actual rate. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbors and equals. We seldom indeed hear of this combination, because it is the usual, and one may say, the natural state of things, which nobody ever hears of. Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the wages of labor even below this rate. These are always conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy till the moment of execution; and when the workmen yield, as they sometimes do, without resistance, though severely felt by them they are never heard of by other people. Such combinations, however, are frequently resisted by a contrary defensive combination of the workmen; who sometimes, too, without any provocation of this kind, combine of their own accord to raise the price of their labor. Their usual pretenses are, sometimes the high price of provisions, sometimes the great profit which their masters make by their work. But whether their combinations be offensive or defensive, they are always abundantly heard of. In

* Repealed in 1824.

order to bring the point to a speedy decision, they have always recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage. They are desperate; and act with the folly and extravagance of desperate men, who must either starve or frighten their masters into an immediate compliance with their demands. The masters upon these occasions are just as clamorous upon the other side; and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrate, and the rigorous execution of those laws which have been enacted with so much severity against the combinations of servants, laborers, and journeymen. The workmen, accordingly, very seldom derive any advantage from the violence of those tumultuous combinations, which, partly from the interposition of the civil magistrate, partly from the superior steadiness of the masters, partly from the necessity which the greater part of the workmen are under of submitting, for the sake of present subsistence, generally end in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders.

HOME INDUSTRIES

Of Restraints upon the Importation from Foreign Countries of such Goods as can be Produced at Home

From the 'Wealth of Nations'

The general industry of the society can never exceed what the capital of the society can employ. As the number of workmen that can be kept in employment by any particular person must bear a certain proportion to his capital, so the number of those that can be continually employed by all the members of a great society must bear a certain proportion to the whole capital of that society, and can never exceed that proportion. No regulation of commerce can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain. It can only divert a part of it into a direction into which it might not otherwise have gone; and it is by no means certain that this artificial direction is likely to be more advantageous to the society than that into which it would have gone of its own accord.

Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of society,

which he has in view. But the study of his own advantage, naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society.

I. Every individual endeavors to employ his capital as near home as he can, and consequently as much as he can in the support of domestic industry; provided always that he can thereby obtain the ordinary, or not a great deal less than the ordinary, profits of stock.

Thus, upon equal or nearly equal profits, every wholesale merchant naturally prefers the home trade to the foreign trade of consumption, and the foreign trade of consumption to the carrying trade. In the home trade his capital is never so long out of his sight as it frequently is in the foreign trade of consumption. He can know better the character and situation of the person whom he trusts; and if he should happen to be deceived, he knows better the laws of the country from which he must seek redress. In the carrying trade, the capital of the merchant is, as it were, divided between two foreign countries; and no part of it is ever necessarily brought home, or placed under his own immediate view and command. . . .

II. Every individual who employs his capital in the support of domestic industry, necessarily endeavors so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest possible value.

The produce of industry is what it adds to the subject or materials upon which it is employed. In proportion as the value of this produce is great or small, so will likewise be the profits of the employer. But it is only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry; and he will always, therefore, endeavor to employ it in the support of that industry of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, or to exchange for the greatest quantity either of money or of other goods.

But the annual revenue of every society is always precisely equal to the exchangeable value of the whole annual produce of its industry, or rather is precisely the same thing with that exchangeable value. As every individual, therefore, endeavors as much as he can both to employ his capital in the support of domestic industry, and so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest value, every individual necessarily labors to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest

nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preferring the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain; and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that it was no part of it. By pursuing his own interest, he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it. I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

What is the species of domestic industry which his capital can employ, and of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, every individual, it is evident, can, in this local situation, judge much better than any statesman or lawgiver can do for him. The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever; and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.

To give the monopoly of the home market to the produce of domestic industry, in any particular art or manufacture, is in some measure to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals; and must in almost all cases be either a useless or a hurtful regulation. If the produce of domestic can be brought there as cheap as that of foreign industry, the regulation is evidently useless. If it cannot, it must generally be hurtful. It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors; and to purchase with

a part of its produce — or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it — whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage. The general industry of the country, being always in proportion to the capital which employs it, will not thereby be diminished, no more than that of the above-mentioned artificers; but only left to find out the way in which it can be employed with the greatest advantage. It is certainly not employed to the greatest advantage when it is thus directed towards an object which it can buy cheaper than it can make. The value of its annual produce is certainly more or less diminished, when it is thus turned away from producing commodities evidently of more value than the commodity which it is directed to produce. According to the supposition, that commodity could be purchased from foreign countries cheaper than it can be made at home. It could therefore have been purchased with a part only of the commodities, or what is the same thing, with a part only of the price of the commodities, which the industry employed by an equal capital would have produced at home had it been left to follow its natural course. The industry of the country, therefore, is thus turned away from a more to a less advantageous employment; and the changeable value of its annual produce, instead of being increased according to the intention of the lawgiver, must necessarily be diminished, by every such regulation.

By means of such regulations, indeed, a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and after a certain time may be made at home as cheap or cheaper than in the foreign country. But though the industry of the society may be thus carried with advantage into a particular channel sooner than it could have been otherwise, it will by no means follow that the sum total, either of its industry or of its revenue, can ever be augmented by any such regulation. The industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue. But the immediate effect of every such regulation is to diminish its revenue; and what diminishes its revenue is certainly not very likely

to augment its capital faster than it would have augmented of its own accord, had both their capital and their industry been left to find out their natural employments.

Though for want of such regulations the society should never acquire the proposed manufacture, it would not upon that account necessarily be the poorer in any one period of its duration. In every period of its duration its whole capital and industry might still have been employed, though upon different objects, in the manner that was most advantageous at the time. In every period its revenue might have been the greatest which its capital could afford; and both capital and revenue might have been augmented with the greatest possible rapidity.

The natural advantages which one country has over another in producing particular commodities are sometimes so great that it is acknowledged by all the world to be in vain to struggle with them. By means of glasses, hot-beds, and hot-walls, very good grapes can be raised in Scotland, and very good wine too can be made of them, at about thirty times the expense for which at least equally good can be brought from foreign countries. Would it be a reasonable law to prohibit the importation of all foreign wines merely to encourage the making of claret and burgundy in Scotland? But if there would be a manifest absurdity in turning towards any employment thirty times more of the capital and industry of the country than would be necessary to purchase from foreign countries an equal quantity of the commodities wanted, there must be an absurdity, though not altogether so glaring, yet exactly of the same kind, in turning towards any such employment a thirtieth, or even a three-hundredth part more of either. Whether the advantages which one country has over another be natural or acquired is in this respect of no consequence. As long as the one country has those advantages and the other wants them, it will always be more advantageous for the latter rather to buy of the former than to make. It is an acquired advantage only which one artificer has over his neighbor who exercises another trade; and yet they both find it more advantageous to buy of one another than to make what does not belong to their particular trades.

OF MILITARY AND GENERAL EDUCATION

From the 'Wealth of Nations'

THAT in the progress of improvement the practice of military exercises, unless government takes proper pains to support it, goes gradually to decay,—and together with it, the martial spirit of the great body of the people,—the example of modern Europe sufficiently demonstrates. But the security of every society must always depend, more or less, upon the martial spirit of the great body of the people. In the present times, indeed, the martial spirit alone, and unsupported by a well-disciplined standing army, would not perhaps be sufficient for the defense and security of any society. But where every citizen had the spirit of a soldier, a smaller standing army would surely be requisite. That spirit, besides, would necessarily diminish very much the dangers to liberty, whether real or imaginary, which are commonly apprehended from a standing army. As it would very much facilitate the operations of that army against a foreign invader, so it would obstruct them as much if unfortunately they should ever be directed against the constitution of the State.

The ancient institutions of Greece and Rome seem to have been much more effectual for maintaining the martial spirit of the great body of the people, than the establishment of what are called the militias of modern times. They were much more simple. When they were once established, they executed themselves, and it required little or no attention from government to maintain them in the most perfect vigor. Whereas to maintain, even in tolerable execution, the complex regulations of any modern militia, requires the continual and painful attention of government, without which they are constantly falling into total neglect and disuse. The influence, besides, of the ancient institutions was much more universal. By means of them the whole body of the people was completely instructed in the use of arms. Whereas it is but a very small part of them who can ever be so instructed by the regulations of any modern militia, except perhaps that of Switzerland. But a coward—a man incapable of defending or of revenging himself—evidently wants one of the most essential parts of the character of a man. He is as much mutilated and deformed in his mind as another is in his body, who is either deprived of some of its most essential members or has lost the use of them. He is evidently the more wretched and miserable

of the two; because happiness and misery, which reside altogether in the mind, must necessarily depend more upon the healthful or unhealthful, the mutilated or entire state of the mind, than upon that of the body. Even though the martial spirit of the people were of no use towards the defense of the society, yet to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness, which cowardice necessarily involves in it, from spreading themselves through the great body of the people, would still deserve the most serious attention of government, in the same manner as it would deserve its most serious attention to prevent a leprosy, or any other loathsome and offensive disease though neither mortal nor dangerous, from spreading itself among them; though perhaps no other public good might result from such attention besides the prevention of so great a public evil.

The same thing may be said of the gross ignorance and stupidity which, in a civilized society, seem so frequently to benumb the understandings of all the inferior ranks of people. A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward; and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature. Though the State was to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of people, it would still deserve its attention that they should not be altogether uninstructed. The State, however, derives no inconsiderable advantage from their instruction. The more they are instructed, the less liable they are to the delusions of enthusiasm and superstition which, among ignorant nations, frequently occasion the most dreadful disorders. An instructed and intelligent people, besides, are always more decent and orderly than an ignorant and stupid one. They feel themselves, each individually, more respectable, and more likely to obtain the respect of their lawful superiors; and they are therefore more disposed to respect those superiors. They are more disposed to examine, and more capable of seeing through, the interested complaints of faction and sedition; and they are upon that account less apt to be misled into any wanton or unnecessary opposition to the measures of government. In free countries, where the safety of government depends very much upon the favorable judgment which the people may form of its conduct, it must surely be of the highest importance that they should not be disposed to judge rashly or capriciously concerning it.

GOLDWIN SMITH

(1823–)

THE liberal movement in the politics and religious thought of the present day is adequately represented by the intellectual career of Goldwin Smith. Throughout his long life he has been in the van of what he considers the progressive forces of the time. His conception of progress, as primarily a moral process, pervades the entire body of his writings whether he is dealing with the Canadian question, with the question of Home Rule, with the condition of the colonies, or with the temper of the Establishment. So convinced is he that the workings of the moral order exceed in strength all other forms of power, that he measures the importance and duration of various social and political institutions by the degree of their conformance to this order. In consequence he sees disintegration where others see permanence; and degeneration where others look for growth. The charge of being of a negative and destructive spirit has been frequently brought against him: he claims, however, by the tacit testimony of his books on politics and history, the privilege of a prophet, who can foresee reformation only through the intervening spaces of disorder and decay.

GOLDWIN SMITH

The fundamental principle underlying his judgments of contemporary affairs is contained in his early lectures on the 'Study of History.' He applies the principle of historical development — the progress of mankind through the efforts of individuals — to present-day matters. To understand his conception of history is to understand to a degree his position towards the events of his time.

«That the human race is in a real sense one; that its efforts are common and tend in some measure to a joint result; that its several members may stand in the eye of their Maker, not only as individual agents, but as contributors to this joint result,— is a doctrine which our reason perhaps finds something to support, and which our hearts readily accept. It unites us not only in sympathy, but in real interest, with the generations that are to come

after us, as well as with those that are gone before us; it makes each generation, each man, a partaker in the wealth of all: it encourages us to sow a harvest which we shall reap, not with our own hands indeed, but by the hands of those that come after us; it at once represses selfish ambition, and stimulates the desire of earning the gratitude of our kind; it strengthens all social and regulates all personal desires; it limits—and by limiting sustains—effort, and calms the passionate craving to grasp political perfection or final truth; it fills up the fragment, gives fruitfulness to effort apparently wasted, and covers present failure with ultimate success; it turns the death of States, as of men, into incidents of one vast life; and quenches the melancholy which flows from the ruins of the past,—that past into which we too are sinking, just when great things seem about to come.»

It is this dispassionate spirit of world-citizenship, this ability to «look before and after,» which has led Goldwin Smith to attach himself permanently to no party, to hold fast by no creed, political or religious. His manner of life has fostered this cosmopolitanism of thought and feeling. He is by birth an Englishman. He was born at Reading, Berkshire, August 13th, 1823; was educated at Eton, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was graduated with high honors in 1845; subsequently he was chosen Fellow and tutor of University College. In 1847 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1850, and again in 1854, he served as secretary to the Royal Commission of University Reform. From 1858 to 1866 he was a member of the Education Commission, whose labors resulted in the Education Bill of 1870. At the same period he was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He had devoted himself early in his career to the study of contemporary politics. In 1861 he published 'Irish History and Irish Character,' in which he endeavored to explain the events of Ireland's history by the temperament of her sons. In the same year he published the 'Foundation of the American Colonies,' and two years later 'The Morality of the Emancipation Proclamation.' He had made a most careful investigation of the causes leading to the Civil War; he understood the situation better perhaps than any one else in England. His support of the North was strong and persistent; during the period of the War, his letters to the Daily News went far to hold a clear picture of the situation before English readers. As was usual with him, he understood the importance of the moral question underlying the political; he foresaw the triumph of the Union, because it was in the stream of the tendency towards righteousness. In 1865 appeared his 'England and America,' and in 1866 'The Civil War in America.' In 1866 he published also his 'Lectures on the Study of History.' These are of great value, not alone for their princely style: they exhibit a clearness of insight into social and political problems, and into the laws of historical development, not surpassed by any other modern historian. Goldwin Smith assumes that history cannot

be studied as a whole until the moral unity of the race is thoroughly felt. He disclaims the theory of the positive school, that history is governed by necessary laws, and can therefore come under the domain of physical science; disclaims it on the ground that the moral element in it renders it just beyond the calculations of science. It is made up of the actions of men, and must be read in the light of moral rather than material laws. It thus becomes the highest of all studies,—the study of man's struggles upward from the beast to the god. In another lecture on 'Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Progress,' he endeavors to show that Christianity as a moral power has been ever on the side of civilization and advancement: where it has conflicted with progress, its dogmatic, not its moral quality has been in the ascendency.

In 1868 Professor Smith accepted the chair of English History in Cornell University; in 1869 he published 'Relations between England and America,' and a 'Short History of England.' In 1871 he removed to Toronto, where he was made a member of the senate of Toronto University. From 1872 until 1874 he edited the Canadian Monthly; he was then for a time the editor of the Bystander, a political weekly. After the discontinuance of this paper, he edited the Week until 1881.

In 1879 he published 'Political Destiny of Canada,' and in 1891 'Canada and the Canadian Question.' He advocates the annexation of Canada to the United States. He bases his arguments for annexation upon what he believes is inevitable in the course of national development,—the union of the English-speaking races on the North-American continent. He is moreover a disbeliever in England's imperialism: he does not favor the colonial system, being of opinion that the greatness of a nation does not depend upon the extent of the territory controlled by it; he believes, moreover, that England must lose her colonies, as they grow in strength and in individuality.

In 1880 he published a 'Life of Cowper.' It is not equal to his 'Life of Jane Austen'; perhaps because he was more in sympathy with the novelist's common-sense and impersonal outlook upon life, than with the hypersensitive spirit of the gentle poet. In 1881 appeared 'Lectures and Essays'; in 1882 'Conduct of England to Ireland'; in 1883 'False Hopes, or Fallacies, Socialistic and Semi-Socialistic'; and in 1884 'A Trip to England.' In 1894 he published 'Essays on Questions of the Day.' The first of these, on 'Social and Industrial Revolutions,' throws sudden vivid light on many old problems: it exposes the underlying weakness of socialism, communism, anarchism, and other forms of socialistic tendency, but it does not lay the blame entirely on one class or the other. The ostentatious rich, he maintains, belong to the dangerous class as truly as

the bomb-thrower. Throughout all his arguments can be traced his belief in the orderly progress of events; his recognition of the fact that "equality" is the most Utopian word in the language, of the truth that reformation is a growth, not a revolution.

In his latest book, 'Guesses at the Riddle of Existence,' he touches on some of the great religious problems of the day,— touches on them merely as one who cannot afford to linger long over what can after all, as he believes, be solved only in the domain of the moral nature, not of the intellectual life. His faith, like the faith of many of his contemporaries, would express itself in conduct rather than in the subtleties of creed. For that reason he is drawn to the contemplation of Christ as being in very truth the Light of the moral world.

Of Goldwin Smith's position in the domain of literature it is difficult to speak with justice. He is less a man of letters than a man of affairs; yet, as a writer of sinewy English prose he is not surpassed among his contemporaries. He handles words like delicate instruments which may assist to the birth or may deal death. For this reason, if for no other, he is a formidable adversary, a trustworthy champion. His English is the English of the scholar, whose taste and character have been formed by contact with the world as well as with Homer, Lucretius, and Virgil. His culture as a poet is shown in some admirable versions of Horace. Of the reasonableness of his opinions in religion and politics, future generations alone can judge with fairness. He is thoroughly representative at least of a transitional age in the political and religious development of the modern world.

JOHN PYM

From 'Three English Statesmen'

PYM had been second only to Sir John Eliot as a leader of the patriot party in the reign of James. He was one of the twelve deputies of the Commons when James cried, with insight as well as spleen, "Set twal chairs: here be twal kings coming." He had stood among the foremost of those "evil-tempered spirits" who protested that the liberties of Parliament were not the favors of the Crown, but the birthright of Englishmen; and who for so doing were imprisoned without law. He had resolved, as he said, that he would rather suffer for speaking the truth, than the truth should suffer for want of his speaking. His greatness had increased in the struggle against Charles I.

He had been one of the chief managers of the impeachment of Buckingham; and for that service to public justice he had again suffered a glorious imprisonment. He had accused Manwaring; he had raised a voice of power against the Romanizing intrigues of Laud. In those days he and Strafford were dear friends, and fellow-soldiers in the same cause. But when the death of Buckingham left the place of First Minister vacant, Strafford sought an interview with Pym at Greenwich; and when they met, began to talk against dangerous courses, and to hint at advantageous overtures to be made by the court. Pym cut him short: "You need not use all this art to tell me that you have a mind to leave us. But remember what I tell you,—you are going to be undone. And remember also that though you leave us, I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders!" Such at least was the story current in the succeeding age, of the last interview between the Great Champion of Freedom and the Great Apostate.

Pym was a Somersetshire gentleman of good family; and it was from good families—such families at least as do not produce Jacobins—that most of the leaders of this revolution sprang. I note it, not to claim for principle the patronage of birth and wealth, but to show how strong that principle must have been which could thus move birth and wealth away from their natural bias. It is still true, not in the ascetic but in the moral sense, that it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and when we see rich men entering into the kingdom of heaven, hazarding the enjoyment of wealth for the sake of principle, we may know that it is no common age. Oxford was the place of Pym's education; and there he was distinguished not only by solid acquirements, but by elegant accomplishments, so that an Oxford poet calls him the favorite of Apollo. High culture is now rather in disgrace in some quarters; and not without a color of reason, as unbracing the sinews of action, and destroying sympathy with the people. Nevertheless, the universities produced the great statesmen and the great warriors of the Commonwealth. If the Oxford of Pym, of Hampden, and of Blake, the Oxford of Wycliffe, the Oxford where in still earlier times those principles were nursed which gave us the Great Charter and the House of Commons—if this Oxford, I say, now seems by her political bearing to dishonor learning, and by an ignoble choice does a wrong to the nation which Lancashire is called upon to

redress,—believe me, it is not the university which thus offends, but a power alien to the university and alien to learning, to which the university is, and unless you rescue her, will continue to be, a slave.

It is another point of difference between the English and the French revolutions, that the leaders of the English Revolution were as a rule good husbands and fathers, in whom domestic affection was the root of public virtue. Pym, after being for some time in public life, married, and after his marriage lived six years in retirement; a part of training as necessary as action to the depth of character and the power of sustained thought which are the elements of greatness. At the end of the six years his wife died, and he took no other wife but his country.

There were many elements in the patriot party, united at first, afterward severed from each other by the fierce winnowing-fan of the struggle, and marking by their successive ascendency the changing phases of the Revolution: Constitutional Monarchists, aristocratic Republicans, Republicans thorough-going, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and in the abyss beneath them all the Anabaptists, the Fifth Monarchy men, and the Levelers. Pym was a friend of constitutional monarchy in politics, a Protestant Episcopalian in religion; against a despot, but for a king; against the tyranny and political power of the bishops, but satisfied with that form of church government. He was no fanatic and no ascetic. He was genial, social, even convivial. His enemies held him up to the hatred of the sectaries as a man of pleasure. As the statesman and orator of the less extreme party, and of the first period of the Revolution, he is the English counterpart of Mirabeau, so far as a Christian patriot can be the counterpart of a Voltairean debauchee.

Nor is he altogether unlike Mirabeau in the style of his eloquence; our better appreciation of which, as well as our better knowledge of Pym and of this the heroic age of our history in general, we owe to the patriotic and truly noble diligence of Mr. John Forster, from whose researches no small portion of my materials for this lecture is derived. Pym's speeches of course are seventeenth-century speeches: stately in diction, somewhat like homilies in their divisions, full of learning, full of Scripture (which then, be it remembered, was a fresh spring of new thought); full of philosophic passages which might have come from the pen of Hooker or of Bacon. But they sometimes strike

the great strokes for which Mirabeau was famous. Buckingham had pleaded, to the charge of enriching himself by the sale of honors and offices, that so far from having enriched himself he was £100,000 in debt. "If this be true," replied Pym, "how can we hope to satisfy his immense prodigality; if false, how can we hope to satisfy his covetousness?" In the debate on the Petition of Right, when Secretary Cooke desired in the name of the King to know whether they would take the King's word for the observance of their liberties or not, "there was silence for a good space": none liking to reject the King's word, all knowing what that word was worth. The silence was broken by Pym, who rose and said, "We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England: what need we then to take his word?" And the secretary desperately pressing his point, and asking what foreigners would think if the people of England refused to trust their King's word, Pym rejoined, "Truly, Mr. Secretary, I am of the same opinion that I was, that the King's oath is as powerful as his word." In the same debate the courtiers prayed the House to leave entire his Majesty's sovereign power: a Stuart phrase, meaning the power of the king, when he deemed it expedient, to break the law. "I am not able," was Pym's reply, "to speak to this question. I know not what it is. All our petition is for the laws of England; and this power seems to be another power distinct from the power of the law. I know how to add sovereign to the King's person, but not to his power. We cannot leave to him a sovereign power, for we never were possessed of it."

The English Revolution was a revolution of principle, but of principle couched in precedent. What the philosophic *salon* was to the French leaders of opinion, that the historical and antiquarian library of Sir Robert Cotton was to the English. And of the group of illustrious men who gathered in that library, none had been a deeper student of its treasures than Pym. His speeches and State papers are the proof.

When the Parliament had met, Pym was the first to rise. We know his appearance from his portrait: a portly form, which a court waiting-woman called that of an ox; a forehead so high that lampooners compared it to a shuttle; the dress of a gentleman of the time,—for not to the cavaliers alone belonged that picturesque costume and those pointed beards which furnish the real explanation of the fact that all women are Tories.

Into the expectant and wavering, though ardent, minds of the inexperienced assembly he poured, with the authority of a veteran chief, a speech which at once fixed their thoughts, and possessed them with their mission. It was a broad, complete, and earnest, though undeclamatory, statement of the abuses which they had come to reform. For reform, though for root-and-branch reform, not for revolution, the Short Parliament came; and Charles might even now have made his peace with his people. But Charles did not yet see the truth: the truth could never pierce through the divinity that hedged round the king. The Commons insisted that redress of grievances should go before supply. In a moment of madness, or what is the same thing, of compliance with the counsels of Laud, Charles dissolved the Parliament, imprisoned several of its members, and published his reasons in a proclamation full of despotic doctrine. The friends of the Crown were sad, its enemies very joyful. Now, to the eye of history, begins to rise that scaffold before Whitehall.

Once more Charles and Strafford tried their desperate arms against the Scotch; and once more their soldiers refused to fight. Pym and Hampden, meanwhile, sure of the issue, were preparing their party and the nation for the decisive struggle. Their headquarters were at Pym's house, in Gray's Inn Lane; but meetings were held also at the houses of leaders in the country, especially for correspondence with the Scotch, with whom these patriot traitors were undoubtedly in league. A private press was actively at work. Pym was not only the orator of his party, but its soul and centre; he knew how not only to propagate his opinions with words of power, but to organize the means of victory. And now Charles, in extremity, turned to the Middle Ages for one expedient more, and called a Great Council of Peers, according to Plantagenet precedents, at York. Pym flew at once to York, caused a petition for a Parliament to be signed by the peers of his party there, and backed it with petitions from the people, one of them signed by ten thousand citizens of London. This first great wielder of public opinion in England was the inventor of organized agitation by petition. The King surrendered, and called a Parliament. Pym and Hampden rode over the country, urging the constituencies to do their duty. The constituencies did their duty as perhaps they had never done it before and have never done it since. They sent up the noblest body of men that ever sat in the councils of a nation. The force of the agitation

triumphed for the moment, as it did again in 1832, over all those defects in the system of representation which prevail over the public interest and the public sentiment in ordinary times. The Long Parliament met, while round it the tide of national feeling swelled and surged, the long-pent-up voices of national resentment broke forth. It met not for reform, but for revolution. The King did not ride to it in state: he slunk to it in his private barge, like a vanquished and a doomed man.

Charles had called to him Strafford. The earl knew his danger; but the King had pledged to him the royal word that not a hair of his head should be touched. He came foiled, broken by disease, but still resolute; prepared to act on the aggressive, perhaps to arraign the leaders of the Commons for treasonable correspondence with the Scotch. But he had to deal, in his friend and coadjutor of former days, with no mere rhetorician, but with a man of action as sagacious and as intrepid as himself. Pym at once struck a blow which proved him a master of revolution. Announcing to the Commons that he had weighty matter to impart, he moved that the doors should be closed. When they were opened he carried up to the Lords the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. The earl came down to the House of Lords that day with his brow of imperial gloom, his impetuous step, his tones and gestures of command: but scarcely had he entered the House when he found that power had departed from him; and the terrible grand vizier of government by prerogative went away a fallen man, none unbonneting to him in whose presence an hour before no man would have stood covered. The speech by which Pym swept the House on to this bold move, so that, as Clarendon says, "not one man was found to stop the torrent," is known only from Clarendon's outline. But that outline shows how the speaker filled the thoughts of his hearers with a picture of the tyranny, before he named its chief author, the Earl of Strafford; and how he blended with the elements of indignation some lighter passages of the earl's vanity and amours, to mingle indignation with contempt and to banish fear.

Through the report of the Scotch Commissioner Baillie, we see the great trial, to which that of Warren Hastings was a parallel in splendor, but no parallel in interest: Westminster Hall filled with the Peers — the Commons — the foreign nobility, come to learn if they could a lesson in English politics — the ladies of quality, whose hearts (and we can pardon them) were all with

the great criminal who made so gallant and skillful a fight for life, and of whom it was said that like Ulysses he had not beauty, but he had the eloquence which moved a goddess to love. Among the mass of the audience the interest, intense at first, flagged as the immense process went on; and eating, drinking, loud talking, filled the intervals of the trial. But there was one whose interest did not flag. The royal throne was set for the King in his place; but the King was not there. He was with his queen in a private gallery, the latticework of which, in his eagerness to hear, he broke through with his own hands. And there he heard, among other things, these words of Pym: "If the histories of Eastern countries be pursued, whose princes order their affairs according to the mischievous principles of the Earl of Strafford, loose and absolved from all rules of government, they will be found to be frequent in combustions, full of massacres and of the tragical ends of princes."

I need not make selections from a speech so well known as that of Pym on the trial of Strafford. But hear one or two answers to fallacies which are not quite dead yet. To the charge of arbitrary government in Ireland, Strafford had pleaded that the Irish were a conquered nation. "They were a conquered nation," cries Pym. "There cannot be a word more pregnant or fruitful in treason than that word is. There are few nations in the world that have not been conquered, and no doubt but the conqueror may give what law he pleases to those that are conquered; but if the succeeding pacts and agreements do not limit and restrain that right, what people can be secure? England hath been conquered, and Wales hath been conquered; and by this reason will be in little better case than Ireland. If the king by the right of a conqueror gives laws to his people, shall not the people, by the same reason, be restored to the right of the conquered to recover their liberty if they can?" Strafford had alleged good intentions as an excuse for his evil counsels. "Sometimes, my lords," says Pym, "good and evil, truth and falsehood, lie so near together that they are hard to be distinguished. Matters hurtful and dangerous may be accompanied with such circumstances as may make them appear useful and convenient. But where the matters propounded are evil in their own nature, such as the matters are wherewith the Earl of Strafford is charged, as to break public faith and to subvert laws and government, they can never be justified by any intentions, how

good soever they be pretended." Again, to the plea that it was a time of great danger and necessity, Pym replies:—"If there were any necessity, it was of his own making: he, by his evil counsel, had brought the King into a necessity; and by no rules of justice can be allowed to gain this advantage by his own fault, as to make that a ground of his justification which is a great part of his offense."

Once, we are told, while Pym was speaking, his eyes met those of Strafford; and the speaker grew confused, lost the thread of his discourse, broke down beneath the haggard glance of his old friend. Let us never glorify revolution!

THE PURITAN COLONIES

From 'Lectures on the Study of History'

With popular government, the Puritans established popular education. They are the great authors of the system of common schools. They founded a college too, and that in dangerous and pinching times. Nor did their care fail, nor is it failing, to produce an intelligent people. A great literature is a thing of slow growth everywhere. The growth of American literature was retarded at first by Puritan severity, which forced even philosophy to put on a theological garb, and veiled the Necessarianism of Mr. Mill in the Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards. Now, perhaps, its growth is retarded by the sudden burst of commercial activity and wealth, the development of which our monopolies long restrained. One day, perhaps, this wealth may be used as nobly as the wealth of Florence; but for some time it will be spent in somewhat coarse pleasures by those who have suddenly won it. It is spent in somewhat coarse pleasures by those who have suddenly won it at Liverpool and Manchester, as well as at New York. One praise, at any rate, American literature may claim: it is *pure*. Here the spirit of the Pilgrims still holds its own. The public opinion of a free country is a restraining as well as a moving power. On the other hand, despotism, political or ecclesiastical, does not extinguish human liberty. That it may take away the liberty of reason, it gives the liberty of sense. It says to man, Do what you will, sin and shrive yourself; but eschew political improvement, and turn away your thoughts from truth.

The history of the Puritan Church in New England is one of enduring glory, of transient shame. Of transient shame, because there was a moment of intolerance and persecution; of enduring glory, because intolerance and persecution instantly gave way to perfect liberty of conscience and free allegiance to the truth. The founders of New England were Independents. When they went forth, their teacher had solemnly charged them to follow him no farther than they had seen him follow his Master. He had pointed to the warning example of churches which fancied that because Calvin and Luther were great and shining lights in their times, therefore there could be no light vouchsafed to man after theirs. "I beseech you remember it: it is an article of your Church covenant that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God." It was natural that the Puritan settlement should at first be a church rather than a State. To have given a share in its lands or its political franchise to those who were not of its communion would have been to make the receiver neither rich nor powerful, and the giver, as he might well think, poor and weak indeed. But the Communion grew into an Establishment; and the Puritan Synod, as well as the Council of Trent, must needs forget that it was the child of change, and build its barrier, though not a very unyielding one, across the river which flows forever. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, were partly secessions from Massachusetts, led by those who longed for perfect freedom; and in fairness to Massachusetts, it must be said that among those seceders were some in whose eyes freedom herself was scarcely free. The darkness of the Middle Ages must bear the blame if not a few were dazzled by the sudden return of light. The name of Providence, the capital of Rhode Island, is the thank-offering of Roger Williams, to whose wayward and disputatious spirit much may be forgiven if he first clearly proclaimed, and first consistently practiced, the perfect doctrine of liberty of conscience, the sole guarantee for real religion, the sole trustworthy guardian of the truth. That four Quakers should have suffered death in a colony founded by fugitives from persecution, is a stain on the history of the free churches of America, like the stain on the robe of Marcus Aurelius, like the stain on the escutcheon of the Black Prince. It is true there was no Inquisition, no searching of conscience; that the persecutors warned their victims away, and sought to be quit of them, not to take

their blood; that the Quakers thrust themselves on their fate in their frenzied desire for martyrdom. All this at most renders less deep by one degree the dye of religious murder. The weapon was instantly wrested from the hand of fanaticism by the humane instinct of a free people; and the blood of those four victims sated in the New World the demon who in the Old World, between persecutions and religious wars, has drunk the blood of millions, and is scarcely sated yet. If the robe of religion in the New World was less rich than in the Old, it was all but pure of those red stains, compared with which the stains upon the robe of worldly ambition, scarlet though they be, are white as wool. In the New World there was no Inquisition, no St. Bartholomew, no Thirty Years' War; in the New World there was no Voltaire. If we would do Voltaire justice, criminal and fatal as his destructive levity was, we have only to read his 'Cry of Innocent Blood,' and we shall see that the thing he assailed was not Christianity, much less God. The American sects, indeed, soon added to the number of those variations of the Protestant churches, which, contrasted with the majestic unity of Rome, furnished a proud argument to Bossuet. Had Bossuet lived to see what came forth at the Revolution from under the unity of the Church of France, he might have doubted whether unity was so united; as, on the other hand, if he had seen the practical union of the free churches of America for the weightier matters of religion, which Tocqueville observed, he might have doubted whether variation was so various. It would have been too much to ask a Bossuet to consider whether, looking to the general dealings of Providence with man, the variations of free and conscientious inquirers are an absolute proof that free and conscientious inquiry is not the road to religious truth.

In Maryland, Roman Catholicism itself, having tasted of the cup it had made others drink to the dregs, and being driven to the asylum of oppressed consciences, proclaimed the principle of toleration. In Maryland the Church of Alva and Torquemada grew, bloodless and blameless; and thence it has gone forth, as it was in its earlier and more apostolic hour, to minister to the now large Roman Catholic population of the United States, whatever of good and true, in the great schism of humanity, may have remained on the worse and falser side. For in Maryland it had no overgrown wealth and power to defend against the advance of truth. Bigotry, the mildest of all vices, has the worst

things laid to her charge. That wind of free discipline, which, to use Bacon's image, winnows the chaff of error from the grain of truth, is in itself welcome to man as the breeze of evening. It is when it threatens to winnow away, not the chaff of error alone, but princely bishoprics of Strasburg and Toledo, that its breath becomes pestilence, and Christian love is compelled to torture and burn the infected sheep in order to save from infection the imperiled flock.

There have been wild religious sects in America. But cannot history show sects as wild in the Old World? Is not Mormonism itself fed by the wild apocalyptic visions, and the dreams of a kinder and happier social state, which haunt the peasantry in the more neglected parts of our own country? Have not the wildest and most fanatical sects in history arisen when the upper classes have turned religion into policy, and left the lower classes, who knew nothing of policy, to guide or misguide themselves into the truth? New England was fast peopled by the flower of the Puritan party, and the highest Puritan names were blended with its history. Among its elective governors was Vane, even then wayward as pure, even then suspected of being more republican than Puritan. It saw also the darker presence of Hugh Peters. While the day went hard with freedom and the Protestant cause in England, the tide set steadily westward; it turned, when the hour of retaliation came, to the great Armageddon of Westminster and Naseby; after the Restoration it set to the West again. In New England, Puritanism continued to reign with all that was solemn, austere, strange in its spirit, manners, language, garb, when in England its dominion, degenerating into tyranny, had met with a half-merited overthrow. In New England three of the judges of Charles I. found a safer refuge than Holland could afford; and there one of them lived to see the scales once more hung out in heaven, the better part of his own cause triumphant once more, and William sit on the Protector's throne.

Among the emigrants were clergymen, Oxford and Cambridge scholars, high-born men and women; for in that moving age the wealthiest often vied with the poorest in indifference to worldly interest and devotion to a great cause. Even peers of the Puritan party thought of becoming citizens of Massachusetts, but had enough of the peer in them to desire still to have a hereditary seat in the councils of the State. Massachusetts answered this

demand by the hand of one who had himself made a great sacrifice, and without republican bluster: "When God blesseth any branch of any noble or generous family with a spirit and gifts fit for government, it would be a taking of God's name in vain to put such a talent under a bushel, and a sin against the honor of magistracy to neglect such in our public elections. But if God should not delight to furnish some of their posterity with gifts fit for magistracy, we should enforce them rather to reproach and prejudice than exalt them to honor, if we should call those forth whom God doth not to public authority." The Venetian seems to be the only great aristocracy in history, the origin of which is not traceable to the accident of conquest; and the origin even of the Venetian aristocracy may perhaps be traced to the accident of prior settlement and the contagious example of neighboring States. That which has its origin in accident may prove useful and live long; it may even survive itself under another name, as the Roman patriciate, as the Norman nobility, survived themselves under the form of a mixed aristocracy of birth, political influence, and wealth. But it can flourish only in its native soil. Transplant it, and it dies. The native soil of feudal aristocracy is a feudal kingdom, with great estates held together by the law or custom of primogeniture in succession to land. The New England colonies rejected primogeniture with the other institutions of the Middle Ages, and adopted the anti-feudal custom of equal inheritance, under the legal and ancestral name of gavelkind. It was Saxon England emerging from the Norman rule. This rule of succession to property, and the equality with which it is distributed, are the basis of the republican institutions of New England. To transfer those institutions to countries where that basis does not exist would be almost as absurd as to transfer to modern society the Roman laws of the Twelve Tables or the Capitularies of Charlemagne.

In New York, New Jersey, Delaware, settlements formed by the energy of Dutch and Swedish Protestantism have been absorbed by the greater energy of the Anglo-Saxons. The rising empire of his faith beyond the Atlantic did not fail to attract the soaring imagination of Gustavus: it was in his thoughts when he set out for Lützen. But the most remarkable of the American colonies, after the New England group, is Pennsylvania. We are rather surprised, on looking at the portrait of the gentle and eccentric founder of the Society of Friends, to see a very comely

youth dressed in complete armor. Penn was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman; heir to a fine estate, and to all the happiness and beauty, which he was not without a heart to feel, of English manorial life. "You are an ingenious gentleman," said a magistrate before whom he was brought for his Quaker extravagances: "why do you make yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?" In the Old World he could only hope to found a society; in the New World he might hope to found a nation, of which the law should be love. The Constitution he framed for Philadelphia, on pure republican principles, was to be "for the support of power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power. For liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery." He excluded himself and his heirs from the founder's bane of authority over his own creation. It is as a reformer of criminal law, perhaps, that he has earned his brightest and most enduring fame. The codes and customs of feudal Europe were lavish of servile or plebeian blood. In the republic of New England the life of every man was precious; and the criminal law was far more humane than that of Europe — though tainted with the dark Judaism of the Puritans, with the cruel delusion which they shared with the rest of the world on the subject of witchcraft, and with their overstrained severity in punishing crimes of sense. Penn confined capital punishment to the crimes of treason and murder. Two centuries afterward, the arguments of Romilly and the legislation of Peel convinced Penn's native country that these reveries of his, the dictates of wisdom which sprang from his heart, were sober truth. We are now beginning to see the reality of another of his dreams: the dream of making the prison not a jail only, but a place of reformation. Of the two errors in government, that of treating men like angels and that of treating them like beasts, he did something to show that the one to which he leaned was the less grave; for Philadelphia grew up like an olive-branch beneath his fostering hand.

In the Carolinas, the old settlement of Coligny was repeopled with English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Swiss; the motley elements which will blend with Hollander and Swede to form in America the most mixed, and on one theory the greatest of all races. The philosophic hand of Locke attempted to create for this colony a highly elaborate constitution, judged at the time a masterpiece of

political art. Georgia bears the name of the second king of that line whose third king was to lose all. Its philanthropic founder, Oglethorpe, struggled to exclude slavery; but an evil policy and the neighborhood of the West Indies baffled his endeavors. Here Wesley preached, here Whitfield; and Whitfield, too anxious to avoid offense that he might be permitted to save souls, paid a homage to the system of slavery, and made a sophistical apology for it, which weigh heavily against the merits of a great apostle of the poor.

For some time all the colonies, whatever their nominal government,—whether they were under the Crown, under single proprietors, under companies, or under free charters,—enjoyed, in spite of chronic negotiation and litigation with the powers in England, a large measure of practical independence. James I. was weak; Charles I. and Laud had soon other things to think of; the Long Parliament were disposed to be arrogant, but the Protector was magnanimous; and finally, Charles II., careless of everything on this side the water, was still more careless of everything on that side, and Clarendon was not too stiff for prerogative to give a liberal charter to a colony of which he was himself a patentee. Royal governors, indeed, sometimes tried to overact the King, and the folly of Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, all but forestalled—and well would it have been if it had quite forestalled—the folly of Lord North. With this exception, the colonies rested content and proud beneath the shadow of England, and no thought of a general confederation or absolute independence ever entered into their minds.

As they grew rich, we tried to interfere with their manufactures and monopolize their trade. It was unjust and it was foolish. The proof of its folly is the noble trade that has sprung up between us since our government lost all power of checking the course of nature. But this was the injustice and the folly of the time. No such excuse can be made for the attempt to tax the colonies—in defiance of the first principles of English government—begun by narrow-minded incompetence and continued by insensate pride. It is miserable to see what true affection was there flung away. Persecuted and excited, the founders of New England, says one of their historians, did not cry Farewell Rome, Farewell Babylon! They cried, Farewell dear England! And this was their spirit even far into the fatal quarrel. "You have been told," they said to the British Parliament, after the subversion of the chartered liberties of Massachusetts, "you

have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independence. Be assured that these are not facts, but calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the whole empire; we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interest as our own. But if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind; if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the Constitution, nor the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause,—we must then tell you that we will never submit to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for any nation in the world." What was this but the voice of those who framed the Petition of Right and the Great Charter? Franklin alone, perhaps, of the leading Americans, by the dishonorable publication of an exasperating correspondence which he had improperly obtained, shared with Grenville, Townshend, and Lord North, the guilt of bringing this great disaster on the English race.

There could be but one issue to a war in which England was fighting against her better self; or rather, in which England fought on one side and a corrupt ministry and Parliament on the other. The Parliament of that day was not national; and though the nation was excited by the war when once commenced, it by no means follows that a national Parliament would have commenced it. The great national leader rejoiced that the Americans had resisted. But disease, or that worse enemy which hovers so close to genius, deprived us of Chatham at the most critical hour.

One thing there was in that civil war on which both sides may look back with pride. In spite of deep provocation and intense bitterness, in spite of the unwarrantable employment of foreign troops and the infamous employment of Indians on our side, and the exasperating interference of the French on the side of the Americans, the struggle was conducted on the whole with great humanity. Compared with the French Revolution, it was a contest between men with noble natures and a fight between infuriated beasts. Something, too, it is that from that struggle should have arisen the character of Washington, to teach all ages, and especially those which are inclined to worship violence, the greatness of moderation and civil duty. It has

been truly said that there is one spectacle more grateful to Heaven than a good man in adversity,—a good man successful in a great cause. Deeper happiness cannot be conceived than that of the years which Washington passed at Mount Vernon, looking back upon the life of arduous command held without a selfish thought, and laid down without a stain.

The loss of the American colonies was perhaps, in itself, a gain to both countries. It was a gain, as it emancipated commerce, and gave free course to those reciprocal streams of wealth which a restrictive policy had forbidden to flow. It was a gain, as it put an end to an obsolete tutelage, which tended to prevent America betimes to walk alone, while it gave England only the puerile and somewhat dangerous pleasure of reigning over those whom she did not and could not govern, but whom she was tempted to harass and insult. A source of military strength colonies can hardly be. You prevent them from forming proper military establishments of their own, and you drag them into your quarrels at the price of undertaking their defense. The inauguration of free trade was in fact the renunciation of the only solid object for which our ancestors clung to an invidious and perilous supremacy, and exposed the heart of England by scattering her fleets and armies over the globe. It was not the loss of the colonies, but the quarrel, that was one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest disaster that ever befell the English race. Who would not give up Blenheim and Waterloo if only the two Englands could have parted from each other in kindness and in peace; if our statesmen could have had the wisdom to say to the Americans generously and at the right season, "You are Englishmen like ourselves: be, for your own happiness and our honor, like ourselves, a nation"? But English statesmen, with all their greatness, have seldom known how to anticipate necessity; too often the sentence of history on their policy has been that it was wise, just, and generous, but "too late." Too often have they waited for the teaching of disaster. Time will heal this, like other wounds. In signing away his own empire over America, George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue. But though the wound will heal,—and that it may heal, ought to be the earnest desire of the whole English name,—history can never cancel the fatal page which robs England of half the glory and half the happiness of being the mother of a great nation.

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SYDNEY SMITH

(1771–1845)

SYDNEY SMITH'S reputation as an English wit is solid,—if that word can be applied to so volatile a quality. But wit that endures generally implies other characteristics behind it; and Sydney Smith is no exception. He was a man of great intellect; an advanced thinker on politics, philosophy, and religion, and one of the most potent and salutary influences of his day in England. His brilliant social traits should not obscure this fact. Naturally, however, it is the sparkling *bon-mot* that is easiest remembered. He had the art, as had few men of his time, of saying a deep or pregnant thing in a light way.

SYDNEY SMITH

He was the son of an English country gentleman of marked eccentricity of character, and was born at Woodford, Essex, June 3d, 1771. He went to Winchester school; then to Oxford, where he was a Fellow in 1792. A brief residence in Normandy gave him a command of the French language. His subsequent career was that of a talented and ambitious cleric in the Church of England. It is significant that the bar, not the pulpit, was his choice for a profession: it is easy to see that he would have been successful in the former calling. In 1794 he became curate of a remote parish on Salisbury Plains; and in 1796 went to Edinburgh, where he officiated for five years at an Episcopal chapel. It was during this Edinburgh residence that he formed the intimacy with Brougham, Jeffrey, and other clever young literary men, which resulted in 1802 in the foundation of the Edinburgh Review, with Sydney Smith as chief editor. He contributed seven articles to the first number, and kept up his connection with the magazine as a contributor for a quarter of a century. The position taken by this famous review was largely due to the impress given to it by Sydney Smith. From Edinburgh he went to London, and was a popular preacher there until 1806, when he was given the Yorkshire living of Foston-le-Clay; in 1809 he received that of

Heslington near York, where he remained until 1828. It was characteristic of the man that he proved a faithful, hard-working country parson. In this year he received the appointment of canon of Bristol, from which he was transferred to London, as resident canon of St. Paul's, living in the capital for the rest of his days, and dying there on February 22d, 1845. It has always been believed that had he not been throughout a consistent and sturdy Whig, and hence on the unpopular side, he would have died a bishop. For a dozen years or more, in London, he was not only an intellectual force but a social light, famous for his good-fellowship, a *persona grata* in drawing-rooms. His fund of animal spirits was unfailing. The conjunction of such intellectual powers with social gifts and graces is rare indeed. Yet physically, he was bulky and ungraceful, his face heavy and plain; and he was by no means a ladies' man in the usual sense of that term.

The first characteristic publication of Sydney Smith was the 'Letters on the Subject of the Catholics: To my Brother Abraham, who Lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley' (1807–8); it was issued anonymously, and had a decided influence in securing Roman Catholic emancipation. The lectures on moral philosophy — delivered at London, and attracting large and fashionable audiences in spite of the abstruse nature of the subject — were not published till 1849, Jeffrey being the editor. Sydney Smith's other published writings embraced sermons, occasional discourses, and essays on political and social themes. In 1856 appeared 'The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith,' with a biography and notes by E. A. Duyckinck. The memoir by his daughter, Lady Holland, gives an idea of his trenchant table-talk; and valuable material is contained in Stuart J. Reid's 'Life and Times of Sydney Smith' (1884). Any one who takes the trouble to read Sydney Smith's serious writings will see plainly that his wit and satire were but light-arm weapons used for serious purposes and in noble and enlightened causes. Macaulay remarked that he was the greatest master of ridicule in England since Swift. Doubtless this is true. But equally true is Sir Henry Holland's claim that "if he had not been the greatest and most brilliant of wits, he would have been the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers; and if he had not been distinguished for these, he would have been the most eminent and the purest writer of English."

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

A GREAT deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious,—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. . . .

There is in either sex a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other; and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing that a higher degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men. Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest than a cause of contention. Indeed, to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes, is so very ridiculous that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted. The same desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women. We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance. It would appear, from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civilizer of the world. Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant; they manage their household, only because they are ignorant; they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess we have all our lives been so ignorant as not to know the value of ignorance. We

have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women to their being well taught in moral and religious duty; to the hazardous situation in which they are placed; to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action; and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands. After all, let it be remembered we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex,—we would not hazard such a proposition respecting anything; but we are saying that upon the whole, it is the best method of employing time, and that there are fewer objections to it than to any other method. There are perhaps fifty thousand females in Great Britain who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labor: but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilization. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed; the ill treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence and without the power of complaining: and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day; of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theatre for a woman is the sick-chamber;" "Nothing so honorable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of *Noodledom*, are grown into commonplaces upon the subject; and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned

virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence, all of short duration, or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister, and brother, if they want it: it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations; when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a plowman, and the third a merchant; and then, acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education. . . .

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation; and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalies and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology—though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images, and illustrations; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for

observing that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life; teach them that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine, not to gratify his palate but to forget his cares: he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes; it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years: they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart; if they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself

is respected for what it once contained. But women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard everything upon one cast of the die: when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill,—they are flowers destined to perish: but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connection between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle; and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing these effects. It might almost be supposed, from the dread which the propagation of knowledge has excited, that there was some great secret which was to be kept in impenetrable obscurity; that all moral rules were a species of delusion and imposture, the detection of which, by the improvement of the understanding, would be attended with the most fatal consequences to all, and particularly to women. If we could possibly understand what these great secrets were, we might perhaps be disposed to concur in their preservation; but believing that all the salutary rules which are imposed on women are the result of true wisdom, and productive of the greatest happiness, we cannot understand how they are to become less sensible of this truth in proportion as their power of discovering truth in general is increased, and the habit of viewing questions with accuracy and comprehension established by education. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger: their dread of abuses is o much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries, and libels. It is true that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on

its application. But trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad,—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself with infusing the mere ability to acquire; but giving the power, he gives it with a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power: so that an educated person is not only one with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity, a disposition better cultivated, and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted: Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of better and higher things,—we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceed from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please which is productive of the greatest part of civilization and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which in a great majority of instances are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of man. If women knew more, men must learn more; for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favors public morals: it provides for every season of life, as well as for the

brightest and the best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge,—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.

JOHN BULL'S CHARITY SUBSCRIPTIONS

THE English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

«OUR Wise Ancestors»—«The Wisdom of our Ancestors»—«The Wisdom of Ages»—«Venerable Antiquity»—«Wisdom of Old Times.»—This mischievous and absurd fallacy springs from the grossest perversion of the meaning of words. Experience is certainly the mother of wisdom, and the old have of course a greater experience than the young; but the question is, Who are the old? and who are the young? Of *individuals* living at the same period, the oldest has of course the greatest experience; but among *generations* of men, the reverse of this is true. Those who come first (our ancestors) are the young people, and have the least experience. We have added to their experience the experience of many centuries; and therefore, as far as experience goes, are wiser and more capable of forming an opinion than they were. The real feeling should be, *not*, Can we be so presumptuous as to put our opinions in opposition to those of our ancestors? but, Can such young, ignorant, inexperienced persons as our ancestors necessarily were, be expected to have understood a subject as well as those who have seen so much more, lived so much longer, and enjoyed the experience of so many centuries?

All this cant, then, about our ancestors, is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas (as we have before observed) of living men the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience; of generations the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience. Our ancestors, up to the Conquest, were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne: and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply. We are not disputing with our ancestors the palm of talent, in which they may or may not be our superiors; but the palm of experience, in which it is utterly impossible they can be our superiors. And yet, whenever the Chancellor comes forward to protect some abuse, or to oppose some plan which has the increase of human happiness for its object, his first appeal is always to the wisdom of our ancestors; and he himself, and many noble lords who vote with him, are to this hour persuaded that all alterations and amendments on their devices are an unblushing controversy between youthful temerity and mature experience! and so in truth they are; only that much-loved magistrate mistakes the young for the old and the old for the young, and is guilty of that very sin against experience which he attributes to the lovers of innovation.

We cannot, of course, be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently maintain, that when we find it expedient to change anything which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they. The quantity of talent is always varying in any great nation. To say that we are more or less able than our ancestors, is an assertion that requires to be explained. All the able men of all ages, who have ever lived in England, probably possessed, if taken altogether, more intellect than all the able men now in England can boast of. But if authority must be resorted to rather than reason, the question is, What was the wisdom of that single age which enacted the law, compared with the wisdom of the age which proposes to alter it? What are the eminent men of one and the other period? If you say that our ancestors were wiser than us, mention your date and year. If the splendor of names is equal, are the circumstances the same? If the circumstances

are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure.

It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricolous persons in the Commons, crying out, "Ancestors, Ancestors! *hodie non!* Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig, help us! Howel, Ethelwolf, protect us!" Any cover for nonsense — any veil for trash — any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and of duty!

LATIN VERSES

That vast advantages, then, may be derived from classical learning, there can be no doubt. The advantages which are derived from classical learning by the English manner of teaching, involve another and a very different question; and we will venture to say that there never was a more complete instance in any country of such extravagant and overacted attachment to any branch of knowledge, as that which obtains in this country with regard to classical knowledge. A young Englishman goes to school at six or seven years old; and he remains in a course of education till twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. In all that time, his sole and exclusive occupation is learning Latin and Greek: he has scarcely a notion that there is any other kind of excellence; and the great system of facts with which he is the most perfectly acquainted are the intrigues of the heathen gods: with whom Pan slept? — with whom Jupiter? — whom Apollo ravished? These facts the English youth get by heart the moment they quit the nursery; and are most sedulously and industriously instructed in them till the best and most active part of life is passed away. Now, this long career of classical learning we may, if we please, denominate a foundation; but it is a foundation so far above-ground, that there is absolutely no room to put anything upon it. If you occupy a man with one thing till he is twenty-four years of age, you have exhausted all his leisure time: he is called into the world, and compelled to act; or is surrounded with pleasures, and thinks and reads no more. If you have neglected to put other things in him, they will never get in afterward; if you have fed him only with words, he will remain a narrow and limited being to the end of his existence.

The bias given to men's minds is so strong, that it is no uncommon thing to meet with Englishmen, whom, but for their gray hairs and wrinkles, we might easily mistake for schoolboys. Their talk is of Latin verses; and it is quite clear, if men's ages are to be dated from the state of their mental progress, that such men are eighteen years of age, and not a day older. Their minds have been so completely possessed by exaggerated notions of classical learning, that they have not been able, in the great school of the world, to form any other notion of real greatness. Attend, too, to the public feelings; look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! a scholar! a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning: it is chemistry or political economy — not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of "scholar," is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μι. The picture from which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws his *beau idéal* of human nature — his top and consummation of man's powers — is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist, of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith or Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, Bentley and Heyne? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubt whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μι.

Another misfortune of classical learning as taught in England is, that scholars have come, in process of time and from

the effects of association, to love the instrument better than the end; not the luxury which the difficulty incloses, but the difficulty; not the filbert, but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself. It is not so much the man who has mastered the wisdom of the ancients, that is valued, as he who displays his knowledge of the vehicle in which that wisdom is conveyed. The glory is to show I am a scholar. The good sense and ingenuity I may gain by my acquaintance with ancient authors is matter of opinion; but if I bestow an immensity of pains upon a point of accent or quantity, this is something positive; I establish my pretensions to the name of a scholar, and gain the credit of learning while I sacrifice all its utility.

Another evil in the present system of classical education is the extraordinary perfection which is aimed at in teaching those languages; a needless perfection; an accuracy which is sought for in nothing else. There are few boys who remain to the age of eighteen or nineteen at a public school, without making above ten thousand Latin verses,—a greater number than is contained in the Æneid; and after he has made this quantity of verses in a dead language, unless the poet should happen to be a very weak man indeed, he never makes another as long as he lives. It may be urged, and it is urged, that this is of use in teaching the delicacies of the language. No doubt it is of use for this purpose, if we put out of view the immense time and trouble sacrificed in gaining these little delicacies. It would be of use that we should go on till fifty years of age making Latin verses, if the price of a whole life were not too much to pay for it. We effect our object; but we do it at the price of something greater than our object. And whence comes it that the expenditure of life and labor is totally put out of the calculation, when Latin and Greek are to be attained? In every other occupation, the question is fairly stated between the attainment and the time employed in the pursuit: but in classical learning, it seems to be sufficient if the least possible good is gained by the greatest possible exertion; if the end is anything, and the means everything. It is of some importance to speak and write French, and innumerable delicacies would be gained by writing ten thousand French verses; but it makes no part of our education to write French poetry. It is of some importance that there should be good botanists; but no botanist can repeat by heart the names of all the plants in the known world: nor is any astronomer acquainted with the appellation and magnitude of every star in

the map of the heavens. The only department of human knowledge in which there can be no excess, no arithmetic, no balance of profit and loss, is classical learning.

The prodigious honor in which Latin verses are held at public schools is surely the most absurd of all absurd distinctions. You rest all reputation upon doing that which is a natural gift, and which no labor can attain. If a lad won't learn the words of a language, his degradation in the school is a very natural punishment for his disobedience or his indolence; but it would be as reasonable to expect that all boys should be witty, or beautiful, as that they should be poets. In either case, it would be to make an accidental, unattainable, and not a very important gift of nature, the only, or the principal, test of merit. This is the reason why boys who make a very considerable figure at school so very often make no figure in the world; and why other lads, who are passed over without notice, turn out to be valuable, important men. The test established in the world is widely different from that established in a place which is presumed to be a preparation for the world; and the head of a public school, who is a perfect miracle to his contemporaries, finds himself shrink into absolute insignificance, because he has nothing else to command respect or regard but a talent for fugitive poetry in a dead language.

The present state of classical education cultivates the imagination a great deal too much, and other habits of mind a great deal too little; and trains up many young men in a style of elegant imbecility, utterly unworthy of the talents with which nature has endowed them. It may be said there are profound investigations, and subjects quite powerful enough for any understanding, to be met with in classical literature. So there are: but no man likes to add the difficulties of a language to the difficulties of a subject; and to study metaphysics, morals, and politics in Greek, when the Greek alone is study enough without them. In all foreign languages, the most popular works are works of imagination. Even in the French language, which we know so well, for one serious work which has any currency in this country, we have twenty which are mere works of imagination. This is still more true in classical literature, because what their poets and orators have left us is of infinitely greater value than the remains of their philosophy: for as society advances, men think more accurately and deeply, and imagine more tamely; works of reasoning advance, and works of fancy decay. So that

the matter of fact is, that a classical scholar of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age is a man principally conversant with works of imagination. His feelings are quick, his fancy lively, and his taste good. Talents for speculation and original inquiry he has none; nor has he formed the invaluable habit of pushing things up to their first principles, or of collecting dry and unamusing facts as the materials of reasoning. All the solid and masculine parts of his understanding are left wholly without cultivation; he hates the pain of thinking, and suspects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend his opinions and prove his assertions.

MRS. SIDDONS

I NEVER go to tragedies: my heart is too soft. There is too much real misery in life. But what a face she had! The gods do not bestow such a face as Mrs. Siddons's on the stage more than once in a century. I knew her very well, and she had the good taste to laugh heartily at my jokes; she was an excellent person, but she was not remarkable out of her profession, and never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to *stab* the potatoes; and said, "Boy, give me a knife!" as she would have said, "Give me the dagger!"

DOGS

NO, I DON'T like dogs: I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" but she did not think it sentimental enough. You remember the story of the French marquise, who, when her pet lap-dog bit a piece out of her footman's leg, exclaimed, "Ah, poor little beast! I hope it won't make him sick." I called one day on Mrs. ——, and her lap-dog flew at my leg and bit it. After pitying her dog, like the French marquise, she did all she could to comfort me by assuring me the dog was a Dissenter, and hated the Church, and was brought up in a Tory family. But whether the bite came from madness or Dissent, I knew myself too well to neglect it; and went on the instant to a surgeon and had it cut out, making a mem. on the way to enter that house no more.

HAND-SHAKING

On meeting a young lady who had just entered the garden, and shaking hands with her, "I must," he said, "give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. Lister, when he was here, illustrated some of them. Ask Mrs. Sydney to show you his sketches of them when you go in. There is the *high official*,—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin. There is the *mortmain*,—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The *digital*,—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the *shakus rusticus*, where your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the Metropolis; but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the *retentive shake*,—one which, beginning with vigor, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you. There are other varieties, but this is enough for one lesson."

SMALL MEN

An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person; and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with,—his intellect is improperly exposed."

MACAULAY

To take Macaulay out of literature and society, and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence.

"Oh yes! we both talk a great deal; but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice," he exclaimed laughing. "Sometimes when I have told a good story, I have thought to

myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that."

I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches.

Yes, I agree, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title, before him in vain. He has an honest genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests.

SPECIE AND SPECIES

Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion that of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, and that his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

REVIEW OF THE NOVEL 'GRANBY'

The main question as to a novel is, Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects, it is good; if it does not,—story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it

must do that, or it does nothing. Now, 'Granby'* seems to us to answer this test extremely well: it produces unpunctuality, makes the reader too late for dinner, impatient of contradiction, and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman lately from the Pyramids or the Upper Cataracts is let loose upon the drawing-room. The objection indeed to these compositions, when they are well done, is, that it is impossible to do anything or perform any human duty while we are engaged in them. Who can read Mr. Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' or extract the root of an impossible quantity, or draw up a bond, when he is in the middle of Mr. Trebeck and Lady Charlotte Duncan? How can the boy's lesson be heard, about the Jove-nourished Achilles, or his six miserable verses upon Dido be corrected, when Henry Granby and Mr. Courtenay are both making love to Miss Jermyn? Common life palls in the middle of these artificial scenes. All is emotion when the book is open; all dull, flat, and feeble, when it is shut.

Granby, a young man of no profession, living with an old uncle in the country, falls in love with Miss Jermyn, and Miss Jermyn with him; but Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn, as the young gentleman is not rich, having discovered by long living in the world, and patient observation of its ways, that young people are commonly Malthus-proof and have children, and that young and old must eat, very naturally do what they can to discourage the union. The young people, however, both go to town; meet at balls; flutter, blush, look and cannot speak; speak and cannot look; suspect, misinterpret, are sad and mad, peevish and jealous, fond and foolish: but the passion, after all, seems less near to its accomplishment at the end of the season than the beginning. The uncle of Granby, however, dies, and leaves to his nephew a statement, accompanied with the requisite proofs, that Mr. Tyrrel, the supposed son of Lord Malton, is illegitimate, and that he, Granby, is the heir to Lord Malton's fortune. The second volume is now far advanced, and it is time for Lord Malton to die. Accordingly Mr. Lister very judiciously dispatches him; Granby inherits the estate; his virtues (for what shows off virtue like land?) are discovered by the Jermyns; and they marry in the last act.

* 'Granby,' a novel by Thomas Henry Lister, noticed by Sydney Smith in the Edinburgh Review of February 1826.

Upon this slender story, the author has succeeded in making a very agreeable and interesting novel: and he has succeeded, we think, chiefly by the very easy and natural picture of manners as they really exist among the upper classes; by the description of new characters, judiciously drawn and faithfully preserved; and by the introduction of many striking and well-managed incidents. And we are particularly struck throughout the whole with the discretion and good sense of the author. He is never *nimious;* there is nothing in excess: there is a good deal of fancy and a great deal of spirit at work, but a directing and superintending judgment rarely quits him. . . .

Tremendous is the power of a novelist! If four or five men are in a room, and show a disposition to break the peace, no human magistrate (not even Mr. Justice Bayley) could do more than bind them over to keep the peace, and commit them if they refused. But the writer of the novel stands with a pen in his hand, and can run any of them through the body,—can knock down any one individual and keep the others upon their legs; or like the last scene in the first tragedy written by a young man of genius, can put them all to death. Now, an author possessing such extraordinary privileges should not have allowed Mr. Tyrrel to strike Granby. This is ill managed; particularly as Granby does not return the blow, or turn him out of the house. Nobody should suffer his hero to have a black eye, or to be pulled by the nose. The Iliad would never have come down to these times if Agamemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the Æneid if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious Æneas in the fourth book. Æneas may have deserved it; but he could not have founded the Roman Empire after so distressing an accident.

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TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

(1721–1771)

BY PITTS DUFFIELD

SMOLLETT is probably one of the least "literary" of the names that live in English literature. For a long time, it is true, the critics took him over-seriously. The people who first had the task of writing his biography and estimating his genius set the example. There is an edition of his works in 1797, twenty-six years after his death, in which Dr. John Moore, before beginning the life of his subject, feels obliged to expend himself upon 'A View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance.' It is a dissertation which the eighteenth-century folks would have called "learned and ingenious." It begins with a "contrast between the manners of the Greeks and Romans and those of the Goths," examines the condition of knight-errantry in the Middle Age, postulates Prince Arthur and Charlemagne as the two original heroes of romance, touches upon the troubadours, Dante, Cervantes, and concludes with the products of Tobias Smollett. Subsequent writers, continuing the inquiries thus set on foot, have tried, though in vain, to ascribe to him some special contribution to letters, or some special importance in the evolution of the English novel. The fact is, that Smollett himself would have been the first to jeer at these attempts to deal scientifically with him. He might have exclaimed, as he makes some one do in 'Humphrey Clinker,' that he would as soon expect "to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale" deriving itself from the feudal system. Altogether, it is not hard to find reasons why his popularity survives most genuinely among people whose interests are uncritical and unliterary.

SMOLLETT

For one thing, he is nothing if not typical of the English writers who, without the genius which invents or the subtler genius which makes old matter new, succeed nevertheless by the sheer force of their British vigor in gaining a place by their more laborious brothers. In all Smollett's novels, where there is little anyway that is not

external in its aspects and observations, one finds nothing which has not its origin in the actual experiences of his own life. Born in 1721 in Dalquhurn, in Dumbartonshire, of a good family but of a younger son, he was dependent all his life on what he could earn himself; and believing himself to be of a literary taste, he set out, after some education and an apprenticeship to a surgeon in Glasgow, upon the high-road to London. His tragedy, with which he had armed himself,—'The Regicide,' a story drawn from the powerful romance of Scottish history, but treated in the hopeless pseudo-classic manner,—came to nothing; and in 1741 he got an appointment as surgeon's mate on one of the ships of the expedition to Carthagena. It was on this voyage that he met Miss Anne Lascelles, a reputed Jamaica heiress, whose name he characteristically converted into Nancy Lassells. Next, after unsuccessful attempts at practice in London and in Bath, he cooked up some of his adventures in 'Roderick Random,' and for the first time was fairly successful. 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom,' a translation of 'Don Quixote,' the editorship of the Critical Review, his 'History of England,' 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' and occasional poems and satires, were some of the means by which he sought subsistence. In the mean time he had traveled for his health in France and Italy; in 1771, soon after finishing 'Humphrey Clinker,' he died at Leghorn; and is celebrated there, and on the banks of the Leven in Scotland, by monuments with ponderous Latin epitaphs. One of the epitaphs is on the theme of genius unappreciated; and the life on the whole was indeed not happy. Macaulay is not much too rhetorical when he says Smollett was most of the time "surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers."

It is from such company and such adventures—the same, be it noted, which are supposed to be valuable in the modern reporter's stock in trade—that Smollett gets his distinguishing characteristic: a fund of coarse but lively humor. Dr. John Moore says somewhat mildly that "in the ardor of his satirical and humorous chase, Dr. Smollett sometimes leaves delicacy too far behind." The frankest and healthiest way to state the question is to say that it is not a question of delicacy at all. A certain coarseness of fibre in the English, often their strength and not always their reproach, was first touched upon fearlessly by the shrewd and observant Hawthorne. What many brave or useful or wise men in many ages have seldom been completely without, can hardly be condemned in Smollett because with him it is undisguised. He had not the grace of the French, the specious pathos of Sterne, or the deliberate euphemism of the mawkish modern drama, to conceal the primal instincts of his nature. People have called Smollett foul; but this, in certain moods,

may seem as wide of the mark as to call him simply indelicate. 'The Adventures of an Atom' are mentioned with a shudder when it is necessary to mention them at all, yet they are scarcely worse than the occasional conversation of very reputable medical students in all times. It may be questioned, finally, whether it is any hurt to a language to have nothing but specifically vulgar names for vulgar things, and so escape the deification of lubricity to which less robust nations commit themselves. Vigorous and outspoken, irreverent, and sometimes too high-tempered, Smollett is a pervading exemplar of the British humorist. He has indeed the scorn of affectation, which, in spite of his exclusion from any evolutionary scheme of things, may be regarded as one distinguishing trait of the modern funny man. His attitude toward the Venus de Medici and the Pantheon in Rome — which, in the case of the Venus at any rate, is after all not so very discordant with modern æsthetic appreciation — may be said, half in earnest, to stand for the kind of thing Mark Twain and others have done in our own day. «The Pantheon,» he declares, «after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit open at the top;» and the world of connoisseurs was in arms at once. Sterne satirized him as the «learned Smelfungus, who set out with the spleen and the jaundice.» But whether it was the jaundice or the spleen, the people who read Smollett — who are rarely the people who read only for the name of the thing — are just the ones to like him for being thoroughly, if a bit brutally, honest. People who read him to study him, moreover, may remember with advantage that it is just this direct and unaffected habit of expression that gives him his hold on life. Editions of his works have been numerous and handy; and many a reader who would yawn over more delicate tales, however seductive, finds himself diverted by his pages. «Since Granville was turned out,» he says, «there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig.» That is the way to say things for the average man, bent less on the speculations of art than on hearty sense. The coarseness, or the foulness, which people condemn in him, is perhaps the same at bottom with the instinct that makes his style to-day still readable and vigorous.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Sir Walter Scott — both interesting critics — have made what later critics call the mistake of crediting Smollett with the gift of invention. Lady Mary was perhaps the more excusable, since the extraordinary variety of incident in his novels could not have been known to her to be transcripts from the man's life. The language and the characters of British seamen and surgeons' apprentices — the idiosyncrasies of Commodore Trunnion, Pipes, Hatchway, and the famous Tom Bowling — had in the eighteenth century a novelty which must have seemed more than mere

reproductions. Thackeray, though he did abundant justice to Smollett's humor, discerned that he depended less on invention than on copying. The point now is that he had the resources to copy from, and instinctively drew upon them. In this again he may have foreshadowed a modern method of procedure, which travels about the earth in search of literary capital. In Smollett are found many of the types which have since been elaborated in special departments of fiction. His sea people, of course, may have had their prototypes in the drama and in some of the older romances; but Smollett goes further in carefully reproducing their talk, and the scenes and incidents of their lives. Similarly, though unconsciously, his medical episodes and similitudes may be forerunners of the medico-literary and psycho-physical novels which find vogue in our own days. Winifred Jenkins, also, in 'Humphrey Clinker,' is one of the most laughable of the Malaprop breed; and her bad spelling, though it has been often imitated, has rarely been improved on. So that if Smollett cannot have been a force in evolution, he may at least have had a few germs, whether of good or evil.

It is to be remembered lastly, whatever strictures may be passed on his life and writings, that his valedictory was becoming. 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker' is remarkable for the transformation and chastening which overspread his method and his manner. That his vicissitudes troubled him, and sharpened his temper, may be excused in the fact that when all was done he looked beneficently on the world, and was willing to amuse it without making it laugh over-loudly or cruelly. If his literary reputation suffers by what the exigencies of his times and fortunes compelled him to do, he lived through them to retrieve it. The style of 'Humphrey Clinker' is easy and familiar, and the epistolary form in it more than usually adapted to the desultory manner in which the narrative goes forward. Here the critics are willing to admit that Smollett created characters over and above mere types, and put himself for once in a line with Sterne and Fielding. Tabitha Bramble, Matthew Bramble, and Lismahago, are really charming additions to the galleries of English portraiture. Smollett is unusually hard to represent by a limited number of excerpts; his range is too wide to be surely represented by less than a variety of his pages. Yet if one selection were to be made, it should in justice to him be taken from the book in which the worker has lived through the years of drudgery to become at last, for once anyway, the artist.

Like his great contemporary Fielding, the author of 'Humphrey Clinker' was born to the lot of literary hack. His case has many resemblances to the literary workers of these days,—the days of innumerable hacks. He had in more ways than one the instincts, the

temper, and the method of the modern newspaper man. The journalist who travels about confessedly to get material differs not essentially from the writer who uses what fortuitous travel has brought him. A ready humor, quick wit, and real though acrid sympathy, are other details of the analogy. The sequel is only too apt to be a story of dull routine and ultimate mediocrity. In the obscurity of hackdom it must be, in some essence at least, a fine nature that will not relax its efforts to do well what it has to do, and ends by doing it better than ever. Smollett was, throughout his twenty-five years of work, a conscientiously careful employer of the English language. Perhaps, therefore, a point of view more grateful to him and more adequately estimating him, would be not that which compares him disadvantageously on the same level with Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne; but that which credits him with having raised himself from lower regions to a place near them.

Percy Dearmer

A NAVAL SURGEON'S EXAMINATION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From 'Roderick Random'

MR. JACKSON'S exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was scarce able to stand: which being perceived by a plump gentleman who sat opposite to me with a skull before him, he said Mr. Snarler was too severe upon the young man; and turning towards me, told me I need not be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm; then bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well satisfied with my answers.

The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen an amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head and said, "What! upon a dead subject, I suppose? If," continued he, "during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head shot off, how would you behave?" After some hesitation, I owned such a case had never come under my observation, neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed

for such an accident in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer or the archness of the question, I know not; but every member of the board deigned to smile except Mr. Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risible* in his constitution.

The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus: "Suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?" I answered, "I would bleed him immediately." "What," said he, "before you had tied up his arm?" But this stroke of wit not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him, and who, with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines. I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers; which he heard to an end, and then said with a supercilious smile, "So you think by such a treatment the patient might recover?" I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise. "That may be," resumed he; "I won't answer for your foresight: but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed?" I answered I did not: and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine; but he stopped me by saying with some precipitation, "Nor never will. I affirm that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal." "Pardon me, brother," says the fat gentleman, "there is very good authority—" Here he was interrupted by another with—"Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nullius in verba.* I stand upon my own bottom." "But, sir, sir," replied his antagonist, "the reason of the thing shows—" "A fig for reason," cried this sufficient member: "I laugh at reason,—give me ocular demonstration." The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and observed that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts would advance such an extravagant assertion. This innuendo enraged the other so much that he started up, and in a furious tone exclaimed, "What, sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?" By this time all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or the other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together; when the chairman commanded silence, and ordered me to withdraw.

In less than a quarter of an hour I was called in again, received my qualification sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings. I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and stood

some time until one of them bade me begone: to this I replied, "I will, when I have got my change;" upon which another threw me five shillings and sixpence, saying I would not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and sixpence to the beadles, and a shilling to an old woman who swept the hall. This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteen pence halfpenny, with which I was sneaking off; when Jackson, perceiving it, came up to me and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town as soon as his examination should be over.

I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend; but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion. His head was covered with an old smoked tie-wig that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dustman; his neck was adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twisted and fixed in the buttonhole of a shabby greatcoat that wrapt up his whole body; his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles and a beard of his own painting. When I expressed my surprise at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect.

I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in: but whether the oddness of his appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board, or his behavior was not suitable to his figure, I know not; he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to bridewell. So that instead of seeing him come out with a cheerful countenance and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner, and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion; when he called with a lamentable voice and piteous aspect to me, and some others who knew him, "For God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual, John Jackson, who served as surgeon's

second mate on board the Elizabeth,—or else I shall go to bridewell.» It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and address: we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expense, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the prisoner was dismissed, and in a few moments resumed his former gayety; swearing, since the board had refused his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the same time inviting us all to favor him with our company.

RODERICK IS «PRESSED» INTO THE NAVY

From ‹Roderick Random›

I saw no resource but the army or navy; between which I hesitated so long that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old schoolfellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behavior; for as I crossed Tower Wharf, a squat, tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, «Yo! ho! brother: you must come along with me!» As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar and began to drag me along. Not being in a humor to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses: and after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing-tender; where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable

wretches, the sight of whom well-nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure sold it before my face to a bumboat woman then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time that unless my hurts were dressed I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be d—d." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the mean time, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed with the noisome stench of the place to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the Thunder, than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? "Know Lieutenant Bowling?" said he, "odds my life! and that I do: and a good seaman he is as ever stepped upon forecastle; and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit: none of your guinea-pigs, nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a tough gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, aloft or alow; in heaven or in hell; all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connection he expressed an inclination to serve me; and when he was relieved,

brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together.

While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who I found was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having by accident in my pocket my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor (whose name was Jack Rattlin) for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents,—which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had written to his landlord in Deal, he cried,—"Body o' me! that was old Ben Block: he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer.—Well, well, we must all die, that's certain; we must all come to port sooner or later, at sea or on shore; we must be fast moored one day; death's like the best bower-anchor, as the saying is,—it will bring us all up."

I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections; and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle, which he explained in this manner. "Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough; besides, he's my commander: but what's that to me? I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's-end. Now the report goes as how he's a lord, or baron-knight's brother, whereby, d'ye see me, he carries a straight arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof mayhap they may be as good men in the main as he. Now, we lying at anchor in Tuberoon Bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch: and as he always kept a good lookout, he made, d'ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him swab and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and laying hold of a rattan,

came athwart Mr. Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain that if he was not his commander he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore; whereby in the morning watch the captain went ashore in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore; and so they, leaving the boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d'ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapped on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough ahead before we knew anything of the matter, so that we could never after get sight of him; for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief; for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behavior gave me no advantageous idea of his character; and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was, with the other pressed men, put on board the Thunder, lying at the Nore. When we came alongside, the mate who guarded us thither ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busy in doing this friendly office for me,—"Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? have we not thieves enow among us already?" Another, observing my wounds which remained exposed to the air, told me my seams were uncalked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice that my bows were manned with the red ropes instead of my side. A fourth asked me if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side. After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed; and had actually got as far as the middle deck—for our ship

carried eighty guns — in my way to the cockpit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender. He, seeing me free from my chains, asked with an insolent air who had released me?

To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts, "Whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried, "You ——, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer." So saying, he bestowed on me several stripes with a supple-jack he had in his hand; and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me that I was immediately put in irons by the master-at-arms, and a sentinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could; and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds.

This mate was no other than my old friend Thompson, with whom I became acquainted at the navy office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognize me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion; and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested that he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name: which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow at seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master-at-arms came to the place of my confinement and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck; where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behavior to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship;

part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master-at-arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr. Thompson, who had represented me in such a favorable light to the surgeon that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead.

RODERICK VISITS A GAMING-HOUSE

From 'Roderick Random'

At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavored to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron. But these promises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances, than uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed, "In the name of God, what shall we do!" In order to comfort him, I said that many of my acquaintance who were in a worse condition than we, supported notwithstanding the character of gentlemen; and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invincible affection for me, still retained notions of economy and expense suitable to the narrowness of his education; nevertheless he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces on the sword in a twinkling. This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank: for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection that the prospect of want seldom affected me much, let it be never so near. And now indeed it was nearer than I imagined: my landlord, having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas for lodging, and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would

excuse his importunity and discharge the debt. Though I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavalier manner; after he had written a discharge, telling him with an air of scorn and resentment I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books: while Strap, who stood by and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether-lip, and turned yellow with despair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner a party was accordingly made in the coffee-house, from whence we adjourned to the tavern; where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good-humor as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven. In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper; the wine had lost its effect upon me, and far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted), perceived my anxiety, and when we broke up reproached me with pusillanimity, for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of. I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune; and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration he cried, "Pshaw! is that all?" and assured me there were a thousand ways of living in town without a fortune, he himself having subsisted many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of becoming acquainted with some of these methods; and he, without further expostulation, bade me follow him.

He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow who demanded them at the foot of the staircase, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming-tables, loaded in a manner with gold and silver. My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scotch lord, who, using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming-tables, from the profits of which he drew a

comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *betters;* characterized the first as "old hooks," and the last as "bubbles": and advised me to try my fortune at the silver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture anything, I considered the company more particularly; and there appeared such a group of villainous faces that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight. I signified my surprise to Banter, who whispered in my ear that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices who having embezzled their masters' cash, made a desperate push in this place to make up their deficiencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance; but at length, being teased by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to everybody, I began by risking one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play. I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table, and lost in a moment. He would have borrowed another; but finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet. Meanwhile my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire for more increased in proportion; so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw: and fortune still favoring me, I became a *sitter*, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day; when I found myself, after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if anybody would take my place, and made a motion to rise; upon which an old Gascon who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying, "Restez, restez: il faut donner moi mon ravanchio!" At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other insinuated that I was more beholden to art than to fortune for what I had got; that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greasy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamor against me, especially among the losers; who threatened, with many oaths and imprecations, to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair by refunding the greatest part of my winning. Though I

was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatened in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster: but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue; and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropped their plea and made way for me to withdraw. I would not, however, stir from the table until the Israelite had retracted what he had said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall raw-boned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black thick eyebrows, a pigtail wig of the same color, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel than he roared out in a tremendous voice, "Blood and wounds! what's that for?" I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him: but the more I humbled myself the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with; so that I gave a loose to my passion, returned his billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats which I neither dreaded nor distinctly heard; but descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the doorkeeper, whom I gratified with a guinea according to the custom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-MAKING: AN OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING

From 'Peregrine Pickle'

PEREGRINE, whose health required the enjoyment of fresh air after his long confinement, sent a message to Emilia that same night announcing his arrival, and giving her notice that he would breakfast with her next morning; when he and our hero, who had dressed himself for the purpose, taking a hackney-coach, repaired to her lodging, and were introduced into a parlor adjoining that in which the tea-table was set. Here

they had not waited many minutes when they heard the sound of feet coming down-stairs; upon which our hero's heart began to beat the alarm. He concealed himself behind the screen, by the direction of his friend, whose ears being saluted with Sophy's voice from the next room, he flew into it with great ardor, and enjoyed upon her lips the sweet transports of a meeting so unexpected; for he had left her in her father's house at Windsor.

Amidst these emotions, he had almost forgotten the situation of Peregrine; when Emilia, assuming her enchanting air,—"Is not this," said she, "a most provoking scene to a young woman like me, who am doomed to wear the willow, by the strange caprice of my lover? Upon my word, brother, you have done me infinite prejudice in promoting this jaunt with my obstinate correspondent, who, I suppose, is so ravished with this transient glimpse of liberty that he will never be persuaded to incur unnecessary confinement for the future." "My dear sister," replied the captain tauntingly, "your own pride set him the example; so you must e'en stand to the consequence of his imitation." "'Tis a hard case, however," answered the fair offender, "that I should suffer all my life by one venial trespass. Heigh ho! who would imagine that a sprightly girl such as I, with ten thousand pounds, should go a-begging? I have a good mind to marry the next person that asks me the question, in order to be revenged upon this unyielding humorist. Did the dear fellow discover no inclination to see me, in all the term of his releasement? Well, if ever I catch the fugitive again, he shall sing in his cage for life."

It is impossible to convey to the reader a just idea of Peregrine's transports while he overheard this declaration,—which was no sooner pronounced, than, unable to resist the impetuosity of his passion, he sprung from his lurking-place, exclaiming, "Here I surrender!" and rushing into her presence, was so dazzled with her beauty that his speech failed: he was fixed like a statue to the floor; and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Indeed she was now in the full bloom of her charms, and it was nearly impossible to look upon her without emotion. The ladies screamed with surprise at his appearance, and Emilia underwent such agitation as flushed every charm with irresistible energy.

While he was almost fainting with unutterable delight, she seemed to sink under the tumults of tenderness and confusion;

when our hero, perceiving her condition, obeyed the impulse of his love and circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Not all the pleasures of his life had amounted to the ineffable joy of this embrace, in which he continued for some minutes totally entranced. He fastened upon her pouting lips with all the eagerness of rapture; and while his brain seemed to whirl round with transport, exclaimed in a delirium of bliss, "Heaven and earth! this is too much to bear."

His imagination was accordingly relieved, and his attention in some measure divided, by the interposition of Sophy, who kindly chid him for his having overlooked his old friends: thus accosted, he quitted his delicious armful, and saluting Mrs. Gauntlet, asked pardon for his neglect; observing that such rudeness was excusable, considering the long and unhappy exile which he had suffered from the jewel of his soul. Then turning to Emilia,—"I am come, madam," said he, "to claim the performance of your promise, which I can produce under your own fair hand: you may therefore lay aside all superfluous ceremony and shyness, and crown my happiness without farther delay; for upon my soul! my thoughts are wound up to the last pitch of expectation, and I shall certainly run distracted if I am doomed to any term of probation."

His mistress, having by this time recollected herself, replied with a most exhilarating smile, "I ought to punish you for your obstinacy with the mortification of a twelvemonth's trial; but it is dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition, and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power."

"You are willing then to take me for better for worse, in presence of Heaven and these witnesses?" cried Peregrine kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips.

At this interrogation, her features softened into an amazing expression of condescending love; and while she darted a side glance that thrilled to his marrow, and heaved a sigh more soft than Zephyr's balmy wing, her answer was, "Why—ay—and Heaven grant me patience to bear the humors of such a yokefellow."

"And may the same powers," replied the youth, "grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love. Meanwhile I have eighty thousand pounds, which shall be laid in your lap."

So saying, he sealed the contract upon her lips, and explained the mystery of his last words, which had begun to operate upon the wonder of the two sisters. Sophy was agreeably surprised with the account of his good fortune: nor was it, in all probability, unacceptable to the lovely Emilia; though from this information she took an opportunity to upbraid her admirer with the inflexibility of his pride, which, she scrupled not to say, would have baffled all the suggestions of passion had it not been gratified by this providential event.

Matters being thus happily matured, the lover begged that immediate recourse might be had to the church, and his happiness ascertained. He fell at her feet in all the agony of impatience; swore that his life and intellects would actually be in jeopardy by her refusal: and when she attempted to argue him out of his demand, began to rave with such extravagance that Sophy was frightened into conviction; and Godfrey enforcing the remonstrances of his friend, the amiable Emilia was teased into compliance. . . .

He accordingly led her into the dining-room, where the ceremony was performed without delay; and after the husband had asserted his prerogative on her lips, the whole company saluted her by the name of Mrs. Pickle. . . .

An express was immediately dispatched to Mrs. Gauntlet with an account of her daughter's marriage; a town-house was hired, and a handsome equipage set up, in which the new-married pair appeared at all public places, to the astonishment of our adventurer's fair-weather friends and the admiration of all the world: for in point of figure such another couple was not to be found in the whole United Kingdom. Envy despaired, and detraction was struck dumb, when our hero's new accession of fortune was consigned to the celebration of public fame; Emilia attracted the notice of all observers, from the pert Templar to the Sovereign himself, who was pleased to bestow encomiums upon the excellence of her beauty. Many persons of consequence, who had dropped the acquaintance of Peregrine in the beginning of his decline, now made open efforts to cultivate his friendship anew: but he discouraged all these advances with the most mortifying disdain; and one day when the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged came up to him in the drawing-room, with the salutation of "Your servant, Mr. Pickle," he eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, saying, "I suppose your

Lordship is mistaken in your man," and turned his head another way in presence of the whole court.

When he had made a circuit round all the places frequented by the *beau monde*, to the utter confusion of those against whom his resentment was kindled, paid off his debts, and settled his money matters in town, Hatchway was dismissed to the country, in order to prepare for the reception of his fair Emilia. In a few days after his departure, the whole company (Cadwallader himself included) set out for his father's house; and in their way took up Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother, who was sincerely rejoiced to see our hero in the capacity of her son-in-law.

HUMPHREY CLINKER IS PRESENTED TO THE READER

From a letter to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., in 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker'

DEAR SIR,—Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach-and-four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes; and calling to the postilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough downs. There one of the fore-horses fell, in going down-hill at a round trot; and the postilion behind, endeavoring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly but the Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window as nimble as a grasshopper: the man (who had likewise quitted his horse) dragged this forlorn

damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frightened but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our Aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle; and being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister Furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage; but she cried in a tone of distraction,—"Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case. Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick,—a benediction which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago, his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered; and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene,—"You say nothing, Matt," cried she; "but I know your mind—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honor!" replied the squire with a sarcastic smile: "I should be incapable of harboring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive, even if he had not the happiness to be your favorite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire for revenge, came in and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death, on the supposition that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he who had been bit by him would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion; observing that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed if he was not sure that he ran no risk

of infection. Nevertheless Thomas continued obstinate; and at length declared that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horsewhipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred. Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion, who, she affirmed, had overturned the coach from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country-fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without further impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offense, which indeed she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postilion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion.

"This is a heinous offense indeed," cried my uncle; "let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin; his complexion was of a sickly yellow: his looks denoted famine; and . . . Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone; observing that he would fill the room with vermin.

Her brother darted a significant glance at her as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? When he answered that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine host was immediately called, and being interrogated on the subject, said that the young fellow's name was Humphrey Clinker; that he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in

the workhouse, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out; that he had for some time worked under his hostler as a helper and extra postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread; that having sold or pawned everything he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard anything to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets?" "I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house."

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels: who shall presume to censure the morals of the age when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender,—you stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want; but as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving a word of advice,—get a shirt with all convenient dispatch."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stept into the coach, she observed with some marks of satisfaction that the postilion who rode next to her was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the castle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in loose parcels; and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphrey Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favorable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested

the affront. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying she supposed her brother had taken him into favor because he had insulted her with his obscenity; that a fool and his money were soon parted: but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we proposed to dine. There the first person that came to the side of the coach and began to adjust the footboard was no other than Humphrey Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house; my uncle was embarrassed, and asked peevishly what had brought him hither? The fellow said his Honor had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life, without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or to laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? What are you good for?" "An' please your Honor," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel him; . . . I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I can make hog's puddings and hobnails, mend kettles and tin saucepans—" Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of. "I know something of single-stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker: "I can play upon the jew's-harp, sing 'Black-eyed Susan,' 'Arthur O'Bradley,' and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and 'Nancy Dawson'; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches when I'm in heart; and (under correction) I can find a hare when your Honor wants a bit of game." "Foregad, thou art a complete fellow!" cried my uncle, still laughing: "I have a mind to take thee into my family. Prithee, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister; thou hast given her much offense."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha,—"May it please

your Ladyship's Worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offenses, and with God's assistance, I shall take care never to offend your Ladyship again. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner; God bless your noble countenance, I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabitha; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness, and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphrey was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture, gaping with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me;—here it is: kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an't please your Ladyship,—it will daub the room: give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the roadside." To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately." "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle; "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offense." "Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphrey. "I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden: "he acts by your direction, and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you,—for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence: but now you shall part with

that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from a dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice to gratify the rancor of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble! I will now propose an alternative in my turn: either discard your four-footed favorite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu; for I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may.*" Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner; and after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt!" said she. "And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire with a peremptory look. "Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection!" Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek; he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed; Win Jenkins cackled; Chowder capered; and Clinker skipt about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived in London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and (in a day or two) will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. J. MELFORD.

DENTON J. SNIDER

(1841–)

APPRECIATION of the Greek spirit by the modern generation may find expression in scrupulous scholarship, comprehending the literature of Greece in its philological aspect; or it may manifest itself as the very poetry of criticism — as a temper of mind which can reconstruct the old Greek world out of a line from Homer, or from a fragment of a temple. Mr. Denton J. Snider possesses to a high degree this imaginative appreciation of the golden world of Greece. His scholarship is subordinated to his fine sympathy with the never-dying soul of a great age.

DENTON J. SNIDER

In his 'Walk in Hellas,' he describes a pedestrian tour through Greece, which he made alone. The journey was as much of the mind as of the body. It was not undertaken merely to see portions of the peninsula rarely visited by strangers. Its chief object was to recover the ancient classic time, partly by power of the imagination, partly by the aid of haunted spring and grove and ruin. It was to see Aristotle walking with his disciples on the slopes of Lycabettus; to see the Platæans filing through the brushwood of Mount Kotroni, to aid the Athenians on the plain of Marathon; to see the statues of Phidias emerge from the ancient quarries of Pentelic marble,— white, godlike forms of eternal youth; to see the sapphire skies beyond spotless temples to Diana; to remember Theocritus in the scent of the thyme; above all, to seek for Helen, the incarnation of the divine Greek beauty. "He is in pursuit of Helen; her above all human and divine personalities he desires to behold, even speak with face to face, and possibly to possess. But who is Helen? You are aware that on her account the Trojan War was fought; that all Greece, when she was stolen, mustered a vast armament, and heroically struggled ten years for her recovery; and did recover her and bring her back to her native land. Nor is the legend wanting that there in her Grecian home she is still just the blooming bride who

was once led away by the youthful Menelaos to the shining palace of Sparta. So the wanderer is going to have his Iliad too — an Iliad not fought and sung, but walked and perchance dreamed, for the possession of Helen, the most beautiful woman of Greece; nay, the most beautiful woman of the world. There she stands in the soft moonlight of fable, statue-like, just before the entrance to the temple of history. Thither the cloudy image, rapidly growing more distinct and more persistent, beckons and points.»

It is this dream of Helen the beautiful that Mr. Snider has in mind continually, on his pilgrimage through the enchanted country of which she is the personification. She is always in the purple distance, beckoning to him from the porch of a temple, from the green slope of some sacred mountain, from the azure of the sky, from the depths of some wild sea splendor. He follows this vision from Athens to Pentelicus, from Marathon to Marcopoulo, from Aulis to Thebes, from Chæroneia to Parnassus. His idealism reconstructs the world of Helen and her descendants; but his keen powers of observation take account also of the modern Greece through which he is passing. The charm of 'A Walk in Hellas' lies in this poetical union of the Greece of Helen with the Greece of King George. Mr. Snider's journey through Greece was undertaken in 1877, when he was young enough to enjoy even its hardships. He was born January 9th, 1841, at Mount Gilead, Ohio. In 1862 he graduated at Oberlin College, and in 1867 became instructor in the St. Louis High School. Since 1887 he has been co-worker in the literary schools of Chicago, and in the kindergarten; also a peripatetic lecturer. He has published commentaries on what he terms «the literary Bibles,» — Shakespeare's dramas, Goethe's 'Faust,' Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and Dante's 'Divine Comedy.' These are concerned chiefly with the ethical and spiritual import of the masterpieces, and less with the usual subject of criticism, literary form. Mr. Snider recognizes what many critics overlook, that the greatest artist is the greatest moralist. In his commentary on Shakespeare he writes: «The all-pervading greatness of Shakespeare lies in his comprehension of the ethical order of the world;» his dramas are «the truest literary product of the time, because the most perfect and concrete presentation of realized rationality.» It is this recognition of a supreme truth which fits Mr. Snider to be an interpreter of Macbeth and Lear, of the Faust Legend and Dante's Vision. In his commentary on Goethe's 'Faust,' there is much subtle criticism. «Margaret has not intellect, at least not intellect unfolded into conscious reason: she has the rational principle within her, but in the form of feeling. She is not, therefore, the self-centred woman, the one who is able to meet Faust, the intellectual destroyer of her world. Such is the word of the great poet

of the century on woman. The great philosopher of the century has said about the same thing: —

«'Man is the active, objective principle, woman is the passive, subjective; man is thought, woman is feeling; man clings to the Universal, woman to the Individual,— she can possess fancy, wit, culture, but not philosophy. If this be the finality of her, then she is and must remain a tragic character; or if she be saved, her salvation depends on her not meeting a Faust. Such probably has been her lot in the past: but the new woman assuredly must take possession of her intellectual birthright, and therein be all the more a woman; I say she will be able to meet a Faust on his own ground, and not only Faust, but Mephisto himself. We can see such a woman in training in our Western world; but Goethe never beheld her, Hegel never beheld her, never could behold her in that European life.'»

Mr. Snider has published several volumes of poems on classical subjects, which exhibit the same appreciation of the Greek spirit which illuminates 'A Walk in Hellas.' Among his miscellaneous writings are 'World's-Fair Studies,' a novel of Western life; 'The Freebargers'; and a work on psychology entitled 'Psychology and the Psychoses.'

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

From 'A Walk in Hellas.' Copyright 1881 and 1882, by Denton J. Snider

But as I turn around a little thicket and emerge on the other side, behold! The whole valley, green with alternate patches of shrubs and grain-fields, gracefully narrow and curving, stretches out before me. Through it a silvery ribbon of water is winding brightly along: it is the river Marathon. Toward the further end of the vale is a pleasant village lying quietly between the hills in sunny repose: it is the village Marathon. In the distance through the opening between two mountains, following with the eye the course of the stream, I can behold a plain spreading out like a fan, and stretching along the blue sparkling rim of the sea: it is the plain of Marathon. The whole landscape sweeps into the vision at once from the high station; something struggles within the beholder, wings can be felt growing out of the sides: let us fly down into the vale without delay from this height. . . .

Just as I was prepared to start once more, a new appearance I notice coming down the road: it is the traveling merchant, with his entire store of goods laden on the back of a little donkey.

His salute is friendly, his manner is quick and winning; we go along together toward the village, talking of many things. He tells me that he is from Oropus, a town on the Attic border famous in antiquity; that his name is Aristides, that he is going to Marathon, and will show me a place to stay during the night. There is something new and peculiar about this man, the like of which I have not yet seen in these rural portions of Greece. He walks with a quick, alert step, he has a shrewdness and brightness of intellect, a readiness and information which are remarkable in comparison to the ordinary intellectual gifts found in the country; his features and his physical bearing, his keen dark eye and nervous twitch, distinguish him in the most striking manner from the stolid Albanian peasant. He is a Greek of pure blood, he tells me: manifestly we have met with a new and distinctive type.

I enter the village of Marathon with Aristides, who brings me to the chief wine-shop, where lodgings are to be had as well as refreshing beverage. First a thimbleful of mastic, a somewhat strong alcoholic drink, with my merchant, who then leaves me and goes to his business. A number of people are in the wine-shop; they are the Albanian residents of the village: all look curiously at the new arrival. The merchant soon passed around the word that I was from America — a fact which I had imparted to him on the way. But of America they had very little notion. The strangest sort of curiosity peeped out of their rather small eyes: the news spread rapidly through the town that a live American had arrived; what that was, they all hastened to see. So they continued to pour in by twos and threes till the spacious wine-shop was nearly full. Not a word they said, but walked along in front of the table where I sat, and stared at me; they kept their kerchiefed heads drawn down in their shaggy capotes, being dressed in tight breeches like close-fitting drawers, with feet thrust into low shoes, which run out to a point at the toes and curl over. Thus they move before me in continuous procession; when they had taken a close survey of me, they would sit down on a bench, roll a cigarette in paper, strike fire from a flint, and begin to smoke. A taciturn, curious, but not unfriendly crowd.— I called for recinato.

Presently a man clad in European garments appeared among them, and in courteous manner addressed me, talking good Greek but very bad French: it was the village schoolmaster, whom the

people familiarly called Didaskali. I hailed him joyfully as a fellow-craftsman in a foreign land, and lost no time in announcing to him that I too was a schoolmaster in my country. Professional sympathy at once opened all the sluices of his heart: we were friends on the spot. He was not an Albanian, but a Greek born in the Turkish provinces; I do not think he was as bright as my merchant Aristides, though he was probably better educated. I took a stroll with him around the town; he sought to show me every possible kindness, with the single exception of his persistency in talking French. One neat little cottage I noticed: it was the residence of the Dikastes or village judge; but the most of the houses were low hovels, with glassless windows, often floorless. Women were shy, hiding forehead and chin in wrappage at the approach of a stranger,—who perhaps was too eager in trying to peer into their faces, as if in search of some visage lost long ago in this valley. Still human nature is here, too, in Marathon; for I caught a young girl giving a sly peep through the window after we had passed, which she had pretended to close when she saw the stranger approaching.

But it is growing dark; I have done a pretty good day's work; I must put off the rest of the sight-seeing till to-morrow. Only half a mile below is the Marathonian plain, which one can see from the village, but it must now be turned over to darkness. At my request the Didaskali goes back with me to the wine-shop, when he excuses himself, promising soon to return. There I had a supper which was eminently satisfactory after a day's walk: five eggs fried in goat's butter, large quantities of black bread, and abundance of recinato at one cent a glass,—good-sized glasses at that.

While I sat there eating, the people began to assemble again. The Papas, the village priest, came and listened,—the untrousered man, with dark habit falling down to his heels like a woman's dress, and with long raven hair rolled up in a knot on the back of his head, upon which knot sat his high, stiff ecclesiastical cap; the Dikastes or village judge came,—an educated man, who had studied at the University of Athens, and who dressed in European fashion, possessing, in noticeable contrast to the rest of the Marathonians, the latest style of Parisian hat; a lame shopkeeper came, a Greek of the town; bright, full of mockery, flattering me with high titles—in order to get me to hire his mules for my journey, as I had good reason to suspect; finally the

schoolmaster and the traveling merchant appeared again, both in excellent humor, and expecting a merry evening. There was no doctor present: I asked for him; they told me that there was none in the valley, though it is scourged with malarial fever in summer; one man in particular complained of the health of the place. All the representative citizens of Marathon were before me, looking at me eating in the wine-shop on a wooden table. Some one asked me about my native language. "This is the language that I understand best," said I, raising a mouthful of egg and bread to my lips: "you seem to understand it too." This jest, for whose merit I do not make any high claims, caused all the Albanians to laugh, and set the whole wine-shop in a festive mood. It is manifest that this audience is not very difficult to please.

Finally my long repast was finished; long both on account of the work done and on account of the continued interruptions caused by question and answer. The people still held out; there they were before me, more curious than ever, now with a laughing look on account of that one sterile jest,—laughing out of the corner of the eye, and with head already somewhat drawn out of the shaggy capote from expectation. What next? I was on the soil of illustrious Marathon; expectant gazes were centred upon me: what had I, as a true American, to do for the honor of my country? My duty was clear from the start: I must make a speech. I should have been unfaithful to my nationality had I not done so at Marathon. Accordingly I shoved the table aside, pulled out my bench, and in the full happiness of hunger and thirst satisfied — perhaps, too, a little aglow with the golden recinato — I began to address them as follows: —

Andres Marathonioi — Ye men of Marathon —

At this point I confess I had to laugh myself, looking into that solid Albanian stare of fifty faces; for the echo of the tremendous oath of Demosthenes, in which he swears by the heroes of Marathon, rung through my ears, and made the situation appallingly ludicrous. Still, in spite of my laugh, you must know that I was in deep earnest and full of my theme; moreover, there were at least four persons before me who could understand both my Greek and my allusions. As to my Greek, I affirm that Demosthenes himself would have understood it had he been there.—

though he might have criticized the style and pronunciation. But I resumed:—

Ye men of Marathon, I never was gladder in my life than I am to be with you to-night. I crossed over the mountains on foot from Stamata; every step that I took was lighter with thinking of Marathon. When from yonder summit I first caught a glimpse of your village and valley, and gave a distant peep into the plain beyond to the sea, I had to shed tears of joy. Your name is indeed the greatest, the most inspiring in all history. In every age it has been the mighty rallying-cry of freedom; nations oppressed, on hearing it, have taken hope and risen, smiting to earth their tyrants. It has been the symbol of courage to the few and weak against the many and strong; the very utterance of the name inspires what is highest and noblest in the human breast,—courage, devotion, liberty, nationality. Under a banner inscribed with that word Marathon, our Western civilization has heroically marched and fought its battle: here was its first outpost, here its first and greatest triumph,—and the shout of that triumph still re-echoes and will go on re-echoing forever through history. But Marathon is not merely here; it has traveled around the world along with man's freedom and enlightenment. Among all civilized peoples the name is known and cherished; it is familiar as a household word,—nay, it is a household prayer. In the remote districts of America I have often heard it uttered—and uttered with deepest admiration and gratitude. There, in my land, thousands of miles from here, I first learned the name of Marathon in a log schoolhouse by the side of the primitive forest; it fell from the lips of a youth who was passionately speaking of his country. It had in its very sound, I can still recollect, some spell, some strange fascination, for it seemed to call up, like an army of spirits, the great heroes of the past along with the most intense feelings of the soul. There you can hear it among the people in their little debates; also you can hear it from great orators in senate halls. Marathon, I repeat, is the mightiest, most magical name in history, by which whole nations swear when they march out in defense of their Gods, their families, and their freedom. By it too they compare their present with their past, and ever struggle upwards to fulfill what lies prophetically in their great example. Now I am in the very place: I can hardly persuade myself that it is not a dream, and that you are not shadows flitting here before

me. In that log schoolhouse I did not even dare dream of this moment; but it has arrived. I have already had to-day a glimpse where the old battle-field reposes in the hazy distance; to-morrow I shall visit it, run over it, spend the whole day upon it, looking and thinking; for I desire to stamp its features and its spirit into my very brain, that I may carry Marathon across the ocean to my land, and show it to others who may not be able to come here and see it for themselves. Nor shall I refrain from confessing to you a secret within me: I cannot help thinking that I have been here before; everything looks familiar to me; I beheld yon summit long ago,—the summit of old Kotroni; I have marched down the Marathonian stream as I marched to-day; I seem to be doing over again the same things that I have done here before; I made a speech on this spot ages ago in Greek,—a much better one, I think, than I am now making. And further let me tell you what I believe: I believe that I too fought along at Marathon, that I was one of those ten thousand Athenian soldiers that rushed down yonder hillside and drave the Oriental men into the sea. I can now behold myself off there charging down a meadow toward a swamp, amid the rattle of arms and the hymn of battle, with shield firmly grasped and with spear fiercely out-thrust,—on the point of which, spitted through and through, I can feel a quivering Persian.

At this strange notion, and still more at the accompanying gesture made in a charging attitude, the mirthful Greeks could hold in no longer, but burst suddenly into a loud and prolonged laugh, in which the Albanians joined; they all laughed, laughed inextinguishably like the blessed gods on Olympus, and the whole wine-shop was filled with wild merriment. Whereat the speech was brought to a close which may be modestly called a happy one: thus let it be now.

As soon as the speech had come to an end, I rose and looked out of the wine-shop; desiring to take a short stroll before going to bed, in order to catch a breath of fresh air, and to see a Greek evening in the Marathonian vale. Though long after sunset, it appeared light out of doors everywhere; that vague flicker from the sky it was which gives a mystical indefiniteness to the things of nature, and produces such a marked contrast to the clear plastic outlines of daytime. The schoolmaster went along, and we walked up the stream of Marathon, which often gurgled into a momentary gleam over the pebbles, and then fell back into

darkness. The mountains on each side of us were changed into curious fantastic shapes which played in that subtle light; caprice of forms now ruled the beautiful Greek world, as begotten in the sport of a Northern fancy; Hecate with her rout of witches and goblins had broken loose from her dark caverns in the earth, and was flitting across glimmering patches of twilight up and down the hillsides. Below the peaks, the dells and little seams of valleys running athwart one another were indicated by lines of darkness, so that their whole figure came to resemble a many-legged monster crawling down the slant; while above on the summits was the dreamy play of light with the dance of the fairies. But these shapes let us shun in Greece: we may allow them to sport capriciously before us for a few moments in the evening, though in truth they belong not here. Let us then hasten back to the wine-shop and await to-morrow the return of Phœbus Apollo, the radiant Greek god, who will slay these Pythons anew with his shining arrows, and put to flight all the weird throng, revealing again our world in clear clean-cut outlines bounded in this soft sunlight.

When we arrived there, we still found the priest,—the long-haired, dark-stoled Papas,—though nearly everybody else had gone home. He began to catechize me on the subject of religion, particularly its ceremonies; of which examination I, knowing my weakness, tried to keep shy. But he broke out directly upon me with this question: Were you ever baptized? Therein a new shortcoming was revealed to myself, for I had to confess that I actually did not know; I did not recollect any such event myself, and I had always forgotten to ask my father whether the rite had ever been performed over me when an infant. The priest thought that this was bad, very bad—*kakon*, *polù kakon* was his repeated word of disapprobation; then he asked me if I never intended to be baptized. This question, here at Marathon, drove me to bed; I at once called for a light. But it was only one of the frequent manifestations that will be observed in modern Greece, of a tendency to discuss religious subtleties. The ecclesiastical disputes of the Byzantine Empire—Homoousian and Homoiousian—will often to-day be brought up vividly to the mind of the traveler. Especially the ceremonies of the Eastern Church are maintained with much vigor and nice distinction in a very fine-spun, and consequently very thin, tissue of argumentation.

After excusing myself from the Papas, who in company with me performs a slight inner baptism of himself with a glass of recinato as the final ceremony of the day, I ask to be conducted to my quarters, and am led to an adjoining building up-stairs. The room is without furniture. In one corner of it lies a mattress covered with coarse sheeting and a good quilt, on the floor — for in Greece bedsteads are not much in vogue: they are considered to be in the way, and to take up unnecessary room; so the bedclothes are spread out on the floor along the hearth every evening, and packed away every morning. This bed was considered a particularly good one; intended for strangers who might visit Marathon, and who had to pay for it two francs a night. Indeed, during a great portion of the year in this hot climate, the bed is not only unnecessary but a nuisance, in which one can only roll and swelter; hence the family bed has no such place in the Greek as in the Northern household.

The light which is left me is also worthy of a passing notice. It consists of a cup two-thirds filled with water; on the water lies half an inch of olive oil; on the surface of the oil is floating a small piece of wood, to which a slender wick is attached reaching into the oil; the upper end of this wick is lighted, and painfully throws its shadowy glimmer on the walls. A truly pristine light,— going back probably to old Homer, thinks the traveler, by which the blind bard could have sat and hymned his lines to eager listeners around the evening board; an extremely economical light, burning the entire night without any diminution of the oil apparently, and giving a proportionate illumination; it is a hard light to read by, still harder to write by. There is no tallow in the country for candles; the little wax which is produced is used for tapers in the churches. There is no desk or chair in the room; one must write on the floor in some way, if he wishes to send a line to the dear ones, or take a note.

Accordingly the traveler goes to bed, props himself upon his elbow, opens his book on the floor near the light,— but the eyes swim for a moment, the head totters, back it falls upon the mattress: that is the end of one day's adventure; he will rapidly descend into Lethe, where, though in dream she fight the great battle over again alongside of Miltiades at one moment, and the next moment argue the question of baptism with the Papas, he will lie in sweet unconscious repose, till the Sun-god, rising from his bath in the ocean, stretch his long golden fingers through the

window, gently open the eyelids, and whisper to the slumberer, who will hear though half awake: "Rise, it is the day of Marathon." Thereupon the traveler leaps from his couch,—for he knows that it is the voice of a god, and he dares not disobey: if he have any winged sandals, he now puts them on, for to-day he will have to make an Olympian flight; if he have that staff of Hermes with which the Argus-slayer conducts departed souls out of Hades and into it, he will seize the same and sally forth; for to-day he will have to call up from the past many mighty spirits,—those colossal shades which still rise at Marathon.

When I came out of my high-sounding chamber in the morning, I met my good host with a ewer of water, which he proceeded to pour upon my hands for the purpose of ablution; unpoetical wash-basins do not exist, or were refused me, perchance on account of my Homeric habits. After a breakfast quite like the supper on the previous evening, I begin the march for the battle of Marathon, having filled a small haversack with a piece of black bread and some cheese for luncheon, and having slung around my shoulder a canteen of recinato. Nor do I forget my chief weapons,—two books and the maps, which I hold tightly under my arm. Thus equipped, I tread along,—with becoming modesty I trust, yet with no small hopes of victory.

But there is no hurry: let the gait still be leisurely. As I pass down the road through the village which is spread out on the banks of the stream, I meet many an acquaintance made the evening before at the wine-shop; each recognizes me by a slight nod of the head, with a pleasant smile. All of them seemed still to be laughing at the idea of my being an ancient hoplite now revisiting former scenes of activity. Such friendly greeting on every side, together with the genial sunshine of the morning, puts the traveler into a happy mood, slightly transcendental perhaps. Whatever he now does is an adventure worth recording to future ages; whatever he now sees is a divine revelation.

Passing along to a shelving place in the stream, he beholds the washers: one hundred women or more, at work with furious muscle, pounding, scouring, rubbing, rinsing the filth-begrimed fustanellas of their husbands, brothers, sons. There is a strength, vigor, and I should say anger in their motions, that they seem animated by some feeling of revenge against those dirty garments, and in my opinion with good reason. One Amazonian arm is wielding a billet of wood, quite of the weight and somewhat

resembling the shape of the maul with which the American woodman drives wedges into the gnarled oak. Upon a flat smooth stone are laid the garments, boiled, soaped, and steaming, when they are belabored by that maul. None of our modern machinery is seen; even the wash-board is very imperfect, or does not appear at all. Somehow in this wise the ancient Nausicaas must have blanched their linen at the clear Marathonian stream; one will unconsciously search now with eager glances for the divine Phæacian maid, to see whether she be not here still. At present the washers are strewn along the marble edge of the water for quite a distance,—dressed in white, bare-armed, mostly bare-footed and bare-legged, in the liveliest, fiercest muscular motion, as if wrestling desperately with some fiend. Look at the struggling, wriggling, smiting mass of mad women,—Mænads under some divine enthusiasm,—while the sides of old Kotroni Mountain across the river re-echo with the thud of their relentless billets. A truly Marathonian battle against filth, with this very distinct utterance: "For one day at least we are going to be clean in Marathon."

But it is impossible to look at the washers all the time, however fascinating the view; indeed, I had almost forgotten that I am on my way to the field of the great battle—which does not speak well for an ancient hoplite. I still pass along the stream, with its white lining of marble through which flows the current pellucid;—what! are the eyes deceived, or is the water actually diminishing in the channel? Yes, not only has it diminished, but now a few steps further it has wholly vanished, sunk away into the earth, leaving merely a dry rocky bed for the wildest torrent of the storm. Thus that crisp joyous mountain stream which gave us such delight in its dance down the hill through the valley, when we looked at it coming to Marathon, now disappears with its entire volume of water, to rise again in the marshes beyond, or perchance in the sea. . . .

So one saunters down that short neck which attaches the village to the plain, joyously attuned by the climate, and trying to throw himself back into that spirit which created the old Greek mythology, determined to see here what an ancient Greek would see. Nature begins to be alive; she begins to speak strange things in his soul, and to reveal new shapes to his vision; an Oread skips along, the mountain with him, while the Naiads circle in a chorus round the neighboring fountain. Such company

he must find if he truly travel in Greece. Not as a sentimental play of the fancy, not as a pretty bauble for the amusement of a dreary hour, but as a vital source of faith and action, as a deep and abiding impulse to the greatest and most beautiful works, will the loyal traveler seek to realize within himself these antique forms.

But that shape at yonder spring drawing water — what can it be? Clearly not a Naiad: dark eyes flashing out from blooming features that lie half hidden among her hair falling down carelessly on both sides of her forehead, a short dress drooping over her luxuriant frame in romantic tatters of many colors, under which the bosom swells half exposed, cause the white water-nymphs to vanish into viewless air, and leave a seductive image behind, which will long accompany the traveler in spite of himself; rising at intervals and dancing through his thoughts even at Marathon. It is the Wallachian maiden who has come down from her mountain lodge for water, which in two large casks she puts on the back of a donkey. A wild beauty, fascinating on account of wildness, not devoid of a certain coy coquetry, she seems not displeased to have attracted the marked attention of that man in Frankish garments who is passing along the road; for her dark eyes shoot out new sparkles from under the falling tresses, tempered with subdued smiles. She has nothing to do with the villagers of Marathon: she is a child of the mountains; she belongs to a different world. Slowly she passes out of sight with her charge into the brushwood; looking back at the last step, she stoops and plucks a flower; then she springs up and vanishes among the leaves.

It is a slight disappointment, perhaps; but look now in the opposite direction, and you will behold in the road going toward the plain a new and very delightful appearance: three white robes are there moving gracefully along through the clear atmosphere, and seem to be set in high relief against the hilly background. Three women — evidently of the wealthier people of the village, for their garments are of stainless purity and adjusted with unusual care,— appear to be taking a walk at their leisure down the valley. Their dress is a long loose gown flowing freely down to the heels; all of it shows the spotless white except a narrow pink border. Over this dress is worn a woolen mantilla, also white with a small border. At the view there arises the feeling which will often be experienced in other localities of

Greece with even greater intensity: the feeling of a living plastic outline which suggests its own copy in marble. No costume can possibly be so beautiful and so distinct in this atmosphere; there they move along, as if statues should start from their pedestals and walk down from their temples through the fields. Why the white material was taken by the old artists for sculpture, becomes doubly manifest now: here is the living model in her fair drapery; yonder across the river is the marble, Pentelic marble, cropping out of the hills. Unite the twain: they belong together; both have still a mute longing to be joined once more in happy marriage. I have not the least doubt that the ancient Marathonian woman in the age of the battle paced through this valley in a similar costume, producing similar sensations in this bluish transparent air.

But the three shapes draw near; one will look into their faces as they pass: they are Albanian women,—not beautiful by any means, not with features corresponding to their costumes, you will say. Therefore we must add something very essential to bring back that ancient Greek woman; for she had brought body into the happiest harmony with dress, if we may judge of those types which have come down to us. Still this is a delightful vision of antique days, passing with stately gait through the clear sunlit landscape;—forms of white marble in contrast to the many-colored tatters of the Wallachian maiden, who, having no sympathy of dress with the climate, shows that she does not belong to Marathon.

Now we have arrived—if you have succeeded in keeping up with me—at the point where the bed of the river passes into the plain, in full view of which we at present stand. It sweeps around almost crescent-shaped, like the side of a vast amphitheatre cut into the mountains: the line from tip to tip of the arc is said to measure about six miles. That line, seen from the spot where we now are, has a beautiful blue border of sparkling water,—the Euripus, which separates the mainland from the island Eubœa. There is upon the plain but one tree worthy of the name,—a conifer which rises strange and solitary about in the centre of it, and looks like a man, with muffled head in soldier's cloak standing guard, still waiting for some enemy to come out of the East. The plain is at present largely cultivated, vineyards and fields of grain are scattered through it, but the ancient olives are wanting. At the northern horn of the crescent is a

large morass running quite parallel to the sea; a smaller one is at the southern horn. Into the plain two villages debouch, both having roads from Athens. There is a beautiful shore gradually shelving off into deep water with a gravel bottom; here the traveler will sit long and look at the waves breaking one after another upon the beach. This coast, however, is but a narrow strip for several miles; just behind it lies amid the grass the deceptive marsh, not visible at any considerable distance. This morass and its conformation will explain the great miracle of the battle: namely, its decisiveness, notwithstanding the enormous disparity in the numbers of the two contending armies. For the morass was the treacherous enemy lurking in ambuscade at the rear and under the very feet of the Persians.

In regard to the battle of Marathon we have only one trustworthy account: this is given by Herodotus, the Father of History. It is short, and omits much that we would like to know, indeed must know in order to comprehend the battle. Still, a view of the ground will suggest the general plan, with the help of the old historian's hints, and of one contemporary fact handed down by the traveler Pausanias. The battle was a fierce attack in front, aided by the enemy in the rear,—the morass, which had a double power. It on the one hand prevented the foe from getting assistance, which could only come from the ships by a long detour round the narrow strip of coast easily blocked by a few soldiers. On the other hand, broken or even unbroken lines being forced into the swampy ground would become hopelessly disordered, and would have enough to do fighting the enemy under their feet.

Imagine now this line of coast with the vessels drawn up sternwards along the shelving bank; then comes the narrow strip of shore on which a portion of the Persian army lies encamped; then follows the marshy tract, then the plain upon which another portion of the Persian army is drawn up; still further and beyond the plain is the slope of the mountain, where with good vision you can see the Athenians arrayed in order of battle. At the mouth of one of the two villages, doubtless near the modern hamlet of Vrana, they have taken position; since they could easily pass round the road and protect the other valley, if a movement should be made in that direction by the enemy. Single-handed of all the States of Greece they stand here; they had sent for aid to the Spartans, who refused to come on account of a religious festival. Still the suspicion lives, and will

forever live through history, that this was a mere pretense; that the Spartans would gladly have seen their rival destroyed, though at the peril of Greek freedom.

But who are these men filing silently through the brushwood of Mount Kotroni, in leather helmets and rude kilts, hurrying forward to the aid of the Athenians? They are the Platæans, a small community of Bœotia,—in all Greece the only town outside of Attica that has the courage and the inclination to face the Persian foe. One thousand men are here from that small place,—a quiet rural village lying on the slopes of Kithæron: the whole male population, one is forced to think, including every boy and old man capable of bearing arms, is in that band; for the entire community could hardly number more than three or four thousand souls. Yet here they are to the last man: one almost imagines that some of the women must be among them in disguise,—as to-day the Greek women of Parnassus often handle the gun with skill, and have been known to fight desperately in the ranks alongside of their fathers and brothers. But think of what was involved in that heroic deed: the rude villagers assemble when the messenger comes with the fearful news that the Persian had landed just across at Marathon; in the market-place they deliberate, having hurried from their labor in the fields, in coarse rustic garb with bare feet slipped into low sandals; uncouth indeed they seem, but if there ever were men on the face of this earth, they were in Platæa at that hour. No faint-hearted words were there, we have the right to assume—no half-hearted support; no hesitation: every man takes his place in the files, the command to march is given, and they all are off. Nor can we forget the anxiety left behind in the village: the Greek wife with child on her arm peers out of the door, taking a last look at the receding column winding up Kithæron, and disappearing over its summit; there is not a husband, not a grown-up son remaining in Platæa. What motive, do you ask? I believe that these rude Greek rustics were animated by a profound instinct which may be called not only national but world-historical,—the instinct of hostility to the Orient and its principle, in favor of political autonomy and individual freedom. Also another ground of their conduct was gratitude toward the Athenians who had saved them from the tyranny of Thebes, their overbearing neighbor: now their benefactors are in the sorest need; patriotism and friendship alike command; there can be no hesitation. So those thousand men on a September day wind

through the pines and arbutes of Kotroni with determined tread, are received with great joy by the Athenians, and at once take their position on the left wing ready for the onset. Let any village in the world's history match the deed! Well may the Athenians after that day join the Platæans with themselves in public prayers to the gods in whose defense both have marched out.

Scarcely have these allies arrived, we may suppose, when the moment of battle is at hand. Doubtless it was the most favorable moment, and as such eagerly seized by Miltiades: why it was so favorable, no one at this late day can know. Perhaps the much-feared Persian cavalry were absent on a foraging expedition; perhaps the enemy were negligent, or were embarking; or as Herodotus says, because it was Miltiades's day of command, —alas, who can tell? At any rate the order to charge is given; down the declivity the Greeks rush, over the plain for a mile. The deep files on the wings of their army bear everything before them; but the centre is defeated for a time and driven back, for it had apparently been weakened to strengthen the wings. Such is the first fierce attack.

Now comes the second stage of the struggle, the battle at the marshes. The front of the enemy, pressed by the Greeks, and consolidated into a mass of panic-stricken fugitives, bore the rear backwards; thus the whole hostile army pushed itself into the swamp. Whoever has seen a regiment of infantry in a morass, reeling, struggling with broken lines, sinking under their equipments, soldiers extricating one foot only to sink deeper with the other, cursing their stars and damning the war,—that is, a complete loss of all discipline, and a sort of despair on account of the new victorious enemy underfoot,—such a person can imagine the condition of a large part of the Persian army after that attack. The Greek lines stood on the edge of the marsh, and smote the struggling disordered mass with little or no loss to themselves. They also prevented succor from coming round the narrow tongue of coast till the battle at the morass was over, wholly victorious for the Greeks.

The narrative of Herodotus omits entirely this second stage of the conflict, and modern historians have slurred it over with little or no separate attention. Thus, however, the whole battle is an unaccountable mystery. Fortunately this struggle at the morass and its result are vouched for by an authority at once

original and contemporaneous,— an authority even better than Herodotus, who was a foreigner from Asia Minor. It was the picture in the Pœkile at Athens painted not long after the battle. Of the details of that picture we have several important hints from ancient authors. Says Pausanias, evidently speaking of its leading motive, it shows "the barbarians fleeing and pushing one another into the swamp." There can be no doubt that this was the salient and decisive fact of the battle: the barbarians fled and pushed one another into the swamp. By the fierce onset of the Greeks the front lines of the enemy were driven upon the rear, and the whole multitude was carried by its own weight into the treacherous ground, numbers only increasing the momentum and the confusion. Such was the conception of the artist painting the battle before the eyes of the very men who had participated in it; such therefore we must take to be the contemporary Athenian conception. The picture may well be considered to be the oldest historical document we have concerning the fight, and as even better evidence than the foreign historian. The ground, moreover, as we look at it to-day, tells the same story. A skillful military commander of the present time, other things being equal, would make the same plan of attack. Thus too the great miracle of the battle — the defeat of so many by so few, and the small loss of the victors — is reasonably cleared up.

The third stage of the conflict was the battle at the ships, while the enemy were embarking. This, to be successful, had to take place partly upon the narrow strip of shore to which the Greeks must penetrate at a disadvantage. In their zeal they rushed into the water down the shelving pebbly bottom in order to seize the fleet; still the faithful traveler visiting the scene will, after their example, wade far out into the sea. Seven vessels were taken out of six hundred, the enemy making good their embarkation. Many Greeks here suffered the fate of brave Kynegeirus, brother of the poet Æschylus, who, seizing hold of a vessel, had his arms chopped off by a Persian battle-axe. In general, the Greeks were repulsed at the battle of the ships; but this third stage, since the enemy were leaving, is the least important of the whole conflict.

Not a word does Herodotus say about the numbers engaged on either side: a strange, unaccountable omission. Yet he must have conversed with men who fought at the battle,— with the leaders possibly,— and he gives with the greatest care the loss on

both sides,—6,400 Persians, 192 Athenians. The omission leads to the conjecture that he could not find out the true figures; yet why not at Athens, where they must have been known? It is a puzzle: let each one solve it by his own conjecture, which is likely to be as good as anybody else's.

Ancient writers much later than the battle give to the Persians from 210,000 to 600,000 men; to the Athenians and Platæans 10,000 men. Modern writers have sought through various sources to lessen this immense disparity, by increasing the Athenian and diminishing the Persian numbers. Indeed, Marathon became the topic of the wildest exaggeration for the Greek orators and rhetoricians: 300,000 were said to have been slain by less than 10,000; Kynegeirus, already mentioned, is declared to have had first the right hand cut off, then the left hand, then to have seized the vessel with his teeth like a wild animal; Callimachus, a brave general who was slain, is represented to have been pierced by so many weapons that he was held up by their shafts. It was the great commonplace of Athenian oratory; thence it has passed to be the world's commonplace. Justly, in my opinion: for it is one of the supreme world-events, and not merely a local or even national affair; thus the world will talk of its own deeds. Do not imagine with the shallow-brained detractor that rhetoric has made Marathon; no, Marathon rather has made rhetoric, among other greater things.

Far more interesting than these rhetorical exaggerations of a later time are the contemporary accounts which come from the people and show their faith,—the legends of supernatural appearances which took part in the fight. For there was aught divine, the people must believe, at work visibly upon the battle-field that day. Epizelus, a soldier in the ranks, was stricken blind, and remained so during life, at the vision of a gigantic warrior with a huge beard, who passed near him and smote the enemy. Theseus the special Athenian hero, Hercules the universal Greek hero, were there and seen of men; no doubt of it, the heroes all did fight along, with very considerable effect too. Nor were the gods absent: the god Pan, regardless of slighted divinity, met the courier Phidippides on the way to Sparta for aid, and promised his divine help if the Athenians would neglect him no longer. Finally, Athena herself, the protecting goddess of the city, in helm and spear strode there through the ranks, shaking her dreadful ægis, visible to many—nay, to all—Athenian eyes.

Even a new hero appears, unheard of before; in rough rustic garb, armed with a plowshare he smote the Oriental foe who had invaded his soil. After the battle he vanishes: who was he? On consulting an oracle, the Athenians were merely told to pay honors to the Hero Echetlus. On the whole the most interesting and characteristic of all these appearances — the rustic smiter he is, who reveals the stout rude work put in by the Attic peasant on that famous day. Indeed, all who fell were buried on the sacred ground of the battle, and were worshiped as heroes with annual rites. Still in the time of the traveler Pausanias, about a hundred and fifty years after Christ, the air was filled at night with the blare of trumpets, the neighing of steeds, and the clangor of battle. Says he: "It is dangerous to go to the spot for the express purpose of seeing what is going on; but if a man finds himself there by accident without having heard about the matter, the gods will not be angry." Greece was, at the period of Pausanias, extinct in Roman servitude; yet the clash of that battle could be heard — loud, angry, even dangerous — over six hundred years after the event. Still the modern peasant hears the din of combat in the air sometimes; I asked him, he was a little shy of the matter; the noise, however, has become to him comparatively feeble, — still there is a noise. But long will it be, one may well think, before that noise wholly subsides.

So the heroes and gods fought along with the Athenians at Marathon, visible, almighty, and in wrath. Thus it has been delivered to us on good authority: thus I, for one, am going to believe, for the event shows it; far otherwise had been the story if the gods had not fought along on that day. There would have been no Marathonian victory, no Athens, no Greek literature, for us at least. But now Theseus, the deserving hero, will have a new temple, beautiful, enduring, at this moment nearly perfect, after almost twenty-four centuries. Athena also will have a new temple, larger and more beautiful than any heretofore, still the unattained type of all temples; it shall be called, in honor of the virgin goddess, the Parthenon. Attic song will now burst forth, Attic art too, celebrating just this Marathon victory; that long line of poets, orators, philosophers, historians, will now appear, all because the gods fought along at Marathon. . . .

The most prominent object on the plain of Marathon is an artificial mound, perhaps thirty feet high at present; upon it is

growing some low brushwood. It is generally considered to be the tomb of the 192 Athenians who were buried on the battlefield, and had there a monument on which their tribe and their names were written. To the summit of this mound the traveler will ascend and sit down; he will thank the brambles growing upon it that they have preserved it so well in their rude embrace from the leveling rains. He may reasonably feel that he is upon the rampart which separates the East from the West. Yonder just across this narrow strait are the mountains of Eubœa, snow-capped and loftily proud; yet they stooped their heads to the Persian conqueror. All the islands of the sea submitted; Asia Minor submitted. But here upon this shore, defiantly facing the East, was the first successful resistance to the Oriental principle; its supporters could hardly do more than make a landing upon these banks, when down from the mountains swept fire and whirlwind, burning them up, driving them into the sea. Here then our West begins or began in space and time,—we might say upon this very mound; that semicircular sweep of hills yonder forms the adamantine wall which shut out Orientalism. Regard their shape once more: they seem to open like a huge pair of forceps, only in order to close again and press to death.

Strange is the lot of the men buried here—the unconscious instruments of a world's destiny—nameless except two or three possibly. Yet they had some mighty force in them and back of them: one is quite inclined to think that they must have remotely felt in some dim far-off presentiment what lay in their deed for the future, and that such feeling nerved their arms to a hundredfold intensity. Here upon the mound this question comes home to us before all others: What is man but that which he is ready to die for? Such is his earthly contradiction: if he have that for which he is willing to give his life, then he has a most vital, perdurable energy; but if he have naught for which he would die, then he is already dead, buried ignobly in a tomb of flesh.

But what is this Greek principle which Marathon has preserved for us against the Orient? It is not easy to be formulated in words, to anybody's complete satisfaction. Politically, it is freedom; in art, it is beauty; in mind, it is philosophy; and so on through many other abstract predicables. Perhaps we may say that the fundamental idea of Greece is the self-development

of the individual in all its phases,—the individual State, the individual city or town, the individual man. Henceforth the task is to unfold the germ which lies within, removed from external trammels; to give to the individual a free, full, harmonious development. Thus will be produced the great types of States, of men, of events; still further, these types will then be reproduced by the artist in poetry, in marble, in history, and in many other forms. This second production or reproduction is indeed, of all Grecian things, the most memorable.

The battle of Marathon is itself a type, and has always been considered by the world as a supreme type of its kind, representing a phase of the spiritual. Athens from this moment has the spirit of which the Marathonian deed is only an utterance. Soon that spirit will break forth in all directions, producing new eternal types, just as Marathon is such a type in its way. Athenian plastic art, poetry, philosophy, are manifestations of this same spirit, and show in a still higher degree than the battle, the victory over Orientalism. The second Persian invasion came, but it was only a repetition of the first one; it too was defeated at Marathon, which was the primitive Great Deed, the standing image to Greece of herself and all of her possibilities. Hence the use of it so often by her writers and speakers, as well as by those of the entire Western world.

With Marathon, too, history properly begins; that is, the stream of history. Now it becomes a definite, demonstrable, unbroken current, sweeping down to our own times. Before Marathon indeed there is history, and much history; but it is in flashes, short or long, then going out in darkness. The history of Greece itself before Marathon is merely an agglomeration of events quite disconnected. The head-waters take their start at Marathon; Oriental bubblings there are in abundance, but no stream. In fact it could not be otherwise: such is just the character of the Orient,—to be unable to create this historical continuity. But the West has it, and it was won at Marathon, marking the greatest of all transitions both in the form and in the substance of history. Moreover, the historic consciousness now arises; history for the first time is able to record itself in an adequate manner. If you now scan him closely, you will find that man has come to the insight that he has done in these days something worthy of being remembered forever. But where is the scribe to set it down? Behold, here he comes, old Herodotus, the Father of

History, with the first truly historical book; in which he has written, together with the rest of the Persian war, the noble record of just this great Marathonian deed. Thus with the worthy action appears the man worthy of transmitting its glory.

Still the traveler remains upon the top of the mound, asking himself, Why is Marathon so famous? Other battles have had the same disparity of numbers between the two sides, and the same completeness of victory, while they have had the same principle of freedom and nationality at stake. The battle of Morgarten, with its sixteen hundred Swiss against twenty thousand Austrians, is often cited, and is sometimes called the Swiss Marathon. But Morgarten to the world is an obscure skirmish: it is not one of the heroic deeds which determined a civilization; it is not one of the hallowed symbols of the race. This then must be the cause: Greece has created to a large extent what we may call the symbols of our Western world,—the typical deeds, the typical men, the typical forms which are still the ideals by which we mold our works, and to which we seek, partially at least, to adjust our lives.

Marathon therefore stands for a thousand battles: all other struggles for freedom, of which our Occident has been full, are merely echoes, repetitions, imitations to a certain extent, of that great primitive action. And Greece is just the nation in history which was gifted with the power of making all that she did a type of its kind. The idea of the West she first had, in its instinctive form, in its primal enchanting bloom; most happily she embodied that idea in her actions, making them into eternal things of beauty.

That is, all the deeds of Greece are works of art. In this sense the battle of Marathon may be called a work of art. Grandeur of idea with perfect realization is the definition of such a work, and is that quality which elevates the person who can rightly contemplate it into true insight. It fills the soul of the beholder with views of the new future world, and makes him for a time the sharer of its fruits. Marathon is only that single wonderful event, yet it is symbolical of all that are to come after it,—you may say, embraces them all; it tells the race for the first time what the race can do, giving us a new hope and a new vision. So indeed does every great work of art and every great action: but this is the grand original; it is the prophecy of the future standing there at the opening of history, telling us

what we too may become,—imparting to us at this distance of time a fresh aspiration.

One step further let us push this thought, till it mirror itself clearly and in completeness. The Athenians were not only doers of beautiful deeds, they were also the makers of beautiful things to represent the same: they were artists. Not only a practical, but an equal theoretic greatness was theirs: in no people that has hitherto appeared were the two primal elements of human spirit—will and intelligence—blended in such happy harmony; here as in all their other gifts there was no overbalancing, but a symmetry which becomes musical. They first made the deed the type of all deeds, made it a Marathon; then they embodied it in an actual work of art. They were not merely able to enact the great thought, but also to put it into its true outward form, to be seen and admired of men. Their action was beautiful, often supremely beautiful,—but that was not enough; they turned around after having performed it, and rescued it from the moment of time in which it was born and in which it might perish, and then made it eternal in marble, in color, in prose, in verse.

Thus we can behold it still. On the temple of Wingless Victory at Athens is to be seen at this day a frieze representing the battle of Marathon. There is still to be read that tremendous war poem, the 'Persæ' of Æschylus, who also fought at Marathon; the white heat of this first conflict and of the later Persian war can still be felt in it through the intervening thousands of years. Upon the summit of the mound where we now stand, ancient works of art were doubtless placed; the stele inscribed with the names of the fallen is mentioned by Pausanias. Only a short distance from this tomb ancient substructions can still be observed: temples and shrines, statues and monuments, must have been visible here on all sides; to the sympathetic eye the whole plain will now be whitened with shapes of marble softly reposing in the sunshine. The Greeks are indeed the supreme artistic people: they have created the beautiful symbols of the world; they have furnished the artistic type and have embodied it in many forms; they had the ideal and gave to it an adequate expression. Moderns have done other great things, but this belongs to the Greeks.

So after the mighty Marathonian deed there is at Athens a most determined struggle, a supreme necessity laid upon the people, to utter it worthily, to reveal it in the forms of art, and

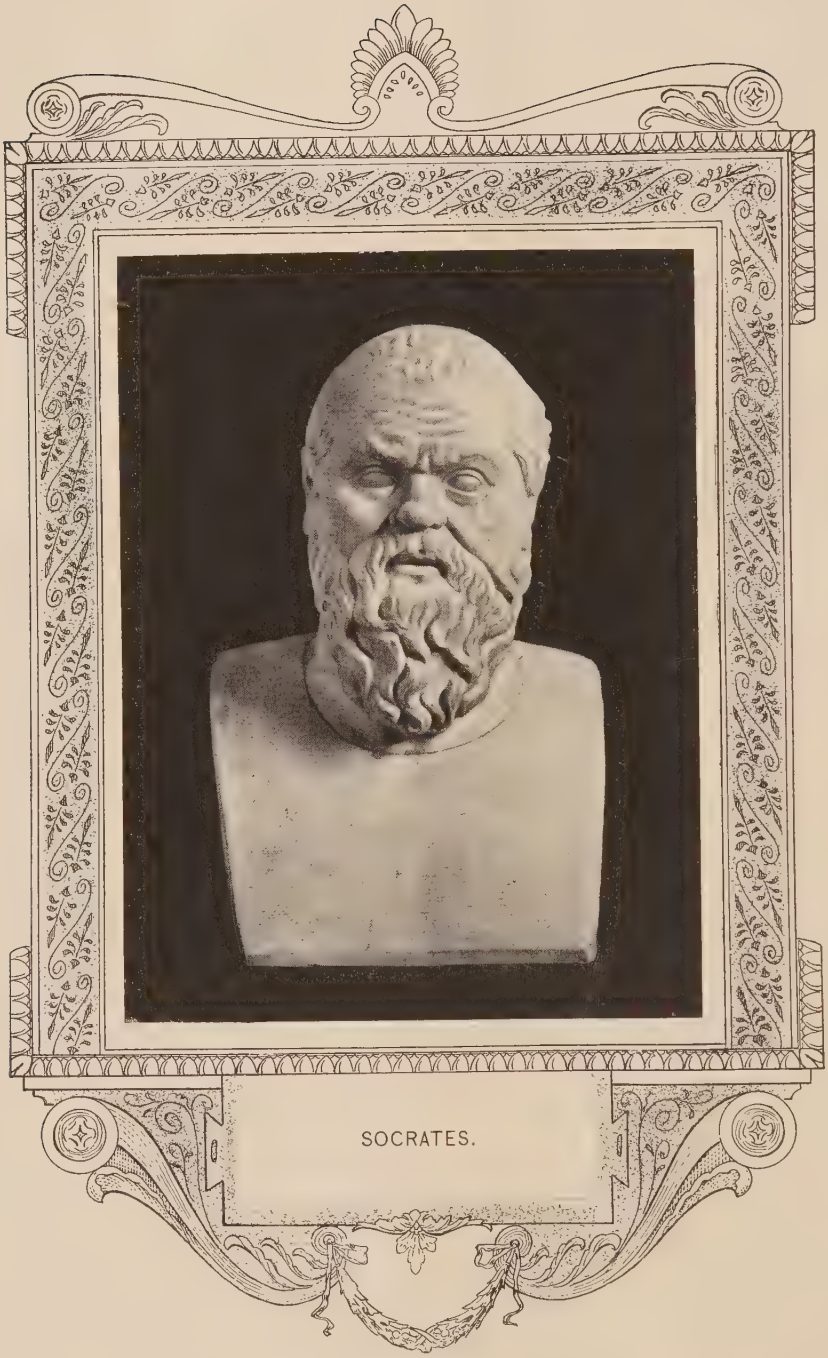
thus to create beauty. Architecture, sculpture, poetry, spring at once and together to a height which they have hardly since attained, trying to express the lofty consciousness begotten of heroic action; philosophy, too, followed; but chiefest of all, the great men of the time, those plastic shapes in flesh and blood, manifesting the perfect development and harmony of mind and body, rise in Olympian majesty, and make the next hundred years after the battle the supreme intellectual birth of the ages; — and all because the gods fought along at Marathon and must thereafter be revealed.

But let us descend from this height, for we cannot stay up here all day: let us go down from the mound, resuming our joyous sauntering occupation; let our emotions, still somewhat exalted, flow down quietly and mingle once more with the soft pellucid Marathonian rill. The declining sun is warning us that we have spent the greater part of a day in wandering over the plain, and in sitting on the shore and the tumulus. Let us still trace the bed of the river up from the swamp: everywhere along its bank and in its channel can be seen fragments of edifices. Here are ancient bricks with mortar still clinging to them; there is the drum of a column lying in the sand half buried; pieces of ornamented capitals look up at you from the ground with broken smiles. Remains of a wall of carefully hewn stone speak of a worthy superstructure: the foundation of a temple of Bacchus was discovered here a few years ago, together with a curious inscription still preserved in the town. The fragments scattered along and in the channel for half a mile or more tell of the works once erected on this spot to the heroes and gods of the plain, and which were things of beauty. The traveler will seek to rebuild this group of shrines and temples, each in its proper place and with suitable ornament; he will fill them with white images, with altars and tripods; he will call up the surging crowd of merry Greek worshipers passing from spot to spot at some festival.

As one walks slowly through the fields in the pleasant sun, a new delight comes over him at the view of the flowers of Marathon. Everywhere they are springing up over the plain, though it be January still,— many of them and of many kinds, daisies, dandelions, and primroses,— looking a little different from what they do at home, yet full as joyous. The most beautiful is a kind of poppy unknown to me elsewhere; so let me call it the

Marathonian poppy. In most cases it wraps its face in a half-closed calyx, as the Greek maiden covers forehead and chin in her linen veil: still you can look down into the hood of leaves and there behold sparkling dark eyes. Some of the flowers, however, are entirely open, some only in bud yet; then there is every variety of color,—red, purple, and blue, with infinite delicate shadings. One tarries among them and plays after having gone through the earnest battle; he will stoop down and pluck a large handful of them in order to arrange them in groups passing into one another by the subtlest hues. So, after being in such high company, one gladly becomes for a time a child once more amid the Marathonian poppies. . . .

But will this city [St. Louis] ever mean to the world the thousandth part of what Marathon means? Will it ever make a banner under which civilization will march? Will it ever create a symbol which nations will contemplate as a thing of beauty and as a hope-inspiring prophecy of their destiny? Will it rear any men to be exemplars for the race? Alas! no such man has she yet produced; very little sign of such things is here at present: we are not a symbol-making people, do not know nor care what that means; our ambition is to make canned beef for the race—and to correct the census. St. Louis has some fame abroad as a flour market, but she is likely to be forgotten by ungrateful man as soon as he has eaten his loaf of bread or can get it from elsewhere. A great population she has doubtless, greater than Athens ever had; but I cannot see, with the best good-will, that in the long run there is much difference between the 350,000 who are here, and the 150,000 who are not but were supposed to be. Marathon River is often a river without water; but will turbid Mississippi with her thousands of steamboats—stop! this strain is getting discordant: at Marathon should be heard no dissonance, least of all the dissonance of despair. Yes, there is hope; while the future lasts—and it will be a long time before that ceases—there is hope. The Marathonian catabothron is certain to rise here yet, with many other catabothrons, and form with native rivers a new stream unheard of in the history of the world. Who of us has not some such article of faith? When this valley has its milliard of human beings in throbbing activity over its surface, we all of us, I doubt not, shall look back from some serene height and behold them; we shall then see that so many people have created their beautiful symbol.



SOCRATES.

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SOCRATES

(469?–399 B. C.)

BY HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

GREAT teachers are not often great writers: some indeed have written nothing, and among these the greatest is Socrates. If the qualities of his genius made Socrates a teacher through the spoken, not through the written word, he created a literature in which, through the devotion of his pupils, his message to the world has been transmitted to us. It is fortunate that Xenophon and Plato were so different in character and aptitudes. If the historian was incapable of grasping the full significance of his master's search for truth and its transforming power, he pictures for us the homelier side of the life of Socrates,—his practical virtues, his humanity,—and defends him from calumny and reproach. In the larger vision of Plato the outlines of the man were merged into the figure of the ideal teacher. To disengage with certainty the man Socrates from the dialectician into whose mouth Plato puts his own transcendental philosophy, is beyond our powers; but in the pages of Xenophon, unillumined indeed by Plato's matchless urbanity and grace, we have a record of Socrates's conversations that bears the mark of verisimilitude.

The life of Socrates falls in a period of the history of thought when the speculations of a century and more had arrived at the hopeless conclusion that there was no real truth, no absolute standard of right and wrong, no difference between what is essential and what is accidental; and that all man can know is dependent upon sensation, and perception through the senses. But the position of Socrates in history is not to be understood by a mere statement of his methods, or his results in regenerating philosophical investigation.

Born in 469, or perhaps 471, the son of the statuary Sophroniscus and Phænarete a midwife, he received the education of the Athenian youth of the time in literature,—which embraced chiefly the study of Homer,—in music, and in geometry and astronomy. He is said to have tried his hand for a time at his father's trade; and a group of the Graces, currently believed to be his work, was extant as late as the second century A. D. Like the Parisian, whose world is bounded by the boulevards, Socrates thought Athens world enough for him.

He remained in his native city his entire life; unlike the Sophists, who traveled from city to city making gain of their wisdom. On one occasion indeed he attended the games at Corinth; and as a soldier underwent with fortitude the privations of the campaign at Potidæa, where he saved the life of Alcibiades, whose influence, directly or indirectly, was to work ruin alike to Athens and his master. He was engaged in the battles of Delium in 424 and Amphipolis in 422. His life was by preference free from event. Warned by the deterrent voice of his «divine sign,» he took no part in public affairs except when he was called upon to fulfill the ordinary duties of citizenship. Until his trial before the court that sentenced him to death, he appeared in a public capacity on only two occasions; in both of which he displayed his lofty independence and tenacity of purpose in the face of danger. In 406, withstanding the clamor of the mob, he alone among the presidents of the assembly refused to put to vote the inhuman and illegal proposition to condemn in a body the generals at Arginusæ; and during the Reign of Terror in 404 he disobeyed the incriminating command of the Thirty Tyrants to arrest Leon, whom they had determined to put to death.

He seems at an early age to have recoiled from speculations as to the cause and constitution of the physical world; believing that they dealt with problems not merely too deep for human intellect but sacred from man's finding out. «Do these students of nature's laws,» he indignantly exclaimed, «think they already know human affairs well enough, that they begin to meddle with the Divine?»

To Socrates «the proper study of mankind is man.» In the market-place he found material for investigation at once more tangible and of a profounder significance than the atomic theory of Democritus. «Know thyself» was inscribed on the temple of the god of Delphi; and it was Socrates's conviction that a «life without self-examination was no life at all.» Since the Delphian oracle declared him to be the wisest of men, he felt that he had a Divine mission to make clear the meaning of the god, and to seek if haply he might find some one wiser than himself; for he was conscious that he knew nothing.

To this quest everything was made subordinate. He was possessed of nothing, for he had the faculty of indigence. Fortunately, as Renan has put it, all a Greek needed for his daily sustenance was a few olives and a little wine. «To want nothing,» said Socrates, «is Divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest possible approach to the Divine life.» Clad in shabby garments, which sufficed alike for summer and winter, always barefoot (a scandal to Athenian propriety), taking money from no man so as not to «enslave himself,» professing with his «accustomed irony» to be unable to teach anything

himself, he went about year after year,—in the market-place, in the gymnasium, in the school,—asking continually, "What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honorable and the base? What is the just and the unjust? What is temperance or unsound mind? What is the character fit for a citizen? What is authority over men? What is the character befitting the exercise of such authority?" Questioning men of every degree, of every mode of thought and occupation, he discovered that each and all of the poets, the politicians, the orators, the artists, the artisans, thought that "because he possessed some special excellence in his own art, he was himself wisest as to matters of another and a higher kind." The Athenian of the day multiplied words about equality, virtue, justice; but when examined as to the credentials of their knowledge, Socrates found all alike ignorant. Thus it was that he discovered the purport of the divine saying—others thought they knew something, he knew that he knew nothing.

The Sophists claimed to have gained wisdom, which they taught for a price: Socrates only claimed to be a lover of wisdom, a philosopher. Though he continued to affect ignorance, in order to confound ignorance, he must have been conscious that if in truth he was the "wisest of men," he had a heaven-attested authority for leading men to a right course of thinking. Only by confessing our ignorance, he said, and by becoming learners, can we reach a right course of thinking; and by learning to think aright, according to his intellectual view of ethics, we learn to do well. God alone possesses wisdom; but it is man's duty to struggle to attain to knowledge, and therewith virtue. For virtue is knowledge, and sin is the fruit of ignorance. Voluntary evil on the part of one who knows what is good, is inconceivable.

In his search for knowledge, Socrates found that it was imperative to get clear conceptions of general notions. These he attained by the process of induction.

"Going once, too, into the workshop of Cleito the statuary, and beginning to converse with him, he said, 'I see and understand, Cleito, that you make figures of various kinds, runners and wrestlers, pugilists and pancratiasts; but how do you put into your statues that which most wins the minds of the beholders through the eye—the lifelike appearance?' As Cleito hesitated, and did not immediately answer, Socrates proceeded to ask, 'Do you make your statues appear more lifelike by assimilating your work to the figures of the living?' 'Certainly,' said he. 'Do you not then make your figures appear more like reality, and more striking, by imitating the parts of the body that are drawn up or drawn down, compressed or spread out, stretched or relaxed, by the gesture?' 'Undoubtedly,' said Cleito. 'And the representation of the passions of men engaged in any act, does it not excite a certain pleasure in the spectators?' 'It is natural, at least, that it should be so,' said he.

'Must you not, then, copy the menacing looks of combatants? And must you not imitate the countenance of conquerors, as they look joyful?' 'Assuredly,' said he. 'A statuary, therefore,' concluded Socrates, 'must express the workings of the mind by the form.'" (Xenophon, in the 'Memorabilia.')

There is no deadlier weapon than the terrible cut-and-thrust process of cross-examination by which the great questioner could reduce his interlocutor to the confession of false knowledge. Sometimes, we must confess, Socrates seems to have altogether too easy a time of it, as he wraps his victim closer and closer in his toils. If we tire of the men of straw who are set up against him, and our fingers itch to take a hand in the fight, we cannot but realize that the process destructive of error is a necessary preliminary to the constructive process by which positive truth is established.

If Greek thought was saved from the germs of disintegration by Socrates's recognition of the certainty of moral distinctions, it is his incomparable method of teaching that entitles him to our chief regard. He elicited curiosity, which is the beginning of wisdom; he had no stereotyped system of philosophy to set forth,—he only opened up vistas of truth; he stimulated, he did not complete, investigation. Hence he created, not a school, but scholars; who, despite the wide diversity of their beliefs, drew their inspiration from a common source.

If his fertility of resource, his wit and humor, his geniality, his illustrations drawn from common life, his well-nigh universal sympathy, charmed many, the significance of his moral teachings inspired the chosen few. Those who could recover from the shock of discovering that their knowledge was after all only ignorance, were spurred by his obstinate questionings to a better life. He delivered their minds of the truths that had unconsciously lain in them.

With his wonted art, Plato has made the most dissolute of Socrates's temporary followers the chief witness to his captivating eloquence. In the 'Banquet,' Alcibiades says:—

"I shall praise Socrates in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature; and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth. I say, then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them. I say also that he is like Marsyas the satyr.

"And are you not a flute-player? That you are; and a far more wonderful performer than Marsyas. For he indeed with instruments charmed the souls of men by the power of his breath, as the performers of his music do still; for the melodies of Olympus are derived from the teaching of Marsyas, and these—whether they are played by a great master or by a miserable flute-girl—have a power which no others have,—they alone possess the soul and

reveal the wants of those who have need of gods and mysteries, because they are inspired. But you produce the same effect with the voice only, and do not require the flute; that is the difference between you and him. When we hear any other speaker,—even a very good one,—his words produce absolutely no effect upon us in comparison; whereas the very fragments of you and your words, even at second-hand, and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the souls of every man, woman, and child who comes within hearing of them.

«I have heard Pericles and other great orators: but though I thought that they spoke well, I never had any similar feeling; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But this Marsyas has often brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading (this, Socrates, you admit); and I am conscious that if I did not shut my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would detain me until I grew old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do,—neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians; therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. And he is the only person who ever made me ashamed,—which you might think not to be in my nature; and there is no one else who does the same. For I know that I cannot answer him, or say that I ought not to do as he bids; but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me. And therefore I run away and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. And many a time I wish that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad if he were to die: so that I am at my wits' end.»

Socrates must have seemed in very truth a satyr to the large body of Athenians careless of his mission. How could they, who had been taught that the «good is fair» and that the «fair is good,» believe that good should issue from those thick, sensual lips; or realize that within that misshapen body, with its staring eyes and upturned nose with outspread nostrils, there resided a soul disparate to its covering? Surely this rude creature of the world of Pan could not speak the words of Divine wisdom! Then too his eccentricities. Like Luther, he combined common-sense with mysticism. He would remain as if in a trance for hours, brooding over some problem of the true or good. As early as 423, Aristophanes made him the scapegoat for his detestation of the natural philosophers and of the Sophists, who were unsettling all traditional belief.

Strepsiades—But who hangs dangling in the basket yonder?
Student— HIMSELF.
Strepsiades— And who's Himself?
Student— Why, Socrates.
Strepsiades—Ho, Socrates! Call him, you fellow—call loud.
Student— Call him yourself—I've got no time for calling.
[*Exit in-doors.*

Strepsiades — Ho, Socrates! Sweet, darling Socrates!
Socrates — Why callest thou me, poor creature of a day?
Strepsiades — First tell me, pray, what *are* you doing up there?
Socrates — I walk in air, and contemplate the sun.
Strepsiades — Oh, *that's* the way that you look down on the gods —
You get so near them on your perch there — eh?
Socrates — I never could have found out things divine,
Had I not hung my mind up thus, and mixed
My subtle intellect with its kindred air.

The ethical inquirer here is pilloried by the caricaturist for the very tendency against which his whole life was a protest. When in 399 Socrates was brought to trial, he confesses that the chief obstacle in the way of proving his innocence is those calumnies of his «old accusers»; for even if Aristophanes was able to distinguish between Socrates and the Sophists, he did not, and the common people could not.

The indictment put forward by Meletus, Anytus, and Lycon, who were merely the mouthpieces of hostile public opinion, read as follows: —

«Socrates offends against the laws in not paying respect to those gods whom the city respects, and introducing other new deities; he also offends against the laws in corrupting the youth.»

It is not difficult to see why Socrates provoked a host of enemies. Those who, like Anytus, felt that he inflamed their sons to revolt against parental authority; those who regarded the infamous life and treason of Alcibiades, and the tyranny of Critias, as the direct result of their master's teachings; those who thought him the gadfly of the market-place, and who had suffered under his merciless exposure of their sham knowledge; those who saw in his objection to the choice of public officers by lot, a menace to the established constitution,— all these felt that by his death alone could the city be rid of his pestilential disputatiousness.

For his defense, Socrates made no special preparation. «My whole life,» said he, «has been passed with my brief in view. I have shunned evil all my life; — that I think is the most honorable way in which a man can bestow attention upon his own defense:» words that anticipate those spoken on a still more memorable occasion,— «But when they shall deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak.»

If the accusations were false, the trial was legal. Against the count of the indictment on the score of impiety, Socrates could set his reverence for the gods. His *daimonion* was no new deity, and it had spoken to him from his youth up. He had discharged the religious duties required by the State; he even believed in the

manifestations of the gods through signs and oracles when human judgment was at fault, and this at a time when the «enlightened» viewed such faith with contempt. He recognized with gratitude the intelligent purpose of the gods in creating a world of beauty. «No one,» says Xenophon, «ever knew of his doing or saying anything profane or unholy.» He was temperate, brave, upright, endowed with a high sense of honor. Though he preserved the independence of his judgment, he had been loyal to the existing government. A less unbending assertion of this independence, and a conciliatory attitude toward his judges, would have saved Socrates from death. But he seems to have courted a verdict that would mark him as the «first martyr of philosophy.»

[NOTE.—The chief ancient authorities for the life and teaching of Socrates are Xenophon's 'Memorabilia,' or Memoirs of the philosopher, and his 'Symposium'; Plato's 'Apology,' 'Crito,' and parts of the 'Phædo.' Such dialogues as the 'Lysis,' 'Charmides,' 'Laches,' 'Protagoras,' 'Euthyphro,' deal with the master's conception of the unity of virtue and knowledge; and are called «Socratic» because they are free from the intrusion of features that are specifically Platonic, such as the doctrine of the Ideas, and the tripartite division of the soul. The 'Apology' included among the writings of Xenophon is probably spurious. The 'Life' by Diogenes Laertius is an ill-assorted and uncritical compilation, filled with trivial gossip.]

Herbert Weir Smyth

SOCRATES REFUSES TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON

From Plato's 'Crito'

SOCRATES—Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. And shall that be the premise of our argument? Or

do you decline and dissent from this? For this has been of old and is still my opinion; but if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step.

Crito—You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

Socrates—Then I will proceed to the next step, which may be put in the form of a question: Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

Crito—He ought to do what he thinks right.

Socrates—But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just? What do you say?

Crito—I cannot tell, Socrates; for I do not know.

Socrates—Then consider the matter in this way: Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say, "what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole State—as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a State can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Any one, and especially a clever rhetorician, will have a good deal to urge about the evil of setting aside the law which requires a sentence to be carried out; and we might reply, "Yes; but the State has injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

Crito—Very good, Socrates.

Socrates—"And was that our agreement with you?" the law would say; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the State?" And if I were to express astonishment at their saying this, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us what complaint you have to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the State? In the first place, did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who

regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you were trained? Were not the laws which have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastics?" Right, I should reply. "Well then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true, you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands? You would not say this. And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued, and higher and holier far, than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and if not persuaded, obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him, or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

Crito—I think that they do.

Socrates—Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. For after having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good that we had to give, we further proclaim and give the right to every Athenian, that if he does not like us when he has come of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him; and none of us laws will forbid him or

interfere with him. Any of you who does not like us and the city, and who wants to go to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, and take his goods with him. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the State, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong: first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are wrong; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us; — that is what we offer, and he does neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose I ask, Why is this? they will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city; which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games,— except once when you went to the Isthmus, —or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had you any curiosity to know other States or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our State; we were your special favorites, and you acquiesced in our government of you; and this is the State in which you begat your children, which is a proof of your satisfaction. Moreover, you might if you had liked have fixed the penalty at banishment in the course of the trial: the State which refuses to let you go now would have let you go then. But you pretended that you preferred death to exile, and that you were not grieved at death. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and pay no respect to us the laws, of whom you are the destroyer; and are doing what only a miserable slave would do,— running away and turning your back upon the compacts and agreements which you made as a citizen."

SOCRATES AND EUTHYDEMUS

From Xenophon's 'Memorabilia'

SOCRATES, having made the letters as he proposed, asked, "Does falsehood then exist among mankind?" "It does assuredly," replied he.—"Under which head shall we place it?" "Under injustice, certainly."—"Does deceit also exist?" "Unquestionably."—"Under which head shall we place that?" "Evidently under injustice."—"Does mischievousness exist?" "Undoubtedly."—"And the enslaving of men?" "That too prevails."—"And shall neither of these things be placed by us under justice, Euthydemus?" "It would be strange if they should be," said he. "But," said Socrates, "if a man, being chosen to lead an army, should reduce to slavery an unjust and hostile people, should we say that he committed injustice?" "No, certainly," replied he.—"Should we not rather say that he acted justly?" "Indisputably."—"And if, in the course of the war with them, he should practice deceit?" "That also would be just," said he. —"And if he should steal and carry off their property, would he not do what was just?" "Certainly," said Euthydemus; "but I thought at first that you asked these questions only with reference to our friends." "Then," said Socrates, "all that we have placed under the head of injustice, we must also place under that of justice?" "It seems so," replied Euthydemus. "Do you agree, then," continued Socrates, "that having so placed them, we should make a new distinction,—that it is just to do such things with regard to enemies, but unjust to do them with regard to friends, and that towards his friends our general should be as guileless as possible?" "By all means," replied Euthydemus.

"Well, then," said Socrates, "if a general, seeing his army dispirited, should tell them, inventing a falsehood, that auxiliaries were coming, and should by that invention check the despondency of his troops, under which head should we place such an act of deceit?" "It appears to me," said Euthydemus, "that we must place it under justice."—"And if a father, when his son requires medicine and refuses to take it, should deceive him, and give him the medicine as ordinary food, and by adopting such deception should restore him to health, under which head must we place such an act of deceit?" "It appears to me that we must put it under the same head."—"And if a person, when his friend was in despondency, should, through fear that he might

kill himself, steal or take away his sword, or any other weapon, under which head must we place that act?" "That, assuredly, we must place under justice."—"You say, then," said Socrates, "that not even towards our friends must we act on all occasions without deceit?" "We must not indeed," said he; "for I retract what I said before, if I may be permitted to do so." "It is indeed much better that you should be permitted," said Socrates, "than that you should not place actions on the right side. But of those who deceive their friends in order to injure them (that we may not leave even this point unconsidered), which of the two is the more unjust,—he who does so intentionally or he who does so involuntarily?" "Indeed, Socrates," said Euthydemus, "I no longer put confidence in the answers which I give; for all that I said before appears to me now to be quite different from what I then thought: however, let me venture to say that he who deceives intentionally is more unjust than he who deceives involuntarily?"

"Does it appear to you, then, that there is a way of learning and knowing what is just, as there is of learning and knowing how to read and write?" "I think there is."—"And which should you consider the better scholar, him who should purposely write or read incorrectly, or him who should do so unawares?" "Him who should do so purposely; for whenever he pleased, he would be able to do both correctly."—"He therefore that purposely writes incorrectly may be a good scholar, but he who does so involuntarily is destitute of scholarship?" "How can it be otherwise?"—"And whether does he who lies and deceives intentionally know what is just, or he who does so unawares?" "Doubtless he who does so intentionally."—"You therefore say that he who knows how to write and read is a better scholar than he who does not know?" "Yes."—"And that he who knows what is just is more just than he who does not know?" "I seem to say so; but I appear to myself to say this I know not how."—"But what would you think of the man who, wishing to tell the truth, should never give the same account of the same thing, but in speaking of the same road, should say at one time that it led towards the east, and at another towards the west, and in stating the result of the same calculation, should sometimes assert it to be greater and sometimes less,—what, I say, would you think of such a man?" "It would be quite clear that he knew nothing of what he thought he knew."

"Do you know any persons called slave-like?" "I do."—"Whether for their knowledge or their ignorance?" "For their ignorance, certainly."—"Is it then for their ignorance of working in brass that they receive this appellation?" "Not at all."—"Is it for their ignorance of the art of building?" "Nor for that."—"Or for their ignorance of shoemaking?" "Not on any one of these accounts; for the contrary is the case, as most of those who know such trades are servile."—"Is this, then, an appellation of those who are ignorant of what is honorable, and good, and just?" "It appears so to me."—"It therefore becomes us to exert ourselves in every way to avoid being like slaves." "But, by the gods, Socrates," rejoined Euthydemus, "I firmly believed that I was pursuing that course of study by which I should, as I expected, be made fully acquainted with all that was proper to be known by a man striving after honor and virtue; but now, how dispirited must you think I feel, when I see that with all my previous labor, I am not even able to answer a question about what I ought most of all to know, and am acquainted with no other course which I may pursue to become better!"

DUTY OF POLITICIANS TO QUALIFY THEMSELVES

From Xenophon's 'Memorabilia'

"It is plain, Glaucon, that if you wish to be honored, you must benefit the State." "Certainly," replied Glaucon. "Then," . . . said Socrates, . . . "inform us with what proceeding you will begin to benefit the State? . . . As, if you wished to aggrandize the family of a friend, you would endeavor to make it richer, tell me whether you will in like manner also endeavor to make the State richer?" "Assuredly," said he.—"Would it then be richer if its revenues were increased?"—"That is at least probable," said Glaucon. "Tell me then," proceeded Socrates, "from what the revenues of the State arise, and what is their amount; for you have doubtless considered, in order that if any of them fall short, you may make up the deficiency, and that if any of them fail, you may procure fresh supplies." "These matters, by Jupiter," replied Glaucon, "I have not considered." "Well then," said Socrates, . . . "tell me at least the annual expenditure of the State; for you undoubtedly mean to retrench whatever is superfluous in it." "Indeed," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet had time to turn my attention to that subject."

"Then," said Socrates, "we will put off making our State richer for the present; for how is it possible for him who is ignorant of its expenditure and its income to manage those matters? . . . Tell us the strength of the country by land and sea, and next that of our enemies." "But, by Jupiter," exclaimed Glaucon, "I should not be able to tell you on the moment, and at a word." "Well then, if you have it written down," said Socrates, "bring it; for I should be extremely glad to hear what it is." "But to say the truth," replied Glaucon, "I have not yet written it down." "We will therefore put off considering about war for the present," said Socrates. . . . "You propose a vast field for me," observed Glaucon, "if it will be necessary for me to attend to such subjects." "Nevertheless," proceeded Socrates, "a man cannot order his house properly, unless he ascertains all that it requires, and takes care to supply it with everything necessary; but since the city consists of more than ten thousand houses, and it is difficult to provide for so many at once, how is it that you have not tried to aid one first of all?—say that of your uncle, for it stands in need of help." . . . "But I would improve my uncle's house," said Glaucon, "if he would only be persuaded by me." "Then," resumed Socrates, "when you cannot persuade your uncle, do you expect to make all the Athenians, together with your uncle, yield to your arguments? . . . Do you not see how dangerous it is for a person to speak of, or undertake, what he does not understand? . . . If therefore you desire to gain esteem and reputation in your country, endeavor to succeed in gaining a knowledge of what you wish to do."

BEFORE THE TRIAL

From Xenophon's 'Memorabilia'

HERMOGENES son of Hipponicus . . . said that after Meletus had laid the accusation against him, he heard him speaking on any subject rather than that of his trial, and remarked to him that he ought to consider what defense he should make; but that he said at first, "Do I not appear to you to have passed my whole life meditating on that subject?" and then, when he asked him "How so?" he said "he had gone through life doing nothing but considering what was just and what unjust, doing the just and abstaining from the unjust; which he conceived to be the best meditation for his defense." Hermogenes said

again, "But do you not see, Socrates, that the judges at Athens have already put to death many innocent persons, on account of being offended at their language, and have allowed many that were guilty to escape?" "But, by Jupiter, Hermogenes," replied he, "when I was proceeding, awhile ago, to study my address to the judges, the dæmon testified disapprobation." "You say what is strange," rejoined Hermogenes. "And do you think it strange," inquired Socrates, "that it should seem better to the divinity that I should now close my life? Do you not know that down to the present time, I would not admit to any man that he has lived either better or with more pleasure than myself? for I consider that those live best who study best to become as good as possible; and that those live with most pleasure who feel the most assurance that they are daily growing better and better. This assurance I have felt, to the present day, to be the case with respect to myself; and associating with other men, and comparing myself with others, I have always retained this opinion respecting myself: and not only I, but my friends also, maintain a similar feeling with regard to me; not because they love me (for those who love others may be thus affected towards the objects of their love), but because they think that while they associated with me they became greatly advanced in virtue. If I shall live a longer period, perhaps I shall be destined to sustain the evils of old age, to find my sight and hearing weakened, to feel my intellect impaired, to become less apt to learn and more forgetful, and in fine, to grow inferior to others in all those qualities in which I was once superior to them. If I should be insensible to this deterioration, life would not be worth retaining; and if I should feel it, how could I live otherwise than with less profit, and with less comfort? If I am to die unjustly, my death will be a disgrace to those who unjustly kill me; for if injustice is a disgrace, must it not be a disgrace to do anything unjustly? But what disgrace will it be to me, that others could not decide or act justly with regard to me? Of the men who have lived before me, I see that the estimation left among posterity with regard to such as have done wrong, and such as have suffered wrong, is by no means similar; and I know that I also, if I now die, shall obtain from mankind far different consideration from that which they will pay to those who take my life: for I know they will always bear witness to me that I have never wronged any man, or rendered any man less virtuous, but that I have always endeavored to make those better who conversed with me."

SOLON

(638?–559? B. C.)

POETRY is older than prose. Familiar as this assertion is, it yet rings like a paradox, and is still often received with incredulity. Indeed, it needs exposition, if not qualification. Of course the rude beginnings of human speech — whatever their origin — were not rhythmical in any high artistic sense. But as soon as men invoked the aid of "Memory, mother of the Muses," when they wished to fix firmly, in the mind of the individual or of the clan, some basic principle of justice, some heroic exploit, some tragic incident,— then a regular recurrent movement of language, effectively accompanied by drum or foot beat, would almost instinctively be sought and found. Hence the early and all-but universal rise of the popular ballad, the "folk-song."

SOLON

That two great masses of hexameter verse, and naught else, crossed successfully the gulf into which the Homeric civilization fell, is not perhaps so strange. Similarly a Nibelungenlied, the Sagas, the Lays of the Troubadours, float to us, bringing almost the only distinct tidings from phases of life else utterly sunken and forgotten.

But when the grave practical problems of civic organization and foreign war were first effectively debated in the Athens of Solon, it does strike us with surprise, that even the great lawgiver habitually "recited a poem." The dominant influence of Homeric epic doubtless aided largely here also. There are few loftier or stronger orations left us, even by the ten orators of the canon, than the speeches in which Achilles justifies his withdrawal from the war, or Priam pleads for mercy toward Hector dead. Then too, even this ruder early Athenian folk can have been no ordinary race of tradesmen or farmers. Many generations of artistic growth must have preceded Æschylus and Phidias. Their language itself is sufficient evidence of a shaping and molding instinct pervading a whole people. Indeed, that language is already the plastic material waiting for the poet; just as the melodious Italian speech performs beforehand for the improvisator more than half his task.

Moreover, even the prose of Demosthenes and his rivals is itself no less truly rhythmical. It is subject to euphonic law which it easily obeys, and of which — like great poetry — it makes a glorious ornament instead of a fetter.

Solon's elegies, then, are poetical in form, largely because artistic prose was not yet invented, and because Solon wished his memorable words to be preserved in the memory of his Athenians. They are not creative and imaginative poetry at all. Full of sound ethical teaching, shot through by occasional graces of phrase and fancy, warming to enthusiasm on the themes of patriotism and piety, they still remain at best in that borderland where a rhymed satire by Dr. Johnson or a versified essay of Pope must also abide. Nearly everything they offer us could have been as well and effectively said outside the forms of verse. This is the just and final test of the poet's gold, but how much, even of what we prize, would bear that test without appreciable loss?

Among creators of constitutions, Solon deservedly holds a very high — perhaps the highest — place. His first public proposal, indeed, was one to which he could hope to rally the support of all classes: the reconquest of the lovely island of Salamis, lying close to the Attic shores, and destined to give its name to the proudest day in Athenian annals. With Spartan help it was actually wrested again from Megara.

This success hastened the selection of Solon as mediator between the bitterly hostile factions of a people on the verge of civil war. By the desperate remedy of a depreciated coinage the debtor class was relieved. Imprisonment or enslavement of innocent debtors was abolished. Solon's political reforms left the fulcrum of power, at least temporarily, among the wealthier and landed classes; and tended at any rate to educate the common people to wield wisely that civic supremacy which he may have foreseen to be inevitably theirs in subsequent generations.

The story of Solon's prolonged voluntary exile — in order to cut off any proposals for further change while his institutions endured the test of years — may be pure invention. Certainly his famous meeting with Crœsus of Lydia, at the height of that monarch's power, must be given up. Solon died before Crœsus can have become lord of Western Asia. On the other hand, his fearless disapproval of his young kinsman, the «tyrant» Pisistratus, is at least probable. His answer when asked what made him thus fearless: — «Old age!» — reminds us of Socrates. Solon's larger measures outlived the too aggressive protectorate of Pisistratus, and remained the permanent basis of the Athenian constitution. The tolerant, genial, self-forgetful, and fearless character of the man was a legacy hardly less precious to his countrymen; and they were nowise ungrateful to his memory.

Solon's poetry comes to us almost wholly in the elegiac couplet. This variation on the hexameter was the first invented form of *stanza*, and appears to have been hit upon in the seventh century B. C. It had for a time almost as many-sided currency as our own heroic couplet or rhymed pentameter; but was soon displaced in great degree by the iambic trimeter, which, like our «blank verse,» was extremely close to the average movement of a colloquial prose sentence. This latter rhythm (which is also used by Solon) became the favorite form, in particular, for the dialogue of Attic drama. Hence, even in the fifth century, both hexameter proper and the elegiac had already come to be somewhat archaic and artificial. This is still truer of such verse in Latin; though Ovid wears the bonds of elegiac with consummate ease and grace. In modern speech it is all-but impossible. Longfellow composed, in his later years, clever renderings from several of Ovid's 'Tristia'; but the best isolated examples are Clough's preludes to the 'Amours de Voyage,' especially the verses on the undying charm of Rome:—

> «Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim transalpine,
> Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?
> Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
> Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?»

But he would be a bold adventurer who would attempt to make our Anglo-Saxon speech dance in this measure, while fast bound to the practical prosaic ideas of Solon's political harangues!

There is no satisfactory annotation or translation of Solon's fragments. They have been somewhat increased by citations in the recently discovered Aristotelian 'Constitution of Athens'; and would make a fruitful subject for a monograph, in which poetical taste, knowledge of history, and philological acumen, might all work in harmony.

[Note.— The essentially prosaic character of Solon's thought makes him doubly ineffective in translation. He seems to be hardly represented at all in English versions. Neither of the experiments here appended satisfies the translator himself. Solon's iambics are not quite so slow and prose-like as our «blank verse.» On the other hand, the Omar-like quatrain into which Mr. Newcomer has fallen is both swifter and more ornate than the unapproachable elegiac couplet of the Greeks.]

DEFENSE OF HIS DICTATORSHIP

My witness in the court of Time shall be
The mighty mother of Olympian gods,
The dusky Earth,—grateful that I plucked up
The boundary stones that were so thickly set;

So she, enslaved before, is now made free.
To Athens, too, their god-built native town,
Many have I restored that had been sold,
Some justly, some unfairly; some again
Perforce through death in exile. They no more
Could speak our language, wanderers so long.
Others, who shameful slavery here at home
Endured, in terror at their lords' caprice,
I rendered free again.
This in my might
I did, uniting right and violence;
And what I had promised, so I brought to pass.
For base and noble equal laws I made,
Securing justice promptly for them both.—
Another one than I, thus whip in hand,
An avaricious evil-minded man,
Would not have checked the folk, nor left his post
Till he had stolen the rich cream away!

Translated for ‹A Library of the World's Best Literature› by W. C. Lawton.

SOLON SPEAKS HIS MIND TO THE ATHENIANS

Never shall this our city fall by fate
Of Zeus and the blest gods from her estate,
So noble a warder, Pallas Athena, stands
With hands uplifted at the city's gate.

But her own citizens do strip and slay,
Led by the folly of their hearts astray,
And the unjust temper of her demagogues,—
Whose pride will tumble to its fall some day.

For they know not to hold in check their greed,
Nor soberly on the spread feast to feed;
But still by lawless deeds enrich themselves,
And spare not for the gods' or people's need.

They take but a thief's count of thine and mine;
They care no whit for Justice's holy shrine,—
Who sits in silence, knowing what things are done,
Yet in the end brings punishment condign.

See this incurable sore the State consume!
Oh, rapid are her strides to slavery's doom,
Who stirs up civil strife and sleeping war
That cuts down many a young man in his bloom.

Such are the evils rife at home; while lo,
To foreign shores in droves the poor-folk go,
  Sold, and perforce bound with disfiguring chains,
And knowing all the shame that bondsmen know.

So from the assembly-place to each fireside
The evil spreads; and though the court-doors bide
  Its bold assault, over the wall it leaps
And finds them that in inmost chambers hide.—

Thus to the Athenians to speak, constrains
My soul: Ill fares the State where License reigns;
  But Law brings order and concordant peace,
And fastens on the unjust, speedy chains.

She tames, and checks, and chastens; blasts the bud
Of springing folly; cools the intemperate blood;
  Makes straight the crooked;—she draws after her
All right and wisdom like a tide at flood.

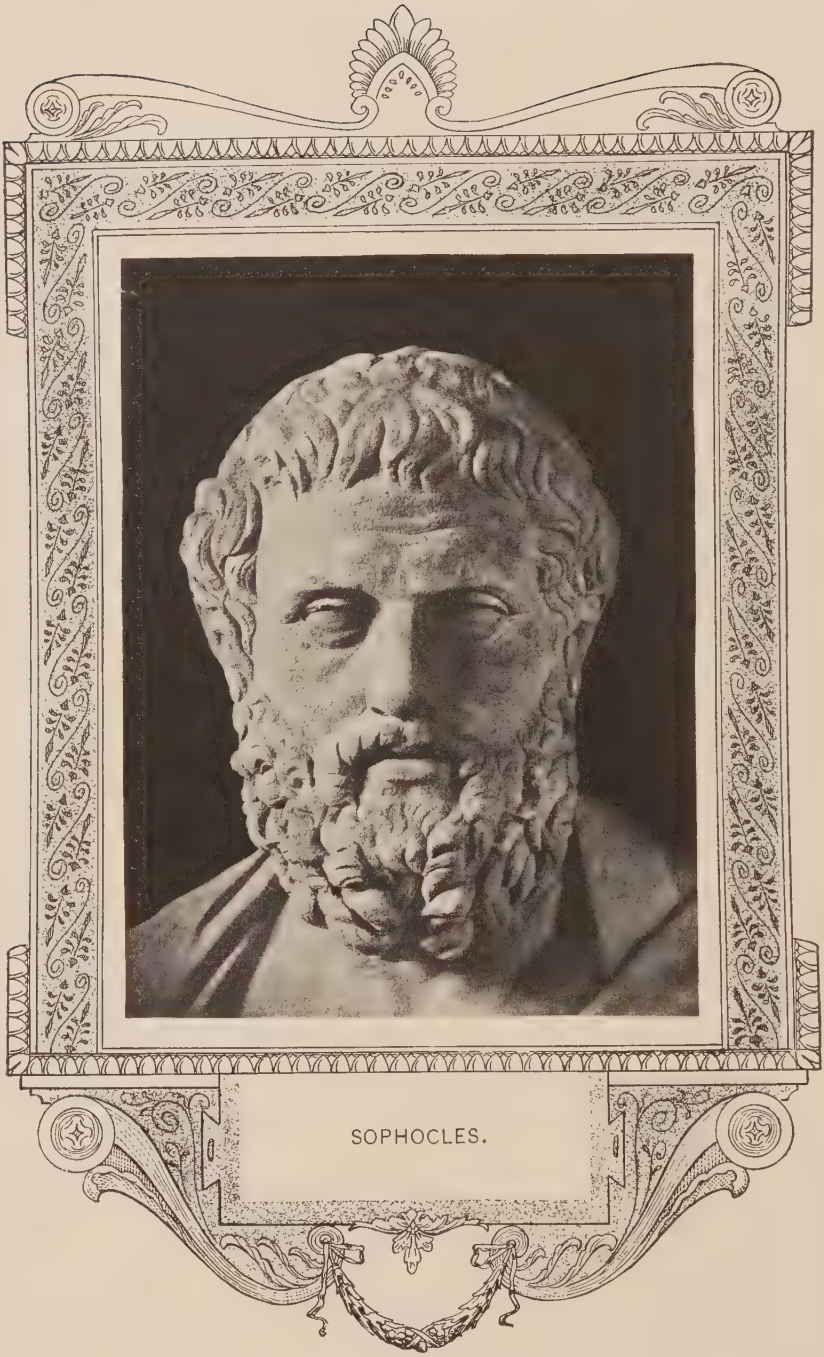
Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by
A. G. Newcomer

TWO FRAGMENTS

I GAVE the people freedom clear—
  But neither flattery nor fear;
  I told the rich and noble race
To crown their state with modest grace:
And placed a shield in either's hand,
Wherewith in safety both might stand.

THE people love their rulers best
When neither cringed to nor opprest.

From an article on 'Greek Elegy' in British Quarterly Review, Vol. xlviii., page 87



SOPHOCLES.

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SOPHOCLES

(495 ?–405 ? B. C.)

BY J. P. MAHAFFY

IF THE reader should remark with surprise that I do not introduce this study with an account of the parentage, family circumstances, and descendants of so great a figure in the history of art, he will be led to consider a very interesting feature, — not unique, but very characteristic of Sophocles and his age. I do not feel bound to give the reader any idle details about him, such as the record of an obscure father or an equally obscure son, — of no use except to burden the memory with useless names, unless it be to remind us that the gift of genius is isolated and not an affair of heredity. We have not yet extorted from Nature the method, far less the secret, of its production. But were I disposed to gather all the gossip about the poet, and write a chronicle of his life such as the idler and the scandal-monger think so interesting, there are no materials extant; nor were they extant even in the generations that followed close upon his death. Living in a brilliant age, — the contemporary and probably the companion of splendid intellects in sciences, arts, politics, — he lived a life, like our own Shakespeare, only surprising us from its utter want of social importance or of social interest. If he performed public duties, it was done without exciting any comment; if he was the intimate of great men, it was as a jovial associate, not as a strong and leading personality. If he had no enemies, he probably owed it to a want of interest in aught beyond his art; if he was the favorite of the Attic theatre, he was certainly not its idol, for some of his finest works were defeated in competition with those of far inferior poets. If the fable that his ungrateful children tried to oust him from the management of his property on the ground of decrepitude have any truth to tell us, it is that he showed that indolence in practical affairs which has often kept even the most exalted genius from gaining any importance in public life.

Thus Sophocles lives for us only in his works, as Shakespeare does; and very possibly it is for this very reason that both are to us the most faithful mirrors of all that was greatest and unique in their splendid epochs. The life of Sophocles was exactly conterminous

with the great Athenian empire; an infant at its dawn with the battle of Marathon (490 B. C.), he passed away full of years, in time to escape the downfall of his country at Ægospotami (405 B. C.). His maturity was the maturity of the most brilliant society the world has yet seen. In the Athens where he lived all his life, and where his handsome figure was familiar to every citizen, he was either the intimate or the acquaintance of Pericles, of Phidias, of Herodotus, of Thucydides, of Socrates, of Anaxagoras, of Ictinus, of Mnesicles, representing politics, history, philosophy, architecture. His rivals in the drama were Æschylus and Euripides. Nor may we doubt that among the crowd of artists, orators, men of letters of less note in our scanty annals of that day, there were many not less able and stimulating in their conversation than those who perhaps talked little because they were working for posterity. Socrates, the greatest talker of them all, left no written record behind him. Those that wrote great books or accomplished great works of art — men like Sophocles — left no personal opinions, no evidence of their private life, to posterity. Of Pericles we know hardly anything but his public acts; and were it not for Plutarch's 'Life,' which gathered what could be found of tradition and of anecdote after four centuries had passed away, we should know nothing but these acts. Of Phidias and Polycletus the sculptors, of Ictinus the designer and builder of the Parthenon, of Æschylus and Euripides the great rival dramatists, we know but snatches of idle gossip, or the inventions of disappointed anecdotists. All these personages are, however, the constituents of the Periclean age; they are absorbed into its splendid life. As every citizen is exhorted in the Thucydidean paraphrases of Pericles's eloquence, it is the greatness and the glory of Athens which makes the greatness and the happiness of all her citizens. Private affairs at such an epoch sink into utter insignificance. Each man is valued for his contribution to the public life of the city; and therefore each great artist of that day, whatever the species of his art, strives mainly to express Attic purity, Attic grace, Attic power.

In the case of no member of that matchless company is this so true as in the case of Sophocles; his whole genius is essentially Attic, and even Attic of that special generation, both in its perfection and in its limitation. Never was such perfection attained, nor is it attainable, without many limitations. Sophocles, for example, is smaller than Æschylus, whose colossal conceptions outstrip the Greek horizon, and combine Hellenic force and beauty with Semitic gloom and grandeur. Sophocles is narrower than Euripides, who embraced every human sympathy in his pictures of life. But this life is often too poor and mean — even as the ideas of Æschylus are too vague, and his language too pompous — for the perfect bloom of the Attic stage.

Critics ancient and modern are agreed that the intermediate attitude of Sophocles — not only in his person, but in his art — attained that highest perfection, which lasts but a moment and is marred by the smallest change. They will not allow any imperfection in the poet, the most modest right of criticism in his exponent. We have nothing but a chorus of praise. But this is no intelligent appreciation. Let us rather seek to question him as men, than to run after him like wondering children.

We have only seven plays extant from the large number that he wrote. In those days a tragic poet, himself an actor, devoted his life to the drama; and apparently competed at least every second year in the trial of new tragedies. So far as we know, only three poets were admitted to each contest; but as each of them then put a group of three plays and an afterpiece upon the stage, the labor of so doing at frequent intervals must have been very arduous. (We have only one specimen of a whole group of three preserved, and that is by Æschylus. In all the rest the leading favorite play of a group has been preserved by the reading public. We are told that Sophocles so loosened the connection in his group that each play could stand by itself.) It is well, however, to observe in limitation of our estimate that each play was shorter than the average of our five-act dramas: the extant trilogy of Æschylus is not as long as the single play of 'Hamlet.' But if the alleged number of his tragedies — seventy, with eighteen satiric afterpieces — be correct, no great poet ever bequeathed a larger heritage to posterity. Yet perhaps the small remnant which has escaped the shipwreck of time has maintained his reputation as well as if the whole treasure had come down to us. In our own literature, Gray and Coleridge take their high rank in spite of the scantiness of their works; among the Greeks, we even recognize the greatness of Sappho in the few quotations from her lyrics that have survived. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that we have no sufficient means of judging Sophocles; very possibly a larger bequest might have disclosed to us works weaker and less characteristic than those now before us, of which several were noted in antiquity as among his noblest efforts. The first and last in order, both of which obtained the first prize, — the 'Antigone' and the 'Philoctetes,' — are not superior to the rest. But even the former, brought out in 440 B. C., and numbered by the critics as his Opus 32, was the play of no youngster; for he had defeated the older master Æschylus twenty-eight years before. This was the celebrated occasion when Cimon and his victorious colleagues, just returned from their campaigns, were appointed judges by the acclamation of the people, instead of holding the usual selection by lot. The production of thirty-two plays in twenty-eight years gives us indeed cause to wonder at the poet's

fertility. But as it was the common remark of those who admired the matchless Parthenon and Propylæa, that their everlasting perfection was in no way impaired by the extraordinary rapidity of their construction, so the poets working during the very same epoch seemed to rival the architects not only in grace and strength, but in the rapid strides of their work. Nor is this quickness of production uncommon in other great moments of art. Molière could write a play in a fortnight. Händel wrote the 'Messiah' in twenty-one days.

Let us now turn to the plays in order, and learn from them the causes of the poet's great and permanent success in the world of letters. For even in modern times, the admiration and the imitation of him have not ceased. The 'Antigone' was not one of a trilogy or connected group of three plays; nor has the poet's treatment of his heroine anything to say to his treatment of the same personage in his subsequent plays (on Œdipus) in which she appears. As soon as Sophocles adopted the practice of competing with isolated plays, he assumed the further liberty of handling the same personage quite differently in different plays. This apparent inconsistency was due to the fact that the ancients, unlike the moderns, had no unlimited field of subjects; but were restricted by the conditions of their art to a small number of legends, wherein the same heroes and heroines constantly reappeared. They therefore avoided the consequent monotony by varying the character to suit the circumstances of each play. The Antigone of the play before us is not the Antigone of the 'Œdipus at Colonus.'

The plot is very simple, and was not in any sense novel. It is completely sketched in the last seventy lines of the 'Seven Against Thebes' of Æschylus. Polynices, slain in his unnatural invasion of his fatherland,—and what was worse, in single combat with his own brother,—is refused burial by the new head of the State, Creon. Æschylus represents a herald as announcing this decision, at which Antigone at once rebels, while her weaker sister submits. The chorus, dividing, take sides with both; and show the conflict between the sacred claims of family affection and the social claims of the State, demanding obedience to a decree not unreasonable and issued by recognized authority. But Æschylus gives us no solution. This is the problem taken up by Sophocles, and treated with special reference to the character of Antigone. He greatly simplifies his problem; for he allows but little force to the arguments for punishing with posthumous disgrace the criminal Polynices,—the parricide, as the Greeks would call him, of his fatherland.

The tyrant Creon, indeed, talks well of obedience as the first condition of public safety:—

Creon— But praise from me that man shall never have
Who either boldly thrusts aside the law,
Or takes upon him to instruct his rulers,—
Whom, by the State empowered, he should obey
In little and in much, in right and wrong.
The worst of evils is to disobey.
Cities by this are ruined, homes of men
Made desolate by this; this in the battle
Breaks into headlong rout the wavering line;
The steadfast ranks, the many lives unhurt,
Are to obedience due. We must defend
The government and order of the State,
And not be governed by a willful girl.
We'll yield our place up, if we must, to men:
To women that we stooped, shall not be said.

(I quote uniformly throughout this essay from the version of Mr. Whitelaw,—London, 1883,—which upon careful examination appears to me very much the best attempt yet made at the well-nigh hopeless problem of rendering the beauties of Sophocles in English.)

But Creon's rigid ordinance carries no weight with it; and obedience is only a matter of acquiescence in the minds of the vulgar and the mean, as the chorus is represented. Antigone is accordingly sustained throughout by a clear consciousness that she is absolutely right: the whole sympathy of the spectator is with her, and the play is only of interest in bringing out her character in strong relief. This is splendidly expressed in her answer to Creon, when she is brought in prisoner by a craven guard, who has surprised her in performing the funeral rites over her brother:—

Creon— Speak thou, who bendest on the earth thy gaze,—
Are these things which are witnessed true or false?
Antigone—Not false, but true: that which he saw, he speaks.
Creon [*to the guard*]—
So, sirrah, thou art free: go where thou wilt,
Loosed from the burden of this heavy charge.
But tell me thou,—and let thy speech be brief,—
The edict hadst thou heard which this forbade?
Antigone—I could not choose but hear what all men heard.
Creon— And didst thou dare to disobey the law?
Antigone—Nowise from Zeus, methought, this edict came,
Nor Justice, that abides among the gods
In Hades, who ordained these laws for men.
Nor did I deem *thine* edicts of such force
That they, a mortal's bidding, should o'erride

Unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens.
Not of to-day or yesterday are these;
But live from everlasting, and from whence
They sprang none knoweth. I would not, for the breach
Of these, through fear of any human pride,
To Heaven atone. I knew that I must die:
How else? without thine edict that were so;
And if before my time,—why, this were gain,
Compassed about with ills;—who lives as I,
Death to such life as his must needs be gain.
So is it to me to undergo this doom
No grief at all: but had I left my brother,
My mother's child, unburied where he lay,
Then I had grieved; but now this grieves me not.
Senseless I seem to thee, so doing? Belike
A senseless judgment finds me void of sense.

But as she consciously faces death *for an idea*, she may rather be enrolled in the noble army of martyrs who suffer in the broad daylight of clear conviction, than among the more deeply tried, like Orestes and Hamlet, who in doubt and darkness have striven to feel out a great mystery, and in their very failure have «purified the terror and the pity,» as Aristotle puts it, of awe-struck humanity. A martyr for a great and recognized truth, for the laws of God against the laws of man, is not the most perfect central figure for a tragedy in the highest Greek sense. Hence I regard myself justified in calling this famous play rather an exquisite dramatic poem than a very great tragedy. With consummate art, the poet makes Antigone a somewhat harsh character. She stands up before Creon; she answers his threats with bold contumacy.

«How in the child the sternness of the sire
Shows stern, before the storm untaught to bend!»

She even despises and casts aside her more feminine sister Ismene,—who at first counseled submission, but who stands nobly by Antigone when her trial before Creon comes, and is ready to go to death for a breach of the law which she had not committed; but Antigone will have neither her companionship nor her sympathy. The fatal effects of the ancestral curse on the house of Œdipus are indeed often mentioned, and would be, to a Greek audience, a quite sufficient cause for the misfortunes of Antigone; but her character, together with that of the weak and misguided figures around her, make the plot quite independent of this deeper mystery,—the hereditary nature not only of sin and crime, but of suffering.

Thus she stands alone, amid the weak and selfish. The very watchman who comes with the news of her capture as she was tending the outcast corpse is so cowardly in his views and so homely in his language as to afford a contrast to the high tragic vein such as we meet in Shakespeare, but what the more ceremonious tragedy of the French would avoid as unseemly.

The intention of the poet to isolate Antigone in her conflict with the ruler of the State is most strongly marked in his treatment of Hæmon, Creon's son, who is betrothed to the princess. How can a heroine be isolated when she has the support of her lover? This is indeed the point in which the tragedy of Sophocles is most to be contrasted with any conceivable modern treatment of the subject; even, so far as we can tell from scanty allusions, contrasted with its treatment by his younger rival Euripides. Hæmon does indeed come upon the stage to plead for Antigone, but wholly upon public grounds: that her violation of Creon's edict has the sympathy of the public, and will bring the tyrant into disrepute and danger. But though his father taunts him with having personal interests behind his arguments, and though the chorus, when he rushes away to his suicide, indicate very plainly that love is the exciting cause of his interference,—not one word of personal pleading for his betrothed as such escapes from his lips.

The brief choral ode just mentioned is so famous that we quote it here entire:—

STROPHE

Chorus—O Love, our conqueror, matchless in might,
Thou prevailest, O Love, thou dividest the prey;
In damask cheeks of a maiden
Thy watch through the night is set.
Thou roamest over the sea;
On the hills, in the shepherds' huts, thou art;
Nor of deathless gods, nor of short-lived men,
From thy madness any escapeth.

ANTISTROPHE

Unjust, through thee, are the thoughts of the just;
Thou dost bend them, O Love, to thy will, to thy spite.
Unkindly strife thou hast kindled,
This wrangling of son with sire.
For great laws, throned in the heart,
To the sway of a rival power give place,
To the love-light flashed from a fair bride's eyes.

Antigone, when she sings her long musical threnody or lament, as she goes to her death, does not call upon her lover to mourn her

personal loss, but rather bewails her loss of the joys and dignities of the married state,—exactly what a modern heroine would have kept in the background. She quails however at the presence of death, which she had faced with contemptuous boldness at the opening of the piece; thus showing a human inconsistency very unlike that of Euripides's great heroines,—Iphigenia in Aulis, for example, who first wails bitterly and pleads passionately for life, and then rises above all her weakness and faces her actual doom with glorious courage. But these are the independent standpoints of two great poets; both are human: and though I personally prefer the latter type, others may prefer the former.

The whole play is but one instance of the subject Sophocles seems to have preferred to any other: the exhibition of a strong human will, based upon a moral conviction, dashing itself against the obstacles of fate, of human ordinance, of physical weakness, and showing its ineradicable dignity—

> «Though heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom.»

Let us next consider the very kindred 'Electra.' Here we have the rare opportunity of comparing the handling of the same subject by the three great tragedians; the extant 'Choephori' of Æschylus and the 'Electra' of Euripides all dealing with the vengeance of Orestes upon his mother Clytemnestra, who had treacherously murdered his father Agamemnon, and was living with her paramour Ægisthus. The outline of the tragedy is therefore strikingly similar to the play of 'Hamlet,' in which the conflict of dread duties seems to unhinge the mind of the prince upon whom the action devolves. Æschylus alone, however, feels the gravity of the crime of matricide to be such that no guilt on the queen mother's part can justify it; while the other two Greek poets regard it as mere lawful vengeance. These profound questions, however, are rather to be discussed in connection with Æschylus than with Sophocles; and for my part, I cannot but award the older poet the palm in this splendid competition. The Greek legend had a feature quite strange to Shakespeare: a sister of the exiled prince living in the palace, watching daily her mother's disgrace, suffering persecution from her, and hoping against hope for the return of her brother, while at open and angry variance with the reigning king and queen. This is the character that Sophocles has chosen for his principal study. She is, like Antigone, harsh and uncompromising: rude to her weaker sister, who will not protest enough against the crimes of the house; bursting into a paroxysm of grief when she thinks her hopes annulled; and setting

on her brother, when she recognizes him, to do the bloody vengeance, without the smallest compunction. In the course of the play the pretended urn of Orestes's ashes is brought in: but this device, well conceived to lull the suspicions of the guilty pair, is made the occasion not only of a brilliant fabrication of the circumstances of his death, but also of a pathetic lament over the empty urn by Electra; splendid passages no doubt, but of no effect upon the spectator, who knows that both are the produce of a fraud.

Electra [*holding the supposed urn of Orestes's ashes*] —
O poor last relic of Orestes's life,—
Dearest of men to me,—with hopes how other
Than forth I sent do I receive thee back!
Now in these hands I take thee, and thou art naught;
But beautiful and bright I sent thee forth,
Child, from thy home. Oh, would that I had died
Or ever to a strange land I sent thee hence,
And stole thee in my arms and saved from death,
When on that day thou mightest have lain dead,
And of thy father's tomb have earned a share.
Now, far from home, in a strange land exiled,
A woeful end was thine, no sister near;
And woe is me, I neither laved thy limbs
And decked with loving hands, nor, as was meet,
Snatched this sad burthen from the scorching fire:
By hands of strangers tended thou art come,
A little handful in this little urn.
Alas for me my nursing long ago,—
Unprofitable care, that with sweet pain
I ofttimes spent for thee: for thou wast never
Thy mother's darling,—rather mine; nor they
O' the house, but I it was, whom all were wont
Sister at once to call and nurse of thee.
Now thou art dead, and all in a day these things
Have ceased to be; all with thy passing swept
As by a whirlwind hence. Thy father is gone,
And I am dead, thy sister; and thine own life
Has past from earth. Our foes laugh us to scorn,
Our mother—nay, no mother—is mad with joy:
Of whom so often thou didst send secret word
Thou'dst come to be avenged on her; but now
Hard fortune, thine and mine, robs me of this,
Sending me hither, in thy dear body's stead,
Mere dust and shadow of thee, and good for naught.
Ah me, alas!

Oh, piteous ashes! alas and woe is me!
Oh, sadly, strangely—
Alas, my brother!—
Thus journeying hither, how me thou hast undone!
Undone—undone indeed, O brother mine!
Therefore to thy dark chamber take me in;
Me, dust to dust, receive: that I may dwell
Henceforth i' the dark with thee. For, living, I shared
With thee and shared alike; and now in death
Not to be sundered from thy tomb I crave,
For in the grave I see that grief is not.

This composing of splendid poetry for a fictitious situation seems to me the point of dramatic weakness in the piece.

I pass to the much more interesting, though less appreciated, 'Trachiniæ.' It was named by the poet not after the principal character, but as was the habit of Æschylus, after the chorus; and not because that chorus occupied, as it did in Æschylus, the leading part in the play, but that the poet must have felt a difficulty in selecting his title rôle. To the ancients, as to Euripides, the death of Heracles was the real core of the story; and the conclusion of Sophocles's play, in which this event occurs, was accordingly to them the principal moment in the action: whereas Sophocles makes the interest centre in Dejanira,—perhaps an early attempt to make a heroine more important than the men of the play. Yet the character of Dejanira can only be compared with the second-rate Tecmessa in the 'Ajax,' and differs completely from the first-class heroines we have just considered. Nevertheless there is the deepest pathos in his drawing of a loving, patient wife, widowed afresh for weary months while the roving Heracles seeks new adventures, and now distracted by the want of all news for a full year. His enforced absence (to atone for a homicide), his careful disposition of his affairs at his departure, and the voice of vague oracles, fill her soul with dark foreboding. Her son Hyllus is sent out for news; and the chorus of the maidens of Trachis come in to cheer and encourage the anxious wife, who envies their virgin days of security, and reflects on the troubles of married life.

Hyllus—Nay, mother, I will go; and had I known
What was foretold, I had been there long since.
Only his constant fortune suffered me not
To fear for him, nor overmuch to doubt.
Now that I know, trust me, I shall not spare
Pains in the quest until I find the truth.

Dejanira—Go then, my son. Good news, though it come late,
So it might come at last is fraught with gain.

STROPHE I

Chorus—
Thee whom the starry night,
Beneath the spoiler's hand
Breathing her last, brings forth,
Whom then she lays to sleep,—
Thee, Sun-god, thee bright-burning I implore,—
O tell me of Alcmena's son,
O thou, whose rays are as the lightnings bright:
Where, where he dwelleth,—
Defiles of the Ægean threading,
Or from mid-strait beholding either continent,—
O tell me, god of keenest sight!

ANTISTROPHE I

For with an ever-hungry heart, they say,
Fair Dejanira, she for whom the suitors strove,
Like some unhappy bird,
Lulls never into tearless sleep
That hunger of her eyes;
But unforgetful fear
For him, her absent lord,
She entertaining, pines
Upon her widowed couch of care,—
Ill-starred, foreboding all distressful chance.

STROPHE II

For, as before the untiring blast of south or north,
Across the boundless sea
We watch the march of waves
That come, and ever come,—
Even so upon this son of Cadmus's house attends
His hard life's toilsomeness,
Increasing more and more;
Of troubles a Cretan sea.
But from the halls of death
Some god restrains his feet,
Suffering them not to stray.

ANTISTROPHE II

Therefore I chide thee, and this word
Of contradiction, not ungrateful, I will speak:

I say thou dost not well
To kill the better hope.
For think, a lot exempt from pain
The son of Cronos, king who governs all,
Ordainèd not for men.
To all men sorrow and joy alternate come,
Revolving, as in heaven
The twisting courses of the Bear.

EPODE

For neither starry night
Abides with men, nor death, nor wealth—
But quickly it is gone;
And now another learns
The changeful tale of joy and loss.
Therefore I counsel thee, the queen,
To keep this ever in thy hopes:
For when was Zeus so careless for his sons?

Dejanira—Ye come, I must conjecture, having heard
My trouble; but how the trouble eats my heart,
Ye know not,—may ye not by suffering learn.
In such a well-fenced place, in native soil,
The tender plant grows, where no sun may scorch,
Nor rain nor any wind is rough with it;
Upward a painless pleasant life it lifts
Until such time the maiden is called a wife:
And in a night her share of trouble comes,—
By husband or by children made afraid.

Suddenly comes the news of her husband's return; and the spoils are brought in, among whom a fair captive (Iole) excites Dejanira's interest,—especially as she can learn nothing concerning her, from the herald Lichas who has escorted her, or from the girl herself who maintains an obstinate silence. Of course it very soon comes out that this is the new flame for whom the truant hero has sacked Œchalia, and that she has come no ordinary captive to the house. Dejanira's speech charging the herald Lichas to tell her the whole truth, is full of pathos.

Dejanira— Mad indeed were I myself
To blame this maiden, cause with him of that
Which causes me no shame, does me no wrong.
I cannot blame. But now, if taught of him
You lie, no noble lesson have you learned;

Or if you school yourself, take heed lest then
You be found cruel when you would be kind.
Nay, tell me all the truth: to be called false
Is for free men no honorable lot.
That you should 'scape discovery cannot be:
Many are they who heard you, and will speak.
And if you are afraid, you fear amiss:
For not to know — this would afflict me; but
Fear not my knowing: hath not Heracles
Loved many another — most of all men he?
And never any of them bore from me
Harsh word or gibe: nor shall, howe'er she be
Consumed with love, this maiden; nay, for her
Most of them all I pity, having seen
That 'twas her beauty that made waste her life,—
Poor soul, who sacked, unwitting, and enslaved,
The city of her home. But now I charge thee,
Heed not what winds blow whither: but be false
To others if thou wilt; to me speak truth.

When considering this largeness of heart regarding her husband's new passion, we must remember we are reading of Greek heroic times and manners, when such license, though censured as bringing discord into a household, was in no way regarded as the violation of a moral law. The chorus in a very fine ode recalls the desperate struggle of Heracles for the possession of this very Dejanira, whom he has now slighted and forgotten. But her charms are fading, while Iole is in the first flush of youth. Then comes her hasty resolve to send him as a present, which she had been preparing for his return, the «shirt of Nessus» anointed with the deadly poison of the Centaur's wound. She has been unaware of its fatal power; but the wool she had used to anoint the present takes fire when heated by the sun, and before the news comes back she has anticipated the whole catastrophe. Then follows the terrible narrative of Hyllus, and his fierce accusation of his mother, who rushes in the silence of desperate resolve from the stage. After an interrupting chorus, her death-scene is affectingly told by her nurse.

Chorus — Remorse, or what fierce fit
Of madness was it,— the fatal thrust
So murderously dealt? How compassed she
Death piled on death,—
Wild work for one weak hand to do?

Nurse — One plunge of cursed steel: 'twas done.
Chorus — What, babbler, were you there?
Saw you the wanton deed?
Nurse — Near as I stand to you, I stood and saw.
Chorus — How was it? The manner? Tell me all.
Nurse — Herself, and of herself, she did this thing.
Chorus — What do you tell me?
Nurse — Plain, the truth.
Chorus — Stranger, not thy fair face alone
Thou bringest, but born, yea born of thee,
A dire Erinys to this house!
Nurse — Too true; but more, had you been there to see
The things she did,—much more your tears had flowed.
Chorus — And daunted not such work a woman's hand?
Nurse — A marvel, truly: hear and testify.
She came alone in the house, and saw her son
In the great chamber spreading forth a couch,
Deep-pillowed, ere he went to meet his sire
Back; but she crept away out of his sight,
And at the altars falling, moaned that she
Was desolate,—and each chattel of the house,
That once she used, fingered, poor soul, and wept;
Then hither and thither roaming, room to room,
Each face she saw of servants that she loved,
Unhappy lady, looked and wept again,
Upon her own hard lot exclaiming still,
And how her children were her own no more.
And when she ceased from this, I saw her pass
Suddenly to the chamber of my lord.
I, screened by the dark, seeing, myself unseen,
Watched: and I saw my mistress fling, lay smooth,
Couch-coverings on the couch of Heracles,
Till all were laid; then from the ground she sprang
And sat there in the midst upon the couch,
And loosed the flood of scorching tears, and spake:—
"O marriage bed and marriage chamber mine,
Farewell now and forever; never more
This head upon this pillow shall be laid."
No more she said; but with a violent hand
Did doff her robe, clasped by the brooch that lay,
Gold-wrought, upon her bosom, and made bare
All her left arm and whiteness of her side.
Then I made haste and ran with all my strength,
And told her son what way her thoughts were bent.

But lo, whilst I was gone, just there and back,
The deed was done; the two-edged sword, we saw,
Quite through her side, midriff, and heart had pierced.
Oh, but he groaned to see it! For he knew
This deed, alas! his rashness had entailed,—
Taught all too late by those o' the house that her
The Centaur lured to do she knew not what.
And now the boy—piteous!—of groans and tears
He knew no end, lamenting over her:
He knelt and kissed her lips; his side by hers
He laid along, and lay, complaining sore
That he had slain her with his random blame;
And weeping, his would be a double loss,
Bereaved of both his parents at one stroke.

Here the main interest of the play ends for modern readers. But among the ancients, the official catastrophe; the lyrical wailing of Heracles, his wrestling with his agony, and final victory; his calm review of his life,—all this was far more celebrated. Such lyrical dialogues, in which the actor and chorus sang alternately, were highly prized on the Greek stage, and are an almost universal feature in tragedy. To us the tragic irony of the earlier catastrophe is much more affecting. The oracle must be fulfilled; Heracles must die, but by the hands of his most loving wife: and the wretched authoress of the catastrophe wanders through the house amazed, aimless, heart-broken, bursting into tears at every familiar object; then with sudden resolve she bares her side, and strikes the sword into her heart.

If this noble play has in my opinion been underrated, we cannot complain of the esteem in which the next play of our series is held, —the 'Œdipus Rex': which is cited in Aristotle's 'Poetics' as a sort of ideal or canon play; which modern critics have been, I think, unanimous in placing at the very summit of Greek tragic art. Yet when first performed, the audience only awarded it the second prize. Can we find any reason for this curious variance of judgments? It is of course easy to say that momentary passions or prejudices may have misled the Athenians; that such a work could not be appreciated at first hearing; that we know not what undue favor towards a competitor, or momentary jealousy of Sophocles's fame, may have swayed a public as notoriously sensitive and fickle in temper as it was educated in taste. Such causes are possible, but must not be assumed in contradiction of all the traditions we possess, which assert Sophocles to have been the darling of the Attic public. Admitting on the other hand that the critical taste of the public was

very sensitive, and easily offended, we can find some reasons why in the present case Sophocles failed to win the first place. We are arguing without knowledge of the remaining plays of the group, and it is possible that these pieces were weak, so that the group as a whole was inferior in average to the group presented by Philocles. This again is but a hypothesis.

But there are in the conditions presupposed in the opening scene more serious and actual objections. In order to create for himself a situation of exceptional horror, the poet has piled up antecedent improbabilities in the strangest way. Œdipus, a grown-up man, flying from the prophetic warning that he would slay his father and marry his mother, travels to Delphi. Though he had been led to doubt whether Polybus of Corinth was indeed his father, he meets and slays an old man who treated him roughly in a narrow road, and four attendants with him. When the oracle had just threatened him, it should have been his first precaution not to kill men freely, seeing that his putative father's relation to him had been questioned. He comes to Thebes, which he finds in mourning; the king (Laius) having been murdered on his way to Delphi by a band of robbers, and the dreadful Sphinx with her riddles still persecuting the country. He gets rid of the Sphinx, and marries the widowed queen, without making any search for the murderers of his predecessor; though the very spot was known where he had been slain, and he remembers the spot twenty years later. Moreover, the oracle which threatened him seems to take no notice of the hideous mistake: he is prosperous and untouched by any presentiment of woe, until the four children which his mother bears are grown up. Then suddenly comes a great pestilence; and in consequence of this pestilence the oracle commands him to seek out by all means the murderers of Laius. Tiresias the seer, living at Thebes, is represented as knowing the truth from the beginning, and yet never attempting to prevent the marriage. Here then is a truly impossible combination of circumstances, and its absurdities make themselves felt all through the play.

Yet the manner in which the poet has worked out the catastrophe is indeed beyond all praise. Granted an earnest, able man in such a position as Œdipus, and setting himself to unravel it, we may grant that his moral blindness is such that he will not see the plainest indications of his own guilt; and that he first with zeal, then with obstinacy, follows out the threads of the evidence, which closes round him and at last produces the awful catastrophe. The splendor of the dialogue is matched by the splendor of the lyrical parts; and the chorus assumes a dignified and independent as well as sympathetic attitude.

STROPHE I

Chorus — Oh, may my constant feet not fail,
Walking in paths of righteousness,
Sinless in word and deed,—
True to those eternal laws
That scale forever the high steep
Of heaven's pure ether, whence they sprang;—
For only in Olympus is their home,
Nor mortal wisdom gave them birth:
And howsoe'er men may forget,
They will not sleep;
For the might of the god within them grows not old.

ANTISTROPHE I

Rooted in pride, the tyrant grows;
But pride that with its own too-much
Is rashly surfeited,
Heeding not the prudent mean,
Down the inevitable gulf
From its high pinnacle is hurled,
Where use of feet or foothold there is none.
But, O kind gods, the noble strength
That struggles for the State's behoof
Unbend not yet:
In the gods have I put my trust; I will not fear.

STROPHE II

But whoso walks disdainfully
In act or word,
And fears not Justice, nor reveres
The thronèd gods,—
Him let misfortune slay
For his ill-starred wantoning,
Should he heap unrighteous gains,
Nor from unhallowed paths withhold his feet,
Or reach rash hands to pluck forbidden fruit.
Who shall do this, and boast
That yet his soul is proof
Against the arrows of offended Heaven?
If honor crowns such deeds as these,
Not song but silence, then, for me!

ANTISTROPHE II

To earth's dread centre, unprofaned
By mortal touch,
No more with awe will I repair,
Nor Abæ's shrine,
Nor the Olympian plain,
If the truth stands not confessed,
Pointed at by all the world.
O Zeus supreme, if rightly thou art called
Lord over all, let not these things escape
Thee and thy timeless sway!
For now men set at naught
Apollo's word, and cry, "Behold, it fails!"
His praise is darkened with a doubt;
And faith is sapped, and Heaven defied.

But the Providence who lies behind the whole action of the play is a cruel one. There is no reason in the character of Œdipus why he should be the victim of such miseries. He is throughout represented as a right-thinking man, doing his best, and ruined by the mere force of circumstances. The slaying of a stranger who insulted him and smote him on the head could not be, and is not by the poet, considered as any crime that deserved extreme punishment. It was the mere retaliation which any heroic Greek would think perfectly justifiable. How far we are thus removed from the tragic problem of Hamlet, or even of Antigone, the reader will easily perceive. Perhaps the poet may have desired to teach the moral lesson much needed at skeptical Athens in his day,—that the warnings of the gods are accomplished, and that the neglect of them is a crime which brings upon men punishments very disproportionate to the apparent guilt of negligence. But is this a proper subject for a Greek tragedy? And is the iron grasp of fate, which mocks all human effort, a moral subject for the stage?

Sweeter and more human in many respects is the 'Œdipus at Colonus,' which ancient tradition and ancient critics unanimously placed at the end of the poet's life; nor will the arguments of the learned in Germany regarding its perfect diction and structure have much weight against the current belief, supported by the strong feeling of every literary reader from Cicero to our day, that its mildness, sadness, and weariness of life, speak the long experience and sober resignation of an old man at the close of his days.

The whole action turns round the figure of Œdipus, who comes old, beggared, and blind, supported by his daughters only, an exile

from Thebes, into the grove of the dread Eumenides (Furies) at Colonus. The gentle and affectionate Antigone in this play is a different character from herself in the title play we have already discussed. It is but one of several instances which show that these tragic poets aimed at no consistency when using the figures of Greek legend for various plays. The Attic audience were not expected to compare this Antigone with the other produced many years before. I have elsewhere suggested that this may be one reason why the subjects of these tragedies were so seldom taken from Homer,—whose characters, as they appear in the Iliad and Odyssey, were too familiar to the audience to admit of any variation being tolerated on the tragic stage. Œdipus himself is now worn and mellowed with suffering; he has recovered a certain dignity not only from his undeserved suffering, but from his person being declared by oracles to be of great value to those that possess it. Hence Creon, who had exiled him, comes to carry him home by force; his son Polynices comes to pray for his support to insure victory against the younger brother, who now holds the Theban throne. But the old man resists all attempts to persuade him. Theseus saves him from the violence of Creon, and rescues his daughters, who had been seized by Creon's attendants; and in gratitude to the King of Athens, Œdipus tells him the secret by which the throne of Athens is to be forever safe. Finally, in a splendid scene heralded by thunder and lightning, Œdipus passes into the grove to his mysterious death. The lamentations of the bereaved daughters, with responses from the chorus, occupy a long musical scene at the close of the play. This conclusion, though somewhat lame if judged by modern taste, has the indication of Antigone's resolve to return to Thebes and strive to stay her brothers' criminal war; thus pointing at the tragic sequel which Sophocles had already brought upon the stage.

If he had thought fit to rearrange his plays in trilogies after the manner of Æschylus, the three dramas on the legend of Œdipus and his children have a very striking artistic connection. To me the later 'Œdipus' seems the finest of all the extant plays; nor can we imagine, if it had indeed been composed in the poet's middle age, why its production should have been delayed till four years after his death, though we hear this on good authority. There is not only fine character-drawing in the play,—Œdipus, Creon, Theseus, all very living and distinct,—but there are tragic contrasts of the greatest subtlety. Thus the episode of Polynices, who turns aside from the invasion of his native land to entreat the support of Œdipus, is manifestly intended for such a contrast. Both father and son are approaching their fate: but the father, an innocent offender, shines out in the majesty of a glorious sunset; while the son, unfilial, selfish,

and vindictive, only uses his punishment of exile to devise further crimes,—his repentance for his unfilial conduct to his father is not genuine, and his heart is still poisoned with ambition and revenge, so that when stricken by his father's awful curse, he rushes in despair upon his doom. The scene is not without harshness: the old man's curses are like those of Lear, violent from his feeling of long impotence; but this flaw, if flaw it be, is redeemed by the majesty of his solemn translation to the nether world.

The treatment of the chorus is marked by a curious inconsistency; or rather, by the clear assertion that while they act and think as common old men of Colonus, their choral odes are those of the poet speaking for himself. In their conduct, the chorus of this play show the vulgarities of common life: they treat Œdipus, when they find him in the sacred grove, with cowardice, rudeness, want of faith, unmannerly disgust, and indecent curiosity. They are only courteous and kind to him in the presence of Theseus, or when they have learned that it is their interest to have him there. But when they sing their great interludes, the choral odes, they abandon all this poor personality, and philosophize upon the action with a depth and beauty hardly equaled by any other lyrics in the Greek language.

STROPHE

Chorus— Beyond the common lot who lusts to live,
Nor sets a limit to desire,
Of me no doubtful word shall win—
A fool in love with foolishness.
Since long life hath in store for him to know
Full many things drawn nearer unto grief,
And gone from sight all pleasant things that were:
Till fallen on overmuch
Fulfillment of desire,
One only friend he sees can help—
A friend who shall come when dawns at last
The day that knows not bridal song
Nor lyre nor dance—that fatal day
Whose equal doom we all abide;—
Shall come kind Death, and make an end!

ANTISTROPHE

Not to be born is past disputing best:
And after this, his lot transcends,
Who, seen on earth for briefest while,
Thither returns from whence he came.
For with its fluttering follies all aswarm,

Who needs, while youth abides, go far afield
To heap vexation? What's the missing plague?
Slaughters are here, and strife,
Factions, and wars, and spite;
And still life's crowning ill's to bear,—
Last scene of all, of all condemned:
Unfriended, uncompanioned Age,
When strength is gone, but grief remains,
And every evil that is named,—
Evil of evil, grief of grief.
As now this man, not wretched I alone,—
Lo, like some promontory northward set,
Wave-buffeted by all fierce winds that rave,
So buffet him, nor cease,
Poured on his helpless head,
All shattering billows of outrageous fate;
Some from the setting sun,
And from the rising some,
Some with the mid-noon beam,
Some from the starry shimmerings of the night.

We now come to a play which shows many contrasts to either 'Œdipus.' The 'Ajax' is perhaps the simplest in structure of all the extant dramas; but is not therefore to be assumed the earliest, as some critics have done. To me it shows so much of the influence of Euripides, or perhaps we should rather say of the *dicastic* (litigious) habit of the Athenians of post-Periclean days, that I should place its production late in the poet's life. If a modern dramatist were asked to compose a play on such a subject,—the madness of his hero from disappointed ambition, the carnage of flocks of sheep in mistake for his rivals and umpires, his return to sanity, his consequent despair and suicide, and a quarrel about his funeral,—he would probably feel no small perplexity. Yet Sophocles has composed a justly famous character play upon the story, which he found in the so-called 'Little Iliad' of Lesches. There is no finer psychological picture than the awakening of Ajax from his lunacy, his intense shame, his firm resolve to endure life no longer, his harsh treatment of the tender and loving Tecmessa,—the slave-mother of his boy,—and yet his deep love for her and for his child. Even his suicide is brought upon the stage,—contrary to the habit of the Greeks, who avoided such scenes, and put the recital of them in the mouth of a messenger; but then his dying speech is one of the most remarkable in all Greek tragedy. Not less splendid is that in which he gives his directions before going to meet his death.

Ajax — The long march of the innumerable hours
Brings from the darkness all things to the birth,
And all things born envelops in the night.
What is there that it cannot? Strongest oaths
Of men, and the untempered will, it bends:
As I, who lately seemed so wondrous firm,
See by this woman now my keen edge made —
As steel by dipping — womanish and weak;
So that it pities me among my foes
To leave her widowed, fatherless my child.
Now to the seaside meadows and the baths
I go to purge away my stains, if so
Athene's grievous wrath I may escape.
And I must go and find some spot untrodden,
And hide away this hated sword of mine,
Burying it in the earth where none may see;
Let night and Hades keep it underground.
For from the day I took it in my hand,
From Hector, from my enemy, a gift,
Of Greeks I gat no honor any more;
But soothly says the proverb that men use,
Foes' gifts are no gifts, — no, nor profitable.
Well — I shall know henceforth to bow to Heaven.
And the Atreidæ study to revere:
Men must obey their rulers. Nay, how else?
Things most august and mightiest upon earth
Bow to authority: the winter's storms,
Dense with their driven snow, give place at last
To fruitful summer; and night's weary round
Passes, and dawn's white steeds light up the day;
And blasts of angry winds let sleep again
The groaning sea; and tyrannous sleep withal
Holds not his prey, but looses whom he binds.
Then shall not *we* learn wisdom, and submit?
And I — this lesson I have learnt to-day:
To hate my enemies so much and no more,
As who shall yet be friends; and of a friend
I'll bound my love and service with the thought,
He's not my friend forever. For most men find
A treacherous haven this of fellowship.
But for these things it shall suffice; and thou,
Woman, go in, and pray the gods that all
My heart's desire may be fulfilled in full.
And you, my comrades, honor me with her

Thus praying, and bid Teucer when he comes
Have care of me and all good-will to you.
For I go hence whither I needs must go.
Do ye my bidding; so shall ye hear perchance,
That after all my troubles I am safe.

Then follows a brilliant *hyporcheme* or dancing ode, to Pan, in delight that Ajax has recovered his senses:—

Chorus— I tremble, I thrill with longing!
With joy transported, I soar aloft!
O Pan, Pan, Pan, appear!
Come hither, tossed by the sea, O Pan,
From Cyllene's rock-ridge, scourged with snow—
The master in heaven of those that dance!
And unpremeditated measures here,
Nysian or Gnosian, fling with me!
For now on dancing my heart is set,
And far across the Icarian waters,
Lord of Delos, Apollo, come;
Come, plain to see, and partake my mirth—
Gracious and kind to the end as now!
Lo, Ares the cloud has lifted;
Despair and dread from our eyes are gone!
Now, now, O Zeus, again
May stainless light of a gracious day
To our swift sea-cleaving ships come nigh;
When Ajax his sorrow again forgets,
And serves the gods with perfect piety,
Pays them their rites and leaves out none.
For all things ever the strong hours quench;
And naught, I'll say, is too hard for saying;
Now when Ajax, so past all hope,
Against the Atreidæ unbends his pride—
Rage and defiance outbreathes no more.

He is for one day, we hear presently from his brother, under the anger of Athene; and if he can weather that day he will be safe. This gives a peculiar pathos to the play, when we reflect how nearly a noble life was saved. But the anger of Athene is hardly justified, beyond the consideration that the gods rule as they please; and here the goddess is shown with those hard and cruel features which we find in Homer's picture.* The Ajax of Sophocles, on the other hand,

* On this I have already commented in my 'Social Life in Greece.'

is far more refined than the Homeric prototype. He feels himself unjustly treated, and carries the spectator's sympathy wholly with him. The wrangle about his funeral honors between his brother Teucer, who arrives but a moment too late to save him, and the vulgar and heartless Agamemnon and Menelaus, is so disagreeable that we have constantly to remind ourselves of the Attic love of argument, of dispute, of casuistry, to tolerate this part of the drama. Odysseus (Ulysses) for once comes in as the peacemaker; the generous foe, who can respect and honor his fallen enemy. But then he has obtained all his desire,—the easiest moment to be generous. A word must be reserved for Tecmessa; one of the most attractive women in Sophocles, as we possess him. She is one of those slave wives whom the heroes of the Iliad kept in camp to solace their long absence from home. She had passed from the estate of a princess to be the slave mistress of her lord. But she fulfills all her enforced duties with loyalty and tenderness, and with great and womanly affection for both Ajax and his child. She is indeed in many respects as tragic a figure as Ajax; for her disasters have all come upon her without any fault of her own, and in spite of her innocence and loyalty.

Tecmessa — O my lord Ajax, of all things most hard,
Hardest is slavery for men to bear.
And I was daughter of a sire freeborn,—
No Phrygian mightier, wealthier none than he;
But now I am a slave. For so the gods,
And so thine arm, had willed it. Therefore now—
For I am thine, thy wife, and wish thee well—
I charge thee now by Zeus who guards thy hearth,
And by that couch of thine which I have shared,—
Condemn me not, given over to their hands,
To bear the cruel gibes thy foes shall fling.
Bethink thee, on that day when thou shalt die,
And by that death divorce me, violent hands
On me the Greeks will lay, and we shall live
Henceforth the life of slaves, thy child and I.
And then at me shall some one of my lords
Shoot out sharp words, "Lo ye, the concubine
Of Ajax, who was strongest of the Greeks—
Fallen from what pride, unto what service bound!"
So they will talk. And me such fate will plague;
But shame such talk imports to thee and thine.
Nay, but have pity, and leave not thou thy sire,
So old, so grieved; pity thy mother too,

Portioned with many years, who night and day
Prays to the gods to bring thee home alive;
And have compassion on thy boy, O prince!—
Think, should he live, poor child, forlorn of thee,
By unkind guardians of kind care deprived,
What wrong thy death will do to him and me:
Nothing have I to look to any more,
When thou art gone. Thy spear laid waste my home;
My mother too and father, Fate withal
Brought low, in the dark house of death to dwell.
What home then shall I find instead of thee—
What wealth? My life hangs utterly on thee.

The 'Philoctetes' is the last of our series, till some fortunate chance, in Egypt or elsewhere, restores to us another of these masterpieces. We know it to have been composed very late in the poet's life, perhaps the very last of his works; and yet, though it shows everywhere the influence of his great rival Euripides, in this remarkable play there is no evidence of any decadence, of any weakening of Sophocles's genius, though some critics pretend to see it. The habit of asserting subjective opinions upon such points is so universal in Germany that it is necessary to cite examples of their worth. Some trivial fact is generally at the basis of these theories; because the 'Philoctetes' is now accepted as late, the 'Œdipus at Colonus,' long criticized as the dying song of the old man, is now attributed to a far earlier period, and is called the product of the poet's strongest maturity. It was formerly the last sweet echo of his waning powers.

At all events, the 'Philoctetes' is a very remarkable and distinctive specimen of the work of Sophocles. It is essentially a character play, in which the action of the gods only comes in to thwart and spoil a plot made great by human suffering and human constancy; and yet though a character play, it is the solitary example we have, among the extant remains of the poet, in which there is no woman brought on the stage. Ingenious people may here find, if they like, a mute antagonism to, a recoil from, the habit of Euripides, who never draws a great man, but sets all the sympathies of the audience upon the grandeur of his heroines. In the play now before us, the principal character is ennobled partly by his long and miserable suffering, partly by his strong will and determination that he will in no way yield to his enemies, or help them in their designs.

He had been abandoned at Lemnos by the sons of Atreus and by Ulysses, on their way to Troy, because of his loathsome wound and his constant and wearisome lamentations. Now they find through an oracle that after ten years' war and waste of life, the city cannot be

taken unless the wounded hero of his own accord accompanies them, bringing with him the famous bow and arrow of Heracles, which he possesses. The plots of Ulysses to obtain this result, and their repeated failure, till Heracles actually descends from heaven and commands Philoctetes to change his resolve,—these are moments of the play. The appearance of Heracles as a *deus ex machina* is however a mere appendix, thrown in to satisfy the requirements of the popular legend which held that the hero did go to Troy, and so cause the oracles to be positively accomplished.

Ulysses, the principal agent, though not the chief actor in the play, sets in motion those subtle plots which to the Greek were perfectly lawful and even admirable, while to us they savor of meanness and fraud. He suborns the young and gallant Neoptolemus to land at the island, and pretend that he too had been summoned to Troy and then insulted by the leaders of the host; that he is therefore on his way home in anger and disgust. This leads to sympathetic discourse with Philoctetes, who entreats Neoptolemus to bring him home, and intrusts him with the precious bow and arrows when seized with one of his paroxysms which ends in a deep sleep. The chorus of sailors, who as usual represent the mean side of Greek character, propose that now Neoptolemus should decamp with the bow and arrows. The fact that the hero's own presence and consent were necessary is kept in the background; and the first difficulty arises from the loyal nature of Neoptolemus, who has misgivings from the beginning, and has been persuaded too easily to adopt the crooked policy of Ulysses, but who will not now desert his suffering friend, and who will not take him on board by fraud. So when he discloses his real intentions to Philoctetes, he meets with a storm of protest, of adjuration and appeal from the outcast hero, but not a sign of submission. Ulysses, who comes in, threatens force; he proposes to carry off the bow and leave the wretched man helpless and defenseless on the island; he makes all preparations for departure: when Neoptolemus tries the only remaining argument. He returns conscience-smitten with the bow and arrows and restores them to their owner, in spite of the anxious protest of Ulysses, who knows that his own life now hangs upon a thread. But Neoptolemus holds the hand that would draw the bow and slay his enemy, and appeals on the ground of friendship and of generosity to Philoctetes now to yield and return with him as ally to Troy. But here he meets with an equally stubborn resistance; and, vanquished by the vanquished man, he has submitted, and is going to bring Philoctetes to his home at Trachis, when the divine command of Heracles prevents this violation of the current story, and the conflict is ended by the submission of Philoctetes.

Such is the skeleton of the drama; but this skeleton is enriched by the accessories which a true poet adds to his argument. The picturesque features of the lonely island, the voice of nature which threatened and which solaced the lonely man, the birds and beasts that were his companions and his prey,— these are ever present to the hero in his lamentations and his prayers. No doubt the poet knew well this island, which was, like Imbros, a peculiar property of the Athenians for a great part of its history. It lies not far from the Trojan coast, surrounded by splendid historic lands: the giant Samothrace, the still more gigantic Athos, from whose peak I have looked upon Lemnos and thought of the many legends that cluster about that rugged island. And now, after long centuries of cultivation, centuries of piracy and of misgovernment have reduced it again to the very condition described by Sophocles: lonely uplands, windy hills, waste and thicket replacing the labors of men.

It is remarkable that the rival plays on the subject — those of Æschylus and Euripides — did not make the island an absolute wilderness. The chorus, instead of representing the sailors who came with Neoptolemus, as it is in Sophocles's play, did visit him; and one of them, Actor, appeared as his friend. These facts we owe to an interesting little oration of Dio Chrysostom, who compares the three plays — then extant and known to him.

But I will not extend this commentary unduly. Those who desire to appreciate Sophocles must not attempt to do so at second hand, through this essay or through any modern translation; they must learn Greek, and read him in the original: for no version in any European language can give any notion of the strength, the grace, the suppleness of his dialogue. Not that he was absolutely without faults in style. He himself, in a curious sentence reported by Plutarch, says that he had three styles: first, the grand eloquence of Æschylus, which he had shaken off early; then the harsh and artificial style of his next epoch,— features well known to us in contemporary writers, such as Thucydides; lastly he had adopted the style which was best for painting character, and therefore the fittest for his purpose. We can still trace some of the harshness of which he speaks in the earlier extant plays. The opening speech in the 'Antigone,' for example, is contorted and difficult in style, and is by no means exceptional in this quality. Some of the choral odes seem to us to use constructions which we can hardly call Greek; and if it be urged that in these cases corruption of the text has altered the poet's words, it must have been a very early corruption, and such is not likely unless the original was really obscure. We know also from the great number of strange words cited from his lost plays by early grammarians that his vocabulary must have been not easy and

natural, like that of Euripides, but artificial and recondite. This love of erudite words seems to have been as strong in Sophocles as it was in Shakespeare.

But if he was licentious in his vocabulary and sometimes daring in his syntax, no great poet was ever more conservative in his art. It is to us an ever-recurring source of wonder, how a great poet, born in a particular generation, writing for a special public, hampered by all the conventionalities of his age, nevertheless not only rises above all these transitory circumstances and seizes the great and permanent features of human nature, but even frequently turns his shackles into a new source of beauty. Some of the greatest felicities in poetry have been the direct result of the curbs of metre or of rhyme. Nothing has more evidently determined the beauties of Greek or mediæval sculpture than its position as the handmaid of architecture. There are many more such instances, but none more signal than that supplied by the work of Sophocles.

Nothing can be imagined more artificial than the Greek stage, nothing upon that stage more artificial than tragedy as determined by his predecessors. The subjects to be treated were limited to the Greek legends; legends familiar to the audience, and not admitting of any great liberties in treatment. The actors were padded out and masked, so that all delicate acting was impossible, and slow declamation was the law of the stage. The importance of the chorus and its traditional primacy in the earliest plays determined the musical character of Greek tragedy; which may best be compared to a modern oratorio, acted on the stage. Thus the poet must not only write dramatic verse, he must be a lyric poet; nay more, we are told that he must compose the music for his odes. Even these set pieces, like our musical interludes, were not enough for the requirements of the drama: there were lyrical monodies, or dialogues between the actor and the chorus, which required in the actor — in early days the poet himself — proficiency in singing. It was in fact the "music-drama" of Wagner, out-Wagnered. All these conditions were satisfied by Sophocles in his day. But what marks his world-position is this: though the music is lost; though the stage as he knew it is gone forever; though nothing remains to us but the text, in metres which had their musical accompaniments and which do not speak easily to modern ears,— still these plays, stripped of all the accessories which made them splendid in their day of performance, transcribed with ignorance and defaced by time, the widowed and forlorn remnant of a bygone age and an extinct society, move every modern heart; stimulate every modern poet; stand forth in their imperishable majesty, like the ruined Parthenon, unapproachable in their essential perfection.

What an age was this, when the builders of the Parthenon and the authors of tragedy met and discussed the principles of their art! The lofty Pericles was there, the genial Herodotus, the brilliant Aristophanes, the homely Socrates, all contributing to form an atmosphere in which no poor or unreal art could last for a day. But artificial they all were, except Socrates; though the artifice was only the vehicle for great ideas, for the deepest nature, for the loftiest ideals. Hence the changes of custom, and even of traditions, have not marred the eternal greatness of Sophocles's tragedies. Sufferers such as Ajax, Philoctetes, Œdipus, will ever command the deepest human pity; martyrs such as Antigone, the purest admiration. To paraphrase the words of Aristotle, Sophocles purifies the affections of pity and awe in the hearts of his audience by representing to them ideal men and women suffering huge misfortunes; broken it may be on the wheel of fortune, but not vanquished, because their heroic will is invincible.

This is the great moral lesson which the poet has taught the world; and it constitutes his first and greatest claim to rank among the stars of the first magnitude in the literature of nations. In theology he was a conservative; he did not venture, like Euripides, to quarrel with the current myths and to question the morality of the current creeds. But even as every sound modern moralist holds that in this world, the ideal of life and conduct is far higher than the average specimens we meet in ordinary society,—so Sophocles was convinced that there was a Divine morality, a Divine justice, far higher and purer than the lives and characters of the several gods as represented in Homer and the Epic Cycle. While therefore he does not alter the hard features of the Greek gods, or justify their jealousy and vindictiveness, he frequently asserts a very different and a far higher government of the world.

Such being the highest feature in the poet's philosophy, we may place next to it his admirable knowledge and portraiture of human character. The gallery of his heroes and heroines is like the gallery of a great painter's works, which gives us impressive and imperishable types. He takes but little care about his villains: his tyrants were not drawn from life, and his only erring queen — Clytemnestra —is not very interesting when we compare her to the Clytemnestra of Æschylus. But his heroines are as great as those of Euripides; his heroes are far greater; and his whole stage is more human than that of Æschylus.

Apart from the matter is the style; and in artistic work the style or form is of equal if not of greater importance. It is through style that any writer or age of writers becomes a model, or an ideal, for succeeding generations to pursue. But as I am debarred in this

essay from quoting from the original, and am addressing a public not intimate with Greek, I am precluded from discussing this question with any further detail; and can only repeat my previous warning that Greek of the Attic age, used by its greatest masters, is a vehicle of expression so perfect both in its strength and its delicacy, that all versions in other tongues seem tame and bald to those who can read the poet's own words. It is this peerless perfection in Greek style, not only in the art of composition, but in the plastic arts, which has kept Greek studies alive as the very essence of any thorough modern culture. Nor is it likely that a time will ever come when future generations will have made such advances in art that the Œdipus of Sophocles, the Hermes of Praxiteles, the nameless tomb of the King of Sidon, the temples on the Acropolis at Athens, will be superseded by greater models.

J. P. Mahaffy

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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ROBERT SOUTHEY

(1774–1843)

If it were possible to earn a place among the immortals by the force of unremitting toil, no man of letters could have a clearer claim to the distinction than Robert Southey. The vast labors of his life, seconding talents of no mean order, did indeed build for him a reputation which cannot be destroyed by time. What the author of 'Thalaba' and the 'Life of Nelson' accomplished, has a definite and solid value. Within his limits he did his life's work well. He was a good and faithful servant of literature: had he had more of the mastery of genius, he would have been less in bondage to his conceptions. As it was, he was fettered by the schemes for his vast epics and interminable histories. The element of drudgery dulls even the greatest of his works. He is among English men of letters as one that serveth.

His life touched at many points the lives of other noted men; yet it was ever self-contained, closed in against all passions but the one devouring passion for culture. There was a Southey who, feeling the electric currents of the revolution, dreamed of brotherhood and freedom in the forests of America: but the Southey of literary history spent his life among his thousands of beloved books in the quiet rooms of Greta Hall, content with the use and wont of the Old World; content to perform, year in and year out, the daily tasks of composition, proof-reading, and letter-writing. The poet had become the sober writer of prose; the revolutionist had become the conservative.

Robert Southey was born on the 12th of August, 1774. His father, a linen draper, being unsuccessful in his business, the care and support of the boy was partly assumed by his mother's maiden aunt, Miss Tyler,—an eccentric woman, who was wise enough however to feed her charge's mind with such tales as 'Goody Two-Shoes' and the 'History of the Seven Champions of England'; she further trained the future poet in the way he should go, by taking him to the theatre, and by allowing him to enter into the enchanted world of Beaumont and Fletcher, and to wander along the broad human highways of Shakespeare.

He was early taken from these most beautiful and tender nurses of genius, and delivered over to schoolmasters to be «regularly»

educated. Great institutions of learning do not always know how to conduct the education of a poet. Westminster School rejected Southey after four years of nurture, because the boy wrote a sarcastic article on flogging, for the paper published by the pupils. Two enduring friendships, however, were formed at Westminster: one with Grosvenor Bedford, the other with C. W. Wynn. It was through the liberality of the latter that an annuity of £160 was for many years settled upon Southey. Through provision made by his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, chaplain to the British factory at Lisbon, Southey was enabled to go to Oxford. Christ Church rejected him because of the Westminster episode, but he was received at Balliol.

In 1794 occurred an event of much importance in his life: he met Coleridge. With the mystical poet, "voyaging on strange seas of thought alone," the young Southey had much in common. They were both under the domination of the republican spirit; they had both looked to France for the dawn of the social millennium, and had beheld only the terrors of the midnight tempest. They both dreamed of a world made over nearer to the heart's desire. Coleridge had already formulated his dreams. They should go to America: there in the virgin forests they could free themselves forever from the pernicious social system of the Old World. They would live as brothers. Each would till the soil, living by the work of his own hands. Each would take with him a wife who should share the toil and the blessings. They would rear their children in innocence and peace. They would live the ideal life of study and of manual labor in the bosom of nature. Their community would be a "pantisocracy." Coleridge and Southey had friends ready and willing to make the venture,—Robert Lovell, a young Quaker; Robert Allen, and George Burnett. Lovell's wife had four sisters,—Edith, Sarah, Martha, and Elizabeth Fricker. An idea prevailed among the pantisocrats that these ladies might be married off-hand, the only inducement necessary being a glowing description of the land of promise. Southey, however, had another object in marrying than the good of the new community. He loved Edith Fricker, and she returned his affection.

Nothing was lacking now to the perfect success of the scheme but money. The young enthusiasts were rich in dreams, but poor in pocket. Coleridge never had money in his life. The others, being also of the poetical temperament, could never have much of it. Southey and Coleridge began a series of lectures, the one on history, the other on ethics and politics, for the sake of raising the necessary funds. About this time Southey met Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, whose sincere friendship manifested itself in substantial forms. Two years before, in 1794, Southey had written an epic, 'Joan of Arc,' in which he had embodied his democratic fervor. Cottle bought this

of him for fifty guineas, and published it in 1796. The assistance was timely; for the young poet was in disgrace with Miss Tyler, who had cast him out on the news of his intended marriage with Miss Fricker.

Soon after the publication of 'Joan of Arc,' Southey's uncle, Mr. Hill, arrived from Lisbon; having heard of his nephew's vagaries, and believing that a change of scene would bring about a change of mind, he induced him to return with him. On the day of his departure he was secretly married to Edith. He returned, cured of pantisocracy, but with his mind full of poetical schemes: epics galore, tragedies and comedies and romances, which were to be wrought out one by one. Among the first of these to be completed was 'Madoc,' a narrative poem of the adventures of a Welsh prince of the twelfth century in the wilderness of America. He had been meanwhile for a year in London crucifying his spirit over law-books. After leaving London and the law, he wandered through England for a time, finally settling at Norwich, where he spent twelve months. The breaking down of his health led to a second visit to Portugal, on which his wife accompanied him. On his return he was offered the position of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. He accepted it; but the post not proving a congenial one, he soon returned to England, and not long afterwards took up his abode in Greta Hall, Keswick, in the English Lake region, where he was to spend the remainder of his life,—supporting himself, his family, and Coleridge's family, by his incessant literary labors.

It is in the household of Greta Hall that the greater Southey, Southey the man, comes into clear view; he is seen here as the loving father and husband, as the kind kinsman of the Coleridge children, as the friend ever ready with words of sympathy, advice, and encouragement. A remarkable family of children was gathered under his roof. There were his own brilliant, beautiful Herbert, Edith May, Bertha, Kate, and Isabel; there was the marvelous child, the elfish Hartley Coleridge; there were also his brother Derwent, and Sara Coleridge, who had inherited not a small share of her father's genius. There was besides a large colony of cats, whose high-sounding names Southey has recorded in his 'Chronicle History of the Cattery of Cat's Eden.'

In 1813 Southey was appointed to the office of Poet Laureate, made vacant by the death of Pye. At that date his more important works included his metrical romance of 'Thalaba the Destroyer,' the romance of 'Amadis de Gaul' from a Spanish version, 'The Chronicle of the Cid,' 'The Curse of Kehama,' 'Espriella's Letters,' and the 'History of Portugal' begun but not finished. In 1807 he had produced 'Specimens of the Later English Poets,' and 'Palmerin of

Portugal,' a translation from the Portuguese. His Poet-Laureateship was the recognition of his youthful work. Southey seems to have renounced poetry with his republicanism. The odes which he wrote in his official character are forced in tone, and with exception of the 'Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte,' commonplace. After taking up his abode in Greta Hall, Southey devoted himself chiefly to prose composition. He wrote there his 'History of Brazil,' his 'History of Portugal,' his lives of Wesley, of Cowper, and of Nelson, his commonplace books, his 'History of the Peninsular War,' and that charming book of gossip, 'The Doctor.' His prose is masterly, direct, and even. His claim to be numbered among the foremost English men of letters rests indeed upon his prose.

The events of his life at Keswick are chiefly those of a student and a scholar. For many years it was necessary that he should write incessantly, performing his day-labor like a workman in the fields. After this necessity was removed, he still toiled on, finding his greatest pleasure in the companionship of his books, and of his friends, among whom were Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, and Landor. His reputation attracted to him men of the highest intellectual rank; even one man as far removed from him in thought and feeling as the poet Shelley. Southey was never slow to recognize genius and to befriend it; but with certain literary movements in England he had little sympathy. His designation of Byron and his coterie as the «Satanic School» was not the least just, as it was the most unfriendly, of his criticisms. For the work of Wordsworth, of Landor, and of Lamb, he had unqualified admiration.

In 1816 Southey was offered a baronetcy through the influence of Sir Robert Peel; but he declined the honor. In 1826 he was offered a seat in Parliament, and an estate to qualify him for the office; but this he also declined. Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.; he refused a similar honor from Cambridge.

His later years were darkened by domestic afflictions. The light of his life went out when his son Herbert, a child of the rarest promise, passed away. His second marriage in 1839, to the writer Caroline Anne Bowles, was one of convenience. For a year or two before his death the vigor of his faculties was almost wholly departed. He died on the 21st of March, 1843, literally worn out by brain labor.

As Mr. Dowden, in his life of Southey, points out, the literary career of the poet falls into two periods: a period during which he devoted himself chiefly to poetry, and a later period during which prose occupied the first place.

Southey's poetry is not of the first rank. It is too intentional and well-ordered. He had not the imagination to cope with the subject-matter of his epics,—which, as in 'Thalaba' and 'Kehama,' is taken

from wild Arabian legends, or as in 'Roderick,' from the dim rich pages of mediæval chronicle. His simple, serious spirit expresses itself most adequately in his ballads, and in such poems as 'The Battle of Blenheim,' 'The Complaints of the Poor,' and in the quiet, measured verse of the 'Inscriptions.' His prose has more of the light of inspiration. Its sustained, sober excellence is well adapted to the long-drawn-out impersonal narratives which Southey could handle with so much skill and ease. He united the patience of the mediæval chronicler with the culture of the modern historian. He wrote, in the sober temper of the scholar, of «old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago.» For him the fever had departed from them. He was not a dramatist in his conception of history. What had been done had been done, and he recorded it impassionately. Yet he was not without keen sympathies, as his 'Life of Cowper' and his 'Life of Nelson' show. Southey as a biographer reveals his own high standards of life, his love of equity, his appreciation of noble achievement wherever found, his belief in character as the basis of well-being. He himself was altogether true-hearted. The manliness which pervades all his works makes large compensation for the lack of the divine spark of genius.

THE HOLLY-TREE

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,—
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And should my youth — as youth is apt, I know —
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree?—

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN MY LIBRARY

My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead: anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea:
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning Bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green:
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around:
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day:
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand:
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."—
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair:

The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out:
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;—
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

«It was the English,» Kaspar cried,
«Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out:
But everybody said,» quoth he,
«That 'twas a famous victory.

«My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by:
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

«With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

«They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

«Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.»
«Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!»
Said little Wilhelmine.
«Nay, nay, my little girl,» quoth he:
«It was a famous victory,

«And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win.»
«But what good came of it at last?»
Quoth little Peterkin.
«Why, that I cannot tell,» said he;
«But 'twas a famous victory.»

THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY

A Ballad, Showing How an Old Woman Rode Double, and Who Rode Before Her

The Raven croaked as she sate at her meal,
And the Old Woman knew what he said·
And she grew pale at the Raven's tale,
And sickened, and went to her bed.

«Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,»
The Old Woman of Berkeley said;
«The Monk my son, and my daughter the Nun,
Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead.»

The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
Their way to Berkeley went;
And they have brought, with pious thought,
The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shrieked as they entered her door,
And she cried with a voice of despair,
«Now take away the sacrament,
For its presence I cannot bear!»

Her lip it trembled with agony;
The sweat ran down her brow:
«I have tortures in store for evermore;
But spare me, my children, now!»

Away they sent the sacrament:
The fit it left her weak;
She looked at her children with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

«All kind of sin I have rioted in,
And the judgment now must be;
But I secured my children's souls:
Oh, pray, my children, for me!

«I have 'nointed myself with infants' fat;
The fiends have been my slaves;
From sleeping babes I have sucked the breath;
And breaking by charms the sleep of death,
I have called the dead from their graves.

"And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
My witchcrafts to atone;
And I, who have troubled the dead man's grave,
Shall never have rest in my own.

"Bless, I entreat, my winding-sheet,
My children, I beg of you;
And with holy-water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

"And let me be chained in my coffin of stone;
And fasten it strong, I implore,
With iron bars, and with three chains
Chain it to the church-floor.

"And bless the chains, and sprinkle them;
And let fifty Priests stand round,
Who night and day the Mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

"And see that fifty Choristers
Beside the bier attend me,
And day and night, by the tapers' light,
With holy hymns defend me.

"Let the church-bells all, both great and small,
Be tolled by night and day,
To drive from thence the fiends who come
To bear my body away.

"And ever have the church-door barred
After the even-song;
And I beseech you, children dear,
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

"And let this be three days and nights,
My wretched corpse to save;
Till the fourth morning keep me safe,
And then I may rest in my grave."

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,
And her eyes grew deadly dim;
Short came her breath, and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They blest the Old Woman's winding-sheet
With rites and prayers due;

With holy-water they sprinkled her shroud,
    And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chained her in her coffin of stone,
    And with iron barred it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
    They chained it to the ground.

And they blest the chains, and sprinkled them;
    And fifty Priests stood round,
By night and day the Mass to say
    Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred Choristers
    Beside the bier attend her,
Who day and night, by the tapers' light,
    Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the Priests and Choristers
    It was a goodly sight,
Each holding, as it were a staff,
    A taper burning bright.

And the church-bells all, both great and small,
    Did toll so loud and long;
And they have barred the church-door hard,
    After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light
    Burnt steadily and clear;
But they without a hideous rout
    Of angry fiends could hear;—

A hideous roar at the church-door,
    Like a long thunder-peal;
And the Priests they prayed, and the Choristers sung
    Louder, in fearful zeal.

Loud tolled the bell; the Priests prayed well;
    The tapers they burnt bright:
The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
    They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew; the Fiends they flew
    From the voice of the morning away:
Then undisturbed the Choristers sing,
    And the fifty Priests they pray;

As they had sung and prayed all night,
    They prayed and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light
    Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbor's face
    Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise,
    That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring
    Over a mountain rock.

The Monk and Nun they told their beads
    As fast as they could tell;
And aye as louder grew the noise,
    The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the Choristers sung,
    As they trembled more and more;
And the Priests, as they prayed to Heaven for aid,
    They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew; the Fiends they flew
    From the voice of the morning away:
Then undisturbed the Choristers sing,
    And the fifty Priests they pray;
As they had sung and prayed all night,
    They prayed and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame
    A frightful stench did make;
And they burnt as though they had been dipped
    In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
    Grew momently more and more;
And strokes as of a battering-ram
    Did shake the strong church-door.

The bellmen they for very fear
    Could toll the bell no longer;
And still, as louder grew the strokes,
    Their fear it grew the stronger.

The Monk and Nun forgot their beads;
    They fell on the ground in dismay;

There was not a single Saint in heaven
To whom they did not pray.

And the Choristers' song, which late was so strong,
Faltered with consternation;
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast
That shall one day wake the dead;—
The strong church-door could bear no more,
And the bolts and bars they fled;

And the tapers' light was extinguished quite;
And the Choristers faintly sung;
And the Priests, dismayed, panted and prayed,
And on all Saints in heaven for aid
They called with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,
The Devil, to fetch the dead;
And all the church with his presence glowed
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they moldered asunder;
And the coffin lid, which was barred so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,
And come with her Master away:
A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding-sheet;
Her dead flesh quivered with fear;
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She followed her Master to the church-door
There stood a black horse there;
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The Devil he flung her on the horse,
And he leaped up before·

And away like the lightning's speed they went,
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more: but her cries
For four miles round they could hear;
And children at rest at their mother's breast
Started, and screamed with fear.

THE CURSE

From 'The Curse of Kehama'

I CHARM thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood;
From Sickness I charm thee,
And Time shall not harm thee:
But Earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And Water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the Winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the Dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek Death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And Sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
Forever and ever.

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ÉMILE SOUVESTRE

(1806–1854)

IN 1854, the year of Émile Souvestre's death in Paris, the French Academy awarded to his widow the Lambert prize,— a testimonial to the memory of the most useful writer. The principal work to win him this distinction—'Le Philosophe sous les Toits,'—was not a piece of brilliant creation, not a learned treatise, but a sweet-spirited little volume of reflections upon daily life. Upon its appearance in 1851 the Academy crowned it; and in translation, 'The Attic Philosopher' has long been esteemed by English readers. The philosopher was Souvestre himself, who knew poverty and hard work all his life; and accepting both with contagious courage and cheerfulness, advised his readers to make the best of whatever came.

He tested this philosophy. Born at Morlaix in Finisterre in 1806, he passed his childhood and youth there; and grew intimately familiar with Breton life and scenery. Next he studied law at Rennes, where he tried unsuccessfully to practice. He was about twenty-four when he went to Paris, hoping to make his way in literature. It has been said that in Paris every would-be author is forced to discover his own value; and after a stay there, many retire in sad self-knowledge. Souvestre was stimulated by the richer intellectual life. His individuality was too strong to be submerged. He remained a thorough Breton,—distance giving him a more definite appreciation of his early home.

The sudden death of his brother, a sea captain, made him the only support of his family; and he was obliged to return to Brittany, where he became clerk in a large publishing-house at Nantes. During the next uncertain years he wrote short articles for local journals. For a time he was associated with a M. Papot in the management of a school. He then became editor of a Brest newspaper. In 1835 he returned to Paris, where his Breton tales soon made him a name. During his comparatively short life of forty-eight years he wrote more than forty books, comprising plays, short stories, and historical works.

Like his great compatriot, the early realist Le Sage, one of Souvestre's primary qualities was clear common-sense. Usual, universal sentiments appealed to him more than romantic eccentricities. Like another great Breton, Ernest Renan, he was deeply occupied with the

question of religion. His stories, most of which reflect Breton life, are often true tales told him by the peasants; and all have the qualities of reality and religious feeling.

His greatest work, 'Les Derniers Bretons,' was an exposition of Breton life, with all its traditions, sentiments, and modes of thought and action. He felt that many tales traditionary among the poor were in danger of being lost; and he hated to see them die from the people's memory. He felt too that this folk-lore was of historical value as a spontaneous revelation of a mental and moral attitude. As he points out, the Eastern fairy tale, full of gorgeous color and material delight, has little in common with the Breton tales, with their curious mingling of shrewdness and sentiment, their positive concern over and belief in the reward of virtue and retribution of sin. Both compositions reflect their authors. In his 'Le Foyer Breton,'—a collection of folk-lore tales,—he preserved as far as possible the traditional form of expression. They are full of local saws and allusions; many are genuine fairy tales, in which kindly and practical fairies, by removing a series of obstacles, render young lovers happy. Others evince a true Breton delight in the weird and grotesque, and narrate the horrible fate of those who brave evil spirits in accursed spots at midnight.

THE WASHERWOMEN OF NIGHT

From 'Le Foyer Breton'

The Bretons are children of transgression like the rest, but they love their dead; they pity those who burn in Purgatory, and try to ransom them from the fire of probation. Every Sunday after mass, they pray for their souls on the spot where their poor bodies perished.

It is especially in the black month [November] that they perform this Christian act. When the forerunner of winter comes [All-Saints' Day], every one thinks of those who have gone to the judgment of God. They have masses said at the altar of the dead, they light candles to them, they confide them to the best saints, they take the little children to their tombs; and after vespers, the rector comes out of church to bless their graves.

It is also upon this night that Christ grants some solace to the dead, and permits them to revisit the homes in which they lived. There are then as many dead in the houses of the living

as there are yellow leaves in the rough roads. Therefore true Christians leave the table-cloth spread and the fire lighted, that the dead may take their meals, and warm the limbs stiffened by the cold of cemeteries.

But if there are true adorers of the Virgin and her Son, there are also the children of the Black Angel [the Devil], who forget those who have been nearest their hearts. Wilherm Postik was one of the latter. His father had quitted life without having received absolution; and as the proverb says, "Kadion is always the son of his father." Therefore he cared only for forbidden pleasures, danced during church-time when he could, and drank during mass with beggarly horse-jockeys. Yet God had not failed to send him warnings. In one year he had seen an ill wind strike his mother, his sisters, and his wife; but he had consoled himself for their deaths by inheriting their property.

The rector vainly warned him in sermon, that he was a subject of scandal to all the parish. Far from correcting Wilherm, this public advice had only the result of making him give up church, as might easily have been foreseen; for it is not by snapping the whip one brings back a runaway horse. So he set about living more as he chose than ever,—as faithless and lawless as a fox in the brush.

Now it happened in that time that the fine days came to an end, and the feast of the dead arrived. All baptized folk put on their mourning-garments, and went to church to pray for the dead; but Wilherm dressed himself in his best, and took the road to the neighboring town.

All the time the others spent in relieving souls in pain, he passed there drinking brandy with the sailors, and singing verses composed by the millers [*i. e.*, coarse songs]. He did this until nearly midnight; and did not think of returning until the others grew weary of wrong-doing. He had an iron constitution for pleasure; and he left the inn the last one, as steady and active as when he had entered.

But his heart was hot with drink. He sang aloud along the road, songs which usually even the boldest would only whisper; he passed the crucifixes without lowering his voice or lifting his hat; and he struck the thickets of broom with his stick right and left, without fear of wounding the souls which fill the ways upon that day.

He thus reached a crossway from which there were two paths to his village. The longer was under the protection of God, while the shorter was haunted by the dead. Many people crossing it by night had heard noises and seen things of which they did not speak, except when with others and within reach of holy-water. But Wilherm feared only thirst; therefore he took the shortest path, where his clogs clattered on the pebbles.

Now the night was moonless; the wind rattled down the leaves, the springs rolled sadly along the bank, the bushes shivered like a man in fear; and in the silence, Wilherm's steps sounded like those of giants: but nothing frightened him, and he kept on.

As he passed the old ruined manor, he heard the weather-cock, which said to him: —

"Go back, go back, go back!"

Wilherm went on his way. He reached the cascade, and the water murmured: —

"Do not pass, do not pass, do not pass!"

He set his foot on the stones polished by the stream, and crossed. As he reached a worm-eaten oak, the wind whistling through the branches repeated: —

"Stay here, stay here, stay here!"

But Wilherm struck the dead tree with his stick, and hurried on.

At last he entered the haunted valley. Midnight sounded from three parishes. Wilherm began to whistle the tune of 'Marionnik.' But just as he was whistling the fourth verse, he heard the sound of a cart, and saw it coming towards him covered with a pall.

Wilherm recognized the hearse. It was drawn by six black horses, and driven by the "Ankon" [phantom of death], who held an iron whip and repeated ceaselessly: —

"Turn aside, or I will overturn you."

Wilherm made way for him without being disconcerted.

"What are you doing here, Paleface?" he demanded boldly.

"I seize and I surprise," answered the Ankon.

"So you are a robber and a traitor?" went on Wilherm.

"I strike without look or thought."

"That is, like a fool or a brute. But why are you in such a hurry to-day?"

"I am seeking Wilherm Postik," answered the phantom, passing by.

The merry Wilherm burst out laughing, and went on.

As he reached the little hedge of blackthorn which led to the washing-place, he saw two women in white who were hanging linen on the bushes.

"Upon my life! here are some girls who are not afraid of the dew," said he. "Why are you out so late, little doves?"

"We are washing, we are drying, we are sewing," answered the two women at once.

"But what?" asked the young man.

"The shroud of a dead man who still talks and walks."

"A dead man! My faith! What is his name?"

"Wilherm Postik."

The fellow laughed louder than at first, and went on down the rough little path. But as he advanced, he heard more and more distinctly the blows of wooden beetles against the stones; and soon he could see the washerwomen of night pounding their grave-clothes, as they sang the sad refrain:—

> "Unless a Christian our doom can stay,
> Until Judgment Day we must wash away;
> To the sound of the wind, in the moon's pale light,
> We must wash and wash our grave-clothes white."

As soon as they saw the merry fellow, all cried out and ran up to him, offering him their winding-sheets and asking him to wring them out.

"That's too trifling a service to be refused among friends," answered Wilherm gayly: "but one at a time, fair washerwomen; a man has only two hands for wringing as well as for embracing."

Then he set down his stick, and took the end of the shroud which one of the dead women offered him; being careful to twist the same way she did, for he had learned from old people that thus only could he escape being broken to pieces.

But as the shroud was thus turning, behold, the other washerwomen surrounded Wilherm; and he recognized his aunt, his wife, his mother, and his sisters. They all cried, "A thousand curses on him who lets his people burn in hell! A thousand curses!" And they shook their thin hair, lifting their white beetles; and from all the washing-places of the valley, from the moors above, from all the hedges, voices repeated, "A thousand curses! a thousand curses!"

Wilherm, frightened out of his wits, felt his hair standing up on his head. In his dismay, he forgot the precaution he had taken until then, and began to wring the other way. At the very same instant, the shroud pressed his hands like a vise, and he fell crushed by the iron arms of the washerwoman.

At daybreak, while passing the washing-place, a young girl from Henvik named Fantik ar Fur, stopping to put a branch of holly in her pitcher of fresh milk, saw Wilherm stretched on the blue stones. She thought that brandy had overcome him there, and plucking a rush, drew near to waken him; but seeing that he remained motionless, she was frightened, and ran to the village to give the alarm. The people came with the rector, the bell-ringer, and the notary who was also the mayor. The body was lifted and placed on an ox-cart: but every time the blessed candles were lighted they went out, so it was evident that Wilherm Postik had gone to damnation; and his body was placed outside the cemetery, under the stone wall, where dogs and unbelievers rest.

THE FOUR GIFTS

From 'Le Foyer Breton'

If I had an income of three hundred crowns, I would go to live at Quimper, where there is the finest church of Cornouaille, and where there are weather-vanes on the roofs of the houses. If I had two hundred crowns, I would dwell at Carhaix, on account of its game and the sheep on its heath. But if I had only a hundred crowns, I should want to keep house at Pont-Aven, for there is the greatest abundance of everything. At Pont-Aven you may have the butter for the price of the milk, the chicken for the price of the egg, the linen for the price of the green flax.

Thus one sees good farms there; where salt pork is served three times a week, and where even the shepherds eat as much bread mixed of wheat and rye as they like.

In one of these farms lived Barbaïk Bourhis,— a brave-hearted woman, who supported her house as if she had been a man, and who owned fields and crops enough to keep two sons at school.

Now Barbaïk had one niece who earned more than her keep cost; so she was able to put the gains of each day with those of the day before.

But savings too easily won always beget some plague. By heaping up wheat you draw rats to your barns, and by hoarding crowns you beget avarice in your heart. Old Bourhis had come to care for nothing except increasing her property, and to esteem those only who paid a large sum to the collector every month. So she looked angry whenever she saw Dénès, the day-laborer from Plover, chatting with her niece behind the gable. One morning when she had surprised them again, she cried harshly to Téphany: —

"Isn't it a shame that you should be chatting all the time like this, with a young man who hasn't anything, when there are so many others who would gladly buy you a silver ring?"

"Dénès is a good worker, and a true Christian," answered the young girl. "Some day or other he will find a farm to rent, where he can bring up children."

"And you want to be their mother?" interrupted the old woman. "God forbid! I would rather see you in the door-yard well than this vagabond's wife. No, no: it shall never be said that I brought up my sister's daughter only to have her marry a man who could put his whole fortune in his tobacco pouch."

"What matters fortune when one has health, and when the Virgin can read our intentions?" answered Téphany gently.

"What matters fortune!" repeated the scandalized mistress of the farm. "Ah! So you have come to despise the goods God gives us? May the saints take pity on us! Since this is the way of it, you piece of effrontery, I forbid you ever to speak to Dénès; and if he appears at the farm again, I will go to the rector, and have him put you in his Sunday admonition."

"Oh! You would not do that, aunt!" cried Téphany, terrified.

"As surely as there is a Paradise, I will do it!" answered the old woman angrily; "but in the mean time, do you go to the washing-place, wash the linen, and dry it on the hawthorn bushes: for since you have had an ear for the wind from Plover, nothing is done, and your two arms are not worth the five fingers of a one-armed cripple."

Téphany tried in vain to reply. Mother Bourhis pointed imperiously to the bucket, the soap, and the washing-beetle, ordering her to go at once.

The young girl obeyed; but her heart swelled with grief and resentment.

"Old age is harder than the stones of the farm-house sill," she thought,—"yes, a hundred times harder; for by continual dropping, rain wears out the stone, but tears cannot soften the will of old people. God knows that chatting with Dénès was the only pleasure I had. If I cannot see him any more, I might as well enter a convent! And yet the good angel was always with us. Dénès taught me only beautiful songs; talked to me only about what we would do when we were husband and wife together on a farm,—he cultivating the land and I taking care of the stables. Is it forbidden then honestly to give ourselves to each other in hope and courage? God would not have made marriage if it was a sin to think of marrying some day; and he would not have given us judgment if he forbade us to choose. Ah! it is doing me a great wrong to keep me from knowing Dénès better, for he is the only one who holds my heart."

While thus talking to herself, Téphany had reached the washing-place. As she went to set down her bucket of linen on one of the white stones, she saw an old woman who was not of the parish, and who was leaning her head against a little blackthorn staff yellowed by fire. In spite of her trouble, Téphany saluted her.

"My aunt [a Breton title of respect] is enjoying the fresh air under the alders?" she said, placing her load farther off.

"Who has only the roof of the sky for house, rests where he may," answered the old woman in a trembling voice.

"Are you so deserted?" asked Téphany compassionately; "and have you no relative left who can make you a place at his fireside?"

"All have long been dead," answered the unknown; "and I have no other family than kind hearts."

The young girl took the bread, spread with lard, which Barbaïk had wrapped in a bit of linen and placed near her beetle.

"Here, poor aunt," she said, offering it to the beggar. "To-day at least you shall dine like a Christian, with the bread of the good God: only remember my dead parents in your prayers."

The old woman took the bread, then looked at Téphany.

"Those who aid, deserve to be aided," she said. "Your eyes are still red because Barbaïk, the miser, has forbidden you to talk to the young man from Plover; but he is an honest-hearted fellow, who only wishes what is right, and I will give you a means of seeing him every day."

"You!" exclaimed the young girl, stupefied at finding the beggarwoman so well informed.

"Take this long brass pin," answered the old woman; "and every time you put it on, Mother Bourhis will have to go out and count her cabbages. As long as you wear the pin, you will be free; and your aunt will not return until the pin is back in its case."

With these words the beggar rose, made a sign of farewell, and disappeared.

Téphany remained astonished. Evidently the old woman was not a beggar, but a saint or a singer of truth [*i. e.*, a fairy fortune-teller].

At all events, the young girl clutched the pin fast, quite determined to test its power on the morrow.

Therefore, toward the hour when Dénès usually came, she placed it at her collar. Barbaïk immediately took her sandals and went into the door-yard, where she began to count her cabbages. Then from the door-yard she went to the orchard, and from the orchard to the other fields; so that the young girl could chat as long as she liked with the young man from Plover.

It was the same the next day, and all the following days for several weeks. As soon as the pin was taken from its case, the good woman ran to her cabbages; always beginning over again to calculate how many there were of big ones, of little ones, of smooth ones and frizzled ones.

At first Dénès seemed charmed with this liberty; but little by little he became less eager. He had taught Téphany all his songs. He had told her all his plans. Now he was obliged to seek something to tell her, and to get it ready beforehand as a minister does his sermon. Sometimes, even, giving his carting and wheeling as excuse, he did not come at all; and Téphany had her trouble for nothing. She saw that her lover's affection had cooled, and became more sad than before.

One day when she had waited in vain for the young man, she took her pitcher and went to the fountain, her heart heavy with grief.

As she reached it, she saw the same old woman who had given her the magic pin. She was standing near the spring; and seeing Téphany, she began with a little laugh like a grasshopper's note:—

"Ah! Ah! The pretty girl is happier, isn't she, now that she can converse with her lover at any hour of the day?"

"Alas! for that I must be with him," answered Téphany sadly, "and familiarity has rendered my company less pleasing to him. Ah! aunt, since you gave me the means of seeing him every day, you should have given me at the same time enough wit to keep him."

"Is that what my daughter would like?" asked the old woman. "Then here is a feather plucked from the wing of a wise angel. When she places it in her hair, nothing can stop her; for she will have as much wit and cunning as Master Jean himself" [mischievous elf].

Téphany, red with joy, seized the feather; and the next day, before Dénès's visit, she stuck it in her blue hair-band. At the same instant it seemed to her that the sun was rising in her mind. She knew all that the *kloeirs* take ten years to learn, and many things that the wisest do not know at all; for with the learning of men, she had too the cunning of women. So Dénès was astonished at all she said to him. She spoke in verse like the *bazvalanes* [matchmakers], knew more songs than the beggars of Scaër, and repeated the local stories told at all the lime-kilns and mills of the country.

The young man returned the next day, and the following days; and Téphany always found something new to tell him. Dénès had never seen a man or a woman with so much wit; but after enjoying it, he grew frightened. Téphany had not been able to keep from wearing her feather for others than him. Her songs and malicious speeches were repeated everywhere, and every one said:—

"She has a bad heart. Whoever marries her will be led by the bridle."

The young man from Plover repeated this prediction to himself; and as he had always thought he would rather hold the bridle than wear it, he began to find it more difficult to laugh at Téphany's pleasantries.

One day when he was going to a dance in a new barn, the young girl exercised all her wit to keep him away; but Dénès, who did not wish to be influenced, would not listen to her, and repulsed her prayers.

"Ah! I see very well why you are so anxious about the new barn," said Téphany, vexed. "You will meet Azilicz of Penenru there!"

Azilicz was the prettiest girl in the canton; and according to all her good friends, the most coquettish. Penenru was near

Plover; so the pretty girl and Dénès had become acquainted from living in the same neighborhood.

"Yes, Azilicz will be there," said Dénès, who liked to make his sweetheart jealous; "and to see her is worth going a long way."

"Go then where your heart leads you," said the young girl, wounded.

And she went back to the house, refusing to hear anything more.

But she sat down on the hearth, overcome with sadness; and after thinking a long time, she exclaimed as she threw down the wonderful feather which had been given her:—

"What good does wit do young girls, since the men are drawn by beauty as flies by the sun? Ah! what I needed, old aunt, was not to be the most learned, but the most beautiful."

"Be then also the most beautiful," answered a voice suddenly.

Téphany turned, astonished, and saw near the door the old woman with the thorn staff, who said to her:—

"Take this necklace; and as long as you wear it around your neck, you will seem among other women like the queen of the fields among other wild flowers."

Téphany could not repress a cry of joy. She hastened to put on the necklace, ran to her little mirror, and stood there delighted. Never was girl so pink and so white,—so charming to look at.

Wishing to judge at once of the effect she produced upon Dénès, she dressed in her best; put on her woolen stockings and her buckled shoes, and took the road toward the new barn.

But behold, when she reached the cross-road, she met a young lord, who at sight of her made his coachman stop.

"By my life!" he cried with admiration, "I did not know there was such a beautiful creature in the country; and if it were to cost me my soul, she must bear my name."

But Téphany answered him:—

"Go on, sir. Go on your way. I am only a poor peasant used to winnowing, and milking, and mowing."

"And I will make you a great lady!" answered the lord, taking her hand and trying to lead her to his carriage.

The young girl hung back.

"I do not wish to marry any one but Dénès, the laborer from Plover," she said resolutely.

He wished to insist; but when he saw her approaching the ditch in order to escape into the wheat-field, he ordered his servants to seize her and put her by force in the carriage, which started again on a gallop.

At the end of an hour they reached the castle, which was built of cut stones and covered with slate, as the houses of the nobility are. The young lord sent out for a priest to marry them; and since, while they were waiting, Téphany refused to listen to him and tried to escape, he had her shut up in a great room closed by three bolted doors, and ordered his servants to guard her. But with her pin Téphany sent them all to the garden to count cabbages; with her feather she discovered a fourth door hidden in the wood-work; and she escaped. Then, fervently recommending herself to God, she fled through the underbrush like a hare which has heard the hounds.

She went as long as she could, until night began to fall. Then she saw the belfry of a convent, and knocked at the little grated door to ask for shelter; but on seeing her the porter shook her head.

"Go on, go on," she said: "there is no place here for such pretty girls running on the roads alone at this hour."

And closing the gate, she went away without listening to anything more.

Forced to go on, Téphany stopped at the door of a farmhouse where several women were chatting with some young fellows, and made the same request as at the convent.

The mistress of the house hesitated to answer; but all the young men, amazed at Téphany's beauty, exclaimed at once, offering to take her to their fathers' houses, and each one trying to promise her more than the others. From promises they came to quarrels, and from quarrels to blows; so that the frightened women began to scold Téphany, telling her it was a great shame to come and trouble the men with her beauty. The poor girl, beside herself, tried to escape; but the young men pursued her. Then she remembered her necklace; and tearing it from her neck, she threw it around that of a sow which was browsing in the spearwort. At the same instant the charm vanished from her, and all the young men began to chase the frightened beast.

Téphany went on in spite of fatigue; and finally reached her aunt's farm, very weary, and still more sad. Her wishes had succeeded so ill thus far that it was several days before she made

another. However, Dénès came more and more irregularly. He had undertaken to cultivate a warren, and worked there from morning to night. When the young girl expressed regret at not seeing him, he always answered that his work was their only resource, and that one must have dowries and inheritances to spend time chatting.

Then Téphany began to complain and to wish.

« God pardon me! » she said to herself; « but what I should have asked was not liberty to see Dénès every day, for he is tired of it; nor wit, for he is afraid of it; nor beauty, for it causes trouble and distrust: but instead, money, with which one is master of oneself and others. Ah! if I dared make one more request of the old aunt, I should be wiser. »

« Be satisfied, » said the voice of the old beggar, whom Téphany could not see. « If you look in your right pocket you will find a little box. Rub your eyes with the ointment it contains, and you will have in yourself a treasure. »

The young girl quickly sought in her pocket, found the box, opened it, and was rubbing her eyes as directed when Barbaïk Bourhis entered.

She, who for some time had been losing whole days in spite of herself at counting cabbages, seeing all the farm work behindhand, only wanted an occasion to vent her ill-temper on some one. Finding her niece seated and idle, she clasped her hands.

« So that is the way you work when I am out! » she exclaimed. « Ah! I am no longer surprised to find ruin in the house! Aren't you ashamed thus to steal the bread of a relative? »

Téphany wanted to excuse herself, but Barbaïk's anger was like milk heated over a brush fire: as soon as it boils, it bubbles up and goes over. From reproaches she passed to threats, and from threats to a blow. Téphany, who had borne the rest patiently enough, could not help weeping; but judge her surprise when she saw that each of her tears was a beautiful pearl, round and shining.

Mother Bourhis, who also perceived this, cried out with admiration and began to gather them.

Dénès, who entered at this moment, was not less amazed.

« Pearls! genuine pearls! » he cried, taking them.

« It's a fortune! » said Barbaïk, who went on gathering them.

« Ah! what fairy has bestowed this gift? »

"No one must know about it, Dénès; I will share with you, but with no one else. Keep on, my girl, keep on. You will profit too."

She held her apron, and Dénès his hat. He thought only of the pearls, and forgot they were tears.

Téphany, choking, tried to escape; but her aunt stopped her, reproaching her with wanting to wrong them, and repeating whatever would make her weep more. The young girl sought to control herself, and wiped her eyes.

"It's over already!" cried Barbaïk. "Ah! Blessed Mary! If I had such a gift, I would not want to stop any more than the big spring on the green road. Can't we beat her a little to see?"

"No," interrupted Dénès: "we must not tire her too much at first. I will go at once to town and find out how much each pearl is worth."

Barbaïk and he went out together, guessing the value in advance, and settling the division, in which Téphany was forgotten.

She pressed her clasped hands against her heart with a sigh, and raised her eyes to heaven; but they fell upon the old beggar, who, leaning upon her staff in the darkest corner of the hearth, was looking at her with a mocking air. The young girl trembled; and seizing the pin, the feather, and the box of ointment—

"Take them back, take them all back," she cried wildly. "Misfortune to those who are not content with what God gave! He had endowed me according to his wisdom, which I foolishly questioned! Carry liberty, wit, beauty, and riches to others. I am not, and I do not want to be, anything but the simple girl I was, loving and serving as well as I could."

"Very well, Téphany," answered the old woman. "The trial is over: let it profit you. The Trinity sent me to give you this lesson. I am your guardian angel: now that you understand the truth you will live tranquilly, for God has promised peace to well-intentioned hearts."

With these words the beggar changed into an angel gleaming with light, dispersing the perfume of incense and violets through the house, then vanishing like a flash.

Téphany forgave Dénès for wanting to sell her tears. Become less exacting, she accepted such happiness as one may have upon earth; and she married the young man from Plover, who was always a good husband and a courageous worker.

HERBERT SPENCER.

HERBERT SPENCER

(1820–)

BY F. HOWARD COLLINS

THE author of 'A System of Synthetic Philosophy,' 'Education,' 'Essays: Scientific, Political and Speculative,' 'The Study of Sociology,' and many other articles in periodicals and newspapers, was born at Derby on the 27th of April, 1820. His father, William George Spencer, was a schoolmaster in the town, and published a work entitled 'Inventional Geometry': «a series of questions, problems, and explanations, intended to familiarize the pupil with geometrical conceptions, to exercise his inventive faculty, and to prepare him for Euclid and the higher mathematics.» Though this work received but little notice when first issued, it is now, after many years, coming into use among those teachers who desire to give a more rational course of study to their younger scholars prior to commencing Euclid; to which this little work forms a most excellent introduction, as may be gathered from Mr. Herbert Spencer's own words:—

«To its great efficiency, both as a means of providing interest in geometry, and as a mental discipline, I can give personal testimony. I have seen it create in a class of boys so much enthusiasm that they looked forward to their geometry lesson as a chief event in the week. And girls, initiated in the system by my father, have frequently begged of him for problems to solve during the holidays.»

Another work of his, 'Lucid Shorthand,' was completed in MS. in 1843, but has only recently been published by his son, who also contributes a preface.

Herbert Spencer's surroundings were in fact early differentiated from «the daily round — the common task» of most boys. The conversation which came to his ears was more permeated with the rational interpretation of surrounding phenomena — why and how did such-and-such a thing happen — than is usual now; and still more so at the time of which we write. Herbert Spencer's innate love of natural science, and his marvelous faculty of observation, so wonderfully displayed in all his writings, were without doubt largely nourished and increased by his father's love for nature, and especially entomology; a science to which the son devoted much of his leisure,—

collecting, describing, and drawing most of the insects about his home. Soon after the age of thirteen, he spent some time under the roof of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, chairman of the Bath Union, and author of many pamphlets dealing principally with the methods for ameliorating the condition of the poorer people in his and other parishes. The mathematical training which he received here enabled him on his return home to become assistant teacher in his father's school; but finding the occupation uncongenial, and the railway mania being then at its height, Spencer at the age of seventeen joined the profession of railway engineering, and during the next eight years surveyed different parts of the country for the construction of lines. One of these — the Birmingham to Gloucester — may be mentioned, as it is interesting from containing one of the steepest inclines in England. During this period he contributed papers on technical subjects to the engineering journals; and described new methods and instruments shortening in a great degree many of the laborious calculations entailed by railway-surveying, locomotive-engine testing, bridge-making, and so forth. The original drawings made by Mr. Spencer to explain and accompany these inventions, are very remarkable from their extreme neatness and accuracy. They appear indeed, to those who have had the opportunity of seeing them, to be the result of engraving on copper.

At the age of twenty-two, the opening to the path of his future life may be dimly discerned in some letters which he wrote to the Nonconformist (newspaper) on 'The Proper Sphere of Government,' and which were subsequently published as a pamphlet. From this time the literary bent of his nature developed and came into greater prominence; for, giving up railway engineering, he went to London, and from writing articles and leaders in the Economist, — the most important weekly newspaper in England dealing with finance and the matters included under the old term «political economy,» — became in 1848 its sub-editor, which office he held for five years. This appointment may be looked upon as one of much value to the future philosopher: it gave a certain amount of leisure, while the occupation it entailed drew his mind more and more to those problems of Sociology with which his reputation will ever be associated, while at the same time it kept him in touch with some of the best intellects of the time, and many lifelong friendships were then formed.

It may be of interest here to mention how some of Mr. Spencer's real leisure has been passed. A severe winter at Birmingham, when surveying for the railway, led him to practice skating, and this to designing a peculiar form of skate bringing the foot nearer to the ice than usual, and enabling the «outside edge» to be swung with much greater facility, even by those having weak ankles. Fishing

was always a favorite amusement; and as he says now in conversation, some of his happiest times were spent in later years fly-fishing for salmon on the west coast of Scotland, when in fact staying with some very old friends in Argyllshire. Of the pastimes usually associated with indoors, two may be mentioned,—billiards and music: the latter, up to the present day, giving him exceeding pleasure when well performed and of that school to which he is partial,—Beethoven, or a simple ballad sung with real feeling, but never a mere display of what has been aptly called «musical gymnastics»; mere difficulties of execution, however well surmounted, never appealing to him.

Two years after he obtained the appointment on the Economist appeared his first volume, and one of importance, 'Social Statics: or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the First of them Developed.' This was out of print for many years, some of its views not being in accord with the more mature ones of the author; hence in 1892 he published an «abridged and revised» edition, together with 'The Man versus the State,'—a series of essays to which allusion will be made as the time of their publication comes to be dwelt with. The original edition of 'Social Statics' is noteworthy as being the only work which Mr. Spencer wrote with his own hand, all subsequent ones being dictated to a shorthand amanuensis.

The seed which has germinated into the pronounced individualism of Herbert Spencer may be discerned here in its embryonic state:—

«Liberty of action being the first essential to exercise of faculties, and therefore the first essential to happiness; and the liberty of each, limited by the like liberties of all, being the form which this first essential assumes when applied to many instead of one,—it follows that this liberty of each, limited by the like liberties of all, is the rule in conformity with which society must be organized. Freedom being the prerequisite to normal life in the individual, equal freedom becomes the prerequisite to normal life in society. And if this law of equal freedom is the *primary* law of right relationship between man and man, then no desire to get fulfilled a *secondary* law can warrant us in breaking it.»

Considering the state of knowledge in 1852, when special creation, as contrasted with evolution, was the firm and almost universal belief, we are fully justified in alluding to a short essay which Mr. Spencer wrote in this year as singularly noteworthy; for the «development hypothesis,» as the theory of evolution was then called, is contrasted with special creation, and the latter shown to be logically indefensible:—«Which, then, is the most rational hypothesis? that of special creations, which has neither a fact to support it nor is

even definitely conceivable; or that of modification, which is not only definitely conceivable, but is countenanced by the habitudes of every existing organism?»

Two years later a long essay on 'Manners and Fashion' was published in the Westminster Review, showing how society develops on its political, religious, and ceremonial sides; how the old forms which society successively throws off have all been once vitally united with it,—have severally served as protective envelopes within which a higher humanity was being evolved. «They are cast aside only when they become hindrances—only when some inner and better envelope has been formed; and they bequeath to us all that was in them of good. The periodical abolitions of tyrannical laws have left the administration of justice not only uninjured but purified. Dead and buried creeds have not carried with them the essential morality they contained, which still exists, uncontaminated by the sloughs of superstition. And all that there is of justice, kindness, and beauty, embodied in our cumbrous forms of etiquette, will live perennially when the forms themselves have been forgotten.»

The British Quarterly Review of the same year contained a long and valuable article on 'The Genesis of Science,' from which the conclusion is reached: «Not only that the sciences have a common root, but that science in general has a common root with language, classification, reasoning, art; that through civilization these have advanced together, acting and reacting upon each other just as the separate sciences have done; and that thus the development of intelligence in all its divisions and subdivisions has conformed to this same law which we have shown that the sciences conform to.»

The year 1855 showed that the doctrine of evolution had taken definite and systematic form in the author's mind, for the first edition of the 'Principles of Psychology' was published. As this subsequently forms a part of the 'Synthetic Philosophy,' its consideration may well be delayed until we come to deal with that as a whole. Similarly the essay published in 1857, 'Progress: Its Law and Cause,' as the ideas and illustrations in it are incorporated in 'First Principles.'

The year 1860 will be remarkable for all time as the date when Mr. Spencer issued his prospectus of 'A System of Philosophy,' announcing that he «proposes to issue in periodical parts a connected series of works which he has for several years been preparing,» and giving a detailed outline of them. He announced in all ten volumes; and during the thirty-six years that have since elapsed, he has accomplished, in spite of such ill health as would have deterred most men from writing at all, the magnificent total of ten complete volumes,—out of the eleven to which the system has expanded in

development,—in addition to innumerable essays and letters on subjects of interest in the domain of politics and economics in their widest sense—to sociology, in fact.

In the interim between the issue of this prospectus and the first volume of the series, Mr. Spencer republished, with additions, four essays in a small volume, entitled 'Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical'; which has since become the most popular of his works, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, Dutch, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Greek, Bohemian, Japanese, Chinese, and some others, too numerous to mention. It is of such immense value to all those who desire to bring up children on rational principles, that it merits an instructive quotation from each of the chapters. The question asked in the first chapter, What knowledge is of most worth? is answered in these words:—

«Paraphrasing an Eastern fable, we may say that in the family of knowledges, Science is the household drudge, who in obscurity hides unrecognized perfections. To her has been committed all the work; by her skill, intelligence, and devotion, have all conveniences and gratifications been obtained: and while ceaselessly ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background, that her haughty sisters may flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world. The parallel holds yet further. For we are fast coming to the *dénouement*, when the positions will be changed, and while these haughty sisters sink into merited neglect, Science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.»

Of intellectual education:—

«While men dislike the things and places that suggest painful recollections, and delight in those which call to mind bygone pleasures, painful lessons will make knowledge repulsive, and pleasurable lessons will make it attractive. The man to whom in boyhood, information came in dreary tasks along with threats of punishment, and who was never led into habits of independent inquiry, is unlikely to be a student in after years; while those to whom it came in natural forms, at the proper times, and who remember its facts as not only interesting in themselves, but as a long series of gratifying successes, are likely to continue through life that self-instruction commenced in youth.»

In moral education:—

«Remember that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by-and-by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye.»

In physical education:—

«Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a *duty*. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality: men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. . . . The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are *physical sins*. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves.»

On June 5th, 1862, was issued the first installment of the Philosophy: the first part of 'First Principles' dealing with 'The Unknowable,' and showing that the only possible reconciliation of Science and Religion lies in the belief of an Absolute, transcending not only human knowledge but human conception, indeed:—

«The consciousness of an inscrutable Power manifested to us through all phenomena has been growing ever clearer; and must eventually be freed from its imperfections. The certainty that on the one hand such a Power exists, while on the other hand its nature transcends intuition and is beyond imagination, is the certainty towards which intelligence has from the first been progressing. To this conclusion Science inevitably arrives as it reaches its confines; while to this conclusion Religion is irresistibly driven by criticism. And satisfying as it does the most rigorous logic, at the same time that it gives the religious sentiment the widest possible sphere of action, it is the conclusion we are bound to accept without reserve or qualification.»

The second part, entitled 'The Knowable,' deals with the body of knowledge constituting what is usually termed Philosophy or Metaphysics; treats of Space, Time, Matter, Motion, and Force, considered in themselves and in their relation to each other; and expounds those highest generalizations now being disclosed by Science, which are severally true not of one class of phenomena, but of *all* classes of phenomena, and which are thus the keys to all classes of phenomena. From the study of these components of all phenomena the author passes to the law of their composition, «the law of the continuous redistribution of matter and motion.» This, having to cover all phenomena,—whether of inorganic nature, of life, of mind, of society, or of morals,—is necessarily defined in very abstract terms:—«Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation

of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

This extremely generalized conception, forming as it does the centre around which the whole of this philosophy revolves, will, to the ordinary reader, prove difficult of comprehension without reading the volume from which it is taken, when a more clear understanding of its implications will arise. The remaining chapters then show that the redistribution of matter and motion must everywhere take place in those ways, and produce those traits, which celestial bodies, organisms, minds, and societies alike display:—

"Thus we are led to the conclusion that the entire process of things as displayed in the aggregate of the visible Universe, is analogous to the entire process of things as displayed in the smallest aggregates.

"Motion as well as matter being fixed in quantity, it would seem that, the change in the distribution of matter which motion effects coming to a limit in whichever direction it is carried, the indestructible motion thereupon necessitates a reverse distribution. Apparently, the universally coexistent forces of attraction and repulsion—which, as we have seen, necessitate rhythm in the totality of its changes—produce now an immeasurable period during which the attractive forces predominating cause universal concentration, and then an immeasurable period during which the repulsive forces predominating cause universal diffusion; alternate eras of Evolution and Dissolution. And thus there is suggested the conception of a past during which there have been successive Evolutions analogous to that which is going on; and a future during which successive other such Evolutions may go on—ever the same in principle but never the same in concrete result."

None of Mr. Spencer's works exhibit more clearly the philosophic grasp of the author in dealing with such stupendous problems, or his knowledge of the principles of such a science as astronomy; in fact, from none can a better idea be formed of his truly encyclopædic knowledge. On every page are many and apt illustrations taken from some one of each of the sciences, and showing how thorough is the mastery of the principles of each one.

After this work Mr. Spencer writes:—"In logical order should here come the application of these First Principles to Inorganic Nature. But this great division it is proposed to pass over: partly because, even without it, the scheme is too extensive; and partly because the interpretation of Organic Nature after the proposed method is of more immediate importance. The second work of the series will therefore be 'The Principles of Biology.'"—This, although

first published in 1864, is still a classic, and without rival for giving the broad generalizations which hold true of all living beings; whether they be of that simple unorganized form which the Amœba displays, the organized representatives of the vegetable kingdom with its ferns, palms, and stately forest trees, or such animals as the earthworm, the butterfly, the lion, or man. Charles Darwin's 'Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life,' dealing with organic evolution alone, was published a few years previously — but *after*, of course, the enunciation of the general principle of Evolution by Mr. Spencer; and the results are incorporated in these two large volumes, and form a strong buttress to the truth of the philosophy. How exceedingly near Mr. Spencer was to discovering the principle of Natural Selection — or as he has since named it, 'Survival of the Fittest' — may be seen by readers of the first edition of 'Social Statics'; for it contains a paragraph from which a skillful dialectician could easily prove that this was really in the author's mind when it was written! That such was the case, however, Mr. Spencer has denied. After expounding the laws holding good of all living beings, the volume goes on to speak hopefully of human population in the future. "Pressure of population and its accompanying evils will disappear; and it will leave a state of things requiring from each individual no more than a normal and pleasurable activity. Cessation in the decrease of fertility implies cessation in the development of the nervous system; and this implies a nervous system that has become equal to all that is demanded of it — has not to do more than is natural to it. But that exercise of faculties which does not exceed what is natural constitutes gratification. In the end, therefore, the obtainment of subsistence, and discharge of all the parental and social duties, will require just that kind and that amount of action needful to health and happiness."

In 1868 commenced the issue in parts of the 'Principles of Psychology,' a very much amplified edition of the work first published in 1855, and so revised as to form a consistent and systematic part of the philosophy, — the lapse of time between the two editions enabling the hypothesis to take a much higher development. In this learned treatise we see all the phenomena of mind — the emotions, the feelings, and the will — evolved from the simplest constituents, and problems of the most abstract kind, and of exceeding difficulty in logic and metaphysics, dealt with from the evolution standpoint and fully developed; it concludes with a brief outline of the special psychology of man considered as the unit of which societies are composed. With these volumes "a final remark worth making is, that the æsthetic activities in general may be expected to play an increasing

part in human life as evolution advances. Greater economization of energy, resulting from superiority of organization, will have in the future, effects like those it has had in the past. The order of activities to which the æsthetic belong, having been already initiated by this economization, will hereafter be extended by it: the economization being achieved both directly through the improvement of the human structure itself, and indirectly through the improvement of all appliances, mechanical, social, and other. A growing surplus of energy will bring a growing proportion of the æsthetic activities and gratifications; and while the forms of art will be such as yield pleasurable exercise to the simpler faculties, they will in a greater degree than now appeal to the higher emotions.»

In June 1874, the first part of the 'Principles of Sociology' was published; and the whole of Vol. i., the largest of the series, completed by 1876. The first division, the 'Data of Sociology,' is entirely taken up with a description of the interpretation likely to be given by the primitive man — the savage, or the uncivilized — of the various phenomena which occur at every moment around him: —

« Changes in the sky and on the earth, occurring hourly, daily, and at shorter or longer intervals, go on in ways about which the savage knows nothing, — unexpected appearances and disappearances, transmutations, metamorphoses. While seeming to show that arbitrariness characterizes all actions, these foster the notion of a duality in the things which become visible and vanish, or which transform themselves; and this notion is confirmed by experiences of shadows, reflections, and echoes.

« The impressions thus produced by converse with external nature favor a belief set up by a more definite experience — the experience of dreams. Having no conception of mind, the primitive man regards a dream as a series of actual occurrences; he did the things, went to the places, saw the persons dreamt of. Untroubled by incongruities, he accepts the facts as they stand; and in proportion as he thinks about them, is led to conceive a double which goes away during sleep and comes back. This conception of his own duality seems confirmed by the somnambulism occasionally witnessed.

« More decisively does it seem confirmed by other abnormal insensibilities. In swoon, apoplexy, catalepsy, and the unconsciousness following violence, it appears that the other-self, instead of returning at all, will not return for periods varying from some minutes to some days. Occasionally after one of these states, the other-self tells what has happened in the interval; occasionally prolonged absence raises the doubt whether it is not gone away for an indefinite period.

« The distinction between these conditions of temporary insensibility and the condition of permanent insensibility is one which, sometimes imperceptible to instructed persons, cannot be perceived by the

savage. The normal unconsciousness of sleep from which a man's double is readily brought back, is linked by these abnormal kinds of unconsciousness from which the double is brought back with difficulty, to that lasting kind of unconsciousness from which the double cannot be brought back at all. Still analogy leads the savage to infer that it will eventually come back. . . . Such resurrection, shown by the universal fear of the dead to be vaguely imagined even by the lowest races, becomes clearly imagined as the idea of a wandering duplicate is made definite by the dream theory.

"The second-self ascribed to each man, at first differs in nothing from its original. It is figured as equally visible, equally material; and no less suffers hunger, thirst, fatigue, pain. Indistinguishable from the person himself,—capable of being slain, devoured, or otherwise destroyed a second time,—the original ghost, soul, spirit, differentiates slowly in supposed nature. Having at the outset but a temporary second life, it gradually acquires a permanent one; while it deviates more and more in substance from body, becoming at length etherealized.

"This double of the dead man, originally conceived as like him in all other respects, is conceived as having like occupations; and from this belief in a second life thus like the first, and also like in the social arrangements it is subject to, there result the practices of leaving with the corpse food, drink, clothes weapons, and of sacrificing at the grave domestic animals, wives, slaves. . . . The place in which this life after death is believed to be passed, varies with the antecedents of the races. . . . Hence at the grave are left fit appliances for the journey: canoes for the voyage, or horses to ride, dogs to guide, weapons for defense, money and passports for security. And where burial on a mountain range entails belief in this as a residence of ancestral ghosts, or where such a range has been held by a conquering race, the heavens, supposed to be accessible from the mountain-tops, come to be regarded as the other-world, or rather as one of the other-worlds.

"The doubles of dead men, at first assumed to have but temporary second lives, do not, in that case, tend to form in popular belief an accumulating host; but they necessarily tend to form such a host when permanent second lives are ascribed to them. Swarming everywhere, capable of appearing and disappearing at will, and working in ways that cannot be foreseen,—they are thought of as the causes of all things which are strange, unexpected, inexplicable.

"But while primitive men, regarding themselves as at the mercy of surrounding ghosts, try to defend themselves by the aid of the exorcist and the sorcerer, who deal with ghosts antagonistically, there is simultaneously adopted a contrary behavior towards ghosts,—a propitiation of them. . . . Out of this motive and its observances

come all forms of worship. Awe of the ghost makes sacred the sheltering structure of the tomb; and this grows into the temple, while the tomb itself becomes the altar. From provisions placed for the dead, now habitually and now at fixed intervals, arise religious oblations, ordinary and extraordinary,—daily and at festivals. Immolations and mutilations at the grave pass into sacrifices and offerings of blood at the altar of a deity. Abstinence from food for the benefit of the ghost develops into fasting as a pious practice; and journeys to the grave with gifts become pilgrimages to the shrine. Praises of the dead and prayers to them grow into religious praises and prayers. And so every holy rite is derived from a funeral rite. . . . Besides those aberrant developments of ancestor-worship which result from identification of ancestors with idols, animals, plants, and natural powers, there are direct developments of it. Out of the assemblage of ghosts, some evolve into deities who retain their anthropomorphic characters. As the divine and the superior are, in the primitive mind, equivalent ideas; as the living man and reappearing ghost are at first confounded in early beliefs; as ghost and god are convertible terms,—we may understand how a deity develops out of a powerful man, and out of the ghost of a powerful man, by small steps. Within the tribe, the chief, the magician, or some one otherwise skilled, held in awe during his life as showing powers of unknown origin and extent, is feared in a higher degree when, after death, he gains the further powers possessed by all ghosts; and still more the stranger bringing new arts, as well as the conqueror of superior race, is treated as a superhuman being during life and afterwards worshiped as a yet greater superhuman being. Remembering that the most marvelous version of any story commonly obtains the greatest currency, and that so, from generation to generation, the deeds of such traditional persons grow by unchecked exaggerations eagerly listened to, we may see that in time any amount of expansion and idealization can be reached.»

The foregoing long excerpt will serve two important purposes: for it shows not only the admirable power of the author to sum up in a short space the long arguments and illustrations of many chapters,—of, in the present instance, more than four hundred pages,—but also it furnishes a brief *résumé* of one of his original theories, showing how his writings are permeated through and through by the principle of evolution; how one fact naturally leads to the next, and this fact to another, and so on until at last we stand in awe before the stupendous generalization to which these steps have led us. Stupendous is the grasp of intellect involved; stupendous in that, compelled to acknowledge the truth of each of the steps, we are forced to accept the veracity of the larger truth to which we have ascended.

Part ii. is entitled 'The Inductions of Sociology,' and deals with all the varied forms which societies have, and their growths, structures, and functions, the sustaining, distributing, and regulating systems, the relations of these structures to the surrounding conditions, the dominant forms of social activities entailed, and the metamorphoses of types caused by changes in the activities. It is here that we come across the great division, or dichotomization, of all societies into the militant and the industrial; into those which are framed on the principle of compulsory co-operation, and those which are framed on the principle of voluntary co-operation. These «two types, when evolved to their extreme forms, are diametrically opposed; and the contrasts between their traits are amongst the most important with which Sociology has to deal.» In fact, without a thorough grasp of this, a great deal of the author's work upon Society would be difficult to comprehend,—it underlies so much, and is so frequently coming to the surface. It must not be imagined that these are the highest types of society; for «some pages might be added respecting a possible future social type, differing as much from the industrial as this does from the militant,—a type which, having a sustaining system more fully developed than any we know at present, will use the products of industry, neither for maintaining a militant organization, nor exclusively for material aggrandizement, but will devote them to carrying on the higher activities. As the contrast between the militant and the industrial types is indicated by inversion of the belief that individuals exist for the benefit of the State, into the belief that the State exists for the benefit of individuals, so the contrast between the industrial type and the type likely to be evolved from it is indicated by inversion of the belief that life is for work, into the belief that work is for life.» The multiplication of institutions and appliances for intellectual and æsthetic culture, and for kindred purposes, not of a directly life-sustaining kind, but having gratification for their immediate purpose, tends to support this prospect.

The many facts contemplated in these «Inductions» unite in proving that social evolution forms a part of evolution at large, and fulfills in all respects the general formula: there is integration both by simple increase of mass, and by coalescence and re-coalescence of masses; there is a change from homogeneity to heterogeneity,—from the simple tribe alike in all its parts, to the civilized nation full of unlikenesses; there is greater coherence,—for while the wandering tribe is held together by no bonds, a civilized nation will hold together for hundreds of years, nay, thousands; there is greater definiteness,—arrangements become settled and slowly more precise, customs pass into laws which become more fixed and specific, and all institutions, at first confusedly intermingled, slowly separate at the

same time that each within itself marks off more distinctly its component parts.

Part iii., 'Domestic Institutions,' deals with the general phenomena of race maintenance, and the diverse interests of the species, of the parents, and of the offspring; the primitive relations of the sexes from the early period of promiscuity to the latest form, that of monogamy; and the status of women and of children. In all of which the law of evolution in general is shown to hold good, and that the higher traits in the relations of the sexes to one another and to children, which have accompanied social evolution, have been made possible by those higher traits of intelligence and feeling produced by the experiences and disciplines of progressing social states.

One of the most prominent changes in the future may be the greater care of parents by offspring. "At present the latter days of the old whose married children live away from them, are made dreary by the lack of those pleasures yielded by the constant society of descendants; but a time may be expected when this evil will be met by an attachment of adults to their aged parents, which, if not as strong as that of parents to children, approaches it in strength. . . . When the earlier stages of education passed through in the domestic circle have come to yield, as they will in ways scarcely dreamt of at present, daily occasions for the strengthening of sympathy, intellectual and moral, then will the latter days of life be smoothed by a greater filial care, reciprocating the greater parental care bestowed in earlier life."

Part iv., 'Ceremonial Institutions,' shows how the formula of evolution is conformed to by the history of Trophies, Mutilations, Presents, Visits, Obeisances, Titles, Badges, Costumes, and all the varied forms of class distinction. It is shown that "rules of behavior are not results of conventions at one time or other deliberately made, as people tacitly assume: contrariwise, they are the natural products of social life which have gradually evolved." They are of course characteristic of the militant type of society, and tend to fade and decay as industrialism and voluntary co-operation develop.

Part v., 'Political Institutions,' contains an account of the evolution of governments as determined by natural causes. Setting out with an unorganized horde including both sexes and all ages, we see that when some public question, such as that of migration or of defense against enemies, has to be decided, the assembled individuals fall more or less clearly into two divisions. The elder, the stronger, and those whose sagacity and courage have been proved by experience, will form the smaller part who carry on the discussion; while the larger part, formed of the young, weak, and undistinguished, will be listeners who do no more than express from time to time assent or dissent. Among the leaders there is sure to be some one

distinguished warrior, or aged hunter, who will have more than his individual share in forming the plan finally acted upon. That is to say, the entire assemblage will resolve itself, as in every public meeting of the present day, into three parts, which will eventually develop into that of chief or king; a ministry, or representative and consultative body; and the general electorate. Or, in the formula of evolution, the advance will be from small incoherent social aggregates to great coherent ones, which while becoming integrated will pass from uniformity to multiformity, and from indefiniteness to definiteness of political organization. But the conclusion of profoundest moment, to which all lines of argument converge, is that the possibility of a high social state, political as well as general, fundamentally depends on the cessation of war. Persistent militancy, maintaining adapted institutions, must inevitably prevent, or else neutralize, changes in the direction of more equitable institutions and laws; while permanent peace will of necessity be followed by social ameliorations of every kind. A study of 'Political Institutions' may lead some to think whether the arrangements they are advocating involve increase of that public regulation characterizing the militant type, or whether they tend to produce that better regulation, that greater individuality, and that more extended voluntary co-operation, characterizing the industrial type.

Among social phenomena, those presented by 'Ecclesiastical Institutions,' Part vi., illustrate very clearly the general law of evolution. From the primitive undifferentiated social aggregate, in which domestic, civil, and religious subordination are at first carried on in like ways by the same agencies, develops the definite, coherent, and heterogeneous ecclesiastical organization. With this structural differentiation is a functional differentiation of deep and profound significance. Two sacerdotal duties, which were at first parts of the same, have been slowly separating: the first is the carrying on of worship, the second is the insistence on rules of conduct. If we compare modern with mediæval Europeans, when fasts were habitual, penances common, and men made pilgrimages and built shrines, we see that with social progress has gone a marked diminution of religious observances, and a marked increase in ethical injunctions and exhortations. At the present day dogmatic theology, with its promises of rewards and threats of damnation, bears a diminishing ratio to the insistences on justice, honesty, kindness, and sincerity. And now, what may we infer will be the evolution of religious ideas and sentiments throughout the future? «The conception of the First Cause, which has been enlarging from the beginning, must go on enlarging, until by disappearance of its limits it becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought, though it forever remains a consciousness.» «One truth must grow ever clearer,—the truth that

there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which man can conceive neither beginning nor end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.»

In due course, were they written, should here follow the remaining parts of the 'Principles of Sociology,' dealing with Progress — Linguistic, Intellectual, Moral, Æsthetic; but as Mr. Spencer says in the preface to the last volume he has written, for an invalid of seventy-six to deal adequately with topics so extensive and complex is obviously impossible. In strict order these parts should of course have appeared before the 'Principles of Ethics'; but Mr. Spencer thought it better to pass over them, fearing that the state of his health, which for some years had been below its usual low average, might prevent his completing that part of the Philosophy to which all the preceding volumes led, and which, with many others of the highest intellect, he thought to be the most important of all. This work was completed in April 1893, although the first part, 'The Data of Ethics,' had been published some years previously; Mr. Spencer «being the more anxious to indicate in outline, if he cannot complete, this final work, because the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis is a pressing need. Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it.»

Part i. of the 'Principles of Ethics' — the 'Data of Ethics' — is concerned with the various views which may be held about conduct; and shows that «no school can avoid for the ultimate moral aim a desirable state of feeling, called by whatever name — gratification, enjoyment, happiness. Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inexpugnable element of the conception.» We then have those generalizations furnished by Biology, Psychology, and Sociology, which underlie a true theory of living; passing on to the discussion on Selfishness and Unselfishness, — «egoism and altruism,» — showing that a pure and unqualified form of either is impossible, and that there must be a compromise or «conciliation»; which leads us, on the evolution hypothesis, to a consideration of absolute and relative ethics, or the conduct of the ideal man as existing in the ideal social state, and the conduct of man as he is in existing society, surrounded by the evils of a not perfect adaptation.

Part ii., 'The Inductions of Ethics,' is a statement of those rules of human action which are registered as essential laws by all civilized

nations: in other words, the generalizations of expediency. Disregarding the conventional limits of ethics, here are treated such matters as aggression, robbery, revenge, justice, generosity, humanity, veracity, obedience, industry, temperance, and chastity: and we are shown that with militancy goes pride in aggression and robbery, revenge and lying, obedience to despotic rulers, and contempt for industry; while with industrialism all these feelings are reversed,—leading to the not unreasonable inference that there needs but a continuance of absolute peace externally, and non-aggression internally, to insure the molding of man into a form naturally characterized by all the virtues!

Part iii., 'The Ethics of Individual Life,' is short, and deals with those modes of private action which must result from the eventual equilibration of internal desires and external needs. The headings of the chapters — Activity, Rest, Nutrition, Stimulation, Culture, Amusements, Marriage, and Parenthood — are instructive as showing the scope here given to «Ethics.» Generally, this division gives definiteness to the idea of proportion; to the maintenance, that is, of balanced amounts of the activities, bodily and mental, required for complete health and happiness. Until the activities are spontaneously regulated by the natural promptings, these ethics must keep clearly in view, and continually emphasize, the needs to which the nature has to be adjusted; but the nature must not be too much strained out of its inherited form, for the normal remolding can go on but slowly.

Part iv., 'Justice,' coincides in area with the author's first work alluded to above, 'Social Statics,' but differs in its treatment, in leaving out entirely all supernaturalistic interpretation; in definitely setting forth and elaborating a biological origin for Ethics; and in making much more frequent use of inductive verification. The formula of Justice here given is most important, and of far-reaching consequences in Mr. Spencer's individualistic theory of politics. It is, «*Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man.*» Calling the several particular freedoms of each man his *rights*, we find them enumerated under such titles as physical integrity, free motion, property, free exchange and contract, free industry, free belief and worship, free speech and publication. And absolute Ethics asserts each of these. But the preservation of the species, or that variety of it constituting a society, being an end which must take precedence of individual preservation, it follows that relative Ethics justifies, and indeed warrants, such equitably distributed taxation, whether of property, industry, belief, or what not, as may be required for maintaining social order and safety. There has still to be considered, from the ethical point of view, the political position of women. Now, men are liable to

furnish contingents to the army and the navy; hence, ethically considered, as women have not to furnish them, their equal «political rights» cannot be entertained until there is permanent peace, when only will it be possible to consider such equalization. The rights of children are complicated by the fact that while at first they are dependent on their parents for general sustentation, they but gradually and slowly grow out of this state and become independent and able to support themselves. 'Justice' then goes on to consider the duties of the State, which are defined as the maintenance of the conditions under which each citizen may gain the fullest life compatible with the fullest lives of his fellow-citizens. And many reasons are given that this can only be done efficiently by limiting as far as possible the number and variety of those duties.

In Part v. we have 'Negative Beneficence,'—a few short chapters dealing with those minor self-restraints which are dictated by what may be called passive sympathy. Free competition, free contract, undeserved payments, displays of ability, and the administration of blame and praise, are all areas in which negative beneficence may legitimately be displayed. The most eminent professional men may so restrain their practice by enlarged fees, as not to ruin those only a little less able; the unexpected occurrence of rock in a tunnel which has been contracted for, may justify a payment beyond the price contracted for; unmusical street musicians without their undeserved payments would take to some occupation for which they are less unfit; and those capable of monopolizing the whole attention of a dinner party may so restrain themselves as to allow the less distinguished to join in the exchange of thoughts. The origin of the obligation to this beneficence is of course conduciveness to happiness, immediate or remote, or both; and consequent conduciveness to maintenance of the species or the variety, regarded as hereafter the recipient of increased happiness.

This being the origin also of 'Positive Beneficence,' we are naturally led on to Part vi., comprehending all those modes of conduct dictated by active sympathy, which imply pleasure in giving pleasure,—modes of conduct that social adaptation has induced and must render ever more general; and which, in becoming universal, must fill to the full the possible measure of human happiness. Of the various beneficences here treated are the marital, the parental, the filial, aid to the sick and injured, to friends, to poor, and social and political altruism. Beyond these there is the beneficent regulation of conduct toward those who occupy positions of subordination; and here is a large sphere opened for the anodyne influence of sympathy. Along with the substitution of industrialism for militancy, there has been a relaxation of those customs which remind men of their respective

grades, until we now find one trait of a true gentleman defined as the ability successfully to make those who rank below him in the social scale, at ease in his presence. And here we are brought round once more to the fact that our present social state is transitional. The dictates of absolute ethics being kept before us as the ideal, we must little by little mold the real into conformity with them as fast as the nature of things permits; meanwhile letting the chief temporary function of beneficence be to mitigate the sufferings accompanying the transition. The miseries of re-adaptation are necessary; but there are accompanying unnecessary miseries which may with universal advantage be excluded.

«It seems not only rational to believe in some further evolution, but irrational to doubt it — irrational to suppose that the causes which have in the past worked such wonderful effects, will in the future work no effects. Not expecting that any existing society will reach a high organization, nor that any of the varieties of men now living will become fully adapted to social life, a few yet look forward . . . to the evolution of a Humanity adjusted to the requirements of its life. And along with this belief there arises, in an increasing number, the desire to further the development. . . . Hereafter, the highest ambition of the beneficent will be to have a share — even though an utterly inappreciable and unknown share — in the 'making of Man.' Experience occasionally shows that there may arise extreme interest in pursuing entirely unselfish ends; and as time goes on, there will be more and more of those whose unselfish end will be the further evolution of Humanity. While contemplating from the heights of thought that far-off life of the race never to be enjoyed by them, but only by a remote posterity, they will feel a calm pleasure in the consciousness of having aided the advance towards it.»

These words end the 'System of Synthetic Philosophy.' Before, however, making any general remarks upon it, we will allude to two works which the author completed while it was in progress.

The one was 'The Study of Sociology,' published simultaneously in the Contemporary Review in England, and in the first numbers of the Popular Science Monthly in America, in 1873; subsequently in the 'International Scientific Series,' and then in the library edition, making it uniform with all the author's other works. After 'Education' it is the most popular, very many thousands having been sold,— a fact in part attributable to the literary style, which differs entirely from that of the 'System' in being as light and popular as the subject-matter permits. The early chapters deal with the crying need there is for a science of Society: or to put it in other words, for a science which may serve to the representatives in parliaments and senates

as a guide for the making of laws and enactments for the general benefit of the States; which shall serve to point out the broad principles which should underlie the regulation of matters in a corporate society. The difficulties of such a science are then more or less completely dealt with. Beyond the objective difficulties,—the vitiations of evidence due to random observation, enthusiasms, prepossessions, self-interests, and so forth,—there are the subjective difficulties due to the emotions and intellect of the observer, the bias caused by his education, by his patriotism, by the class to which he belongs, by his early political surroundings,—whether Tory, Liberal, or Republican,—by his religious environment, and by the general discipline to which he has been subjected. The work concludes with the sciences best adapted to train an intellect for such study.

The other work, 'The Man *versus* the State,' in four parts, was originally published in the Contemporary Review for 1884; and is now included, as previously mentioned, in one volume with the third edition of 'Social Statics.' The first part is entitled 'The New Toryism,' and shows how Toryism and Liberalism originally emerged, the one from militancy or compulsory co-operation, and the other from industrialism or voluntary co-operation. But as Liberalism has in recent years been extending the system of compulsion in many, if not all directions, it is merely a new form of Toryism.

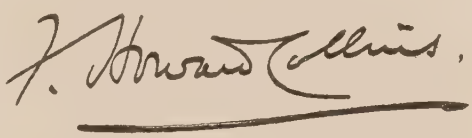
The second part, 'The Coming Slavery,' is devoted to a logical examination of socialism; and demonstrates how, if its development be unfettered, it can lead to no other result than slavery, neither more nor less. 'The Sins of Legislators' forms the title of the third part; and shows how the legislator is morally blameless or morally blameworthy, according as he has or has not made himself acquainted with the several classes of facts obtainable by a study of legislative experiences, and their results, in former years. "The legislator who is wholly or in great part uninformed concerning the matters of fact which he must examine before his opinion on a proposed law can be of any value, and who nevertheless helps to pass that law, can no more be absolved if misery and mortality result, than the journeyman druggist can be absolved when death is caused by the medicine he ignorantly prescribes." The great political superstition of the past was the divine right of kings. 'The Great Political Superstition' of the present is the divine right of parliaments. The author here in the fourth part shows this to be really the divine right of majorities. "This is the current theory which all accept without proof, as self-evident truth." Criticism, however, shows it to be the reverse; and hence the conclusion is drawn that "The function of Liberalism in the past was that of putting a limit to the power of kings. The function of true Liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the powers of parliaments."

Since the foregoing, Mr. Spencer has published several important essays on the biological question, Are acquired characters inherited? affirming, in contradistinction to Weissmann, that they are, and supporting his contentions with a mass of facts which had previously not been utilized in this connection. This problem is so extremely complex that no definite and generally accepted conclusion seems at present possible.

What approval, or what criticism, is it possible to pass upon the great work of so great a man? None, will be the answer of all those, if any there be, who thoroughly comprehend the implications of this vast system of thought. We are too near to be able to get the perspective necessary to see its true relations. Perhaps at some future time, in decades and centuries to come, when minds are more attuned to the keynote of evolution, will it be possible to form some adequate conception of its comparative relation to knowledge in general. In the mean time we must rest satisfied with the opinions that have been formed by those most capable of judging.

The strength of Mr. Spencer's writings lies first in the absolute perfection of his logic: to use a mechanical analogy, they are as it were the outpourings of a perfect logical machine, whose levers and cranks are so adjusted as to work without the possibility of error; a loom in which no strand of weft or woof has ever become entangled, and from which the finest cloth is drawn without spot or blemish. Deduction, Induction, and Verification are so perfectly blended that in this nineteenth century it seems impossible to conceive their higher development. The constituent parts of this logical method which usually excite the greatest wonder and surprise are the brilliant and unsurpassed power of generalization, which is ever present, and which unites in one whole, subjects which at first appear to be as far removed as the antipodes upon our globe. This of course implies the knowledge of an immense range of subjects; and any one reading through, say only one volume such as 'First Principles,' may easily count up more than the metaphorical « speaking acquaintance » with over thirty clearly and well defined sciences, commencing with Anatomy at one end of the alphabet, and ending with Zoölogy at the other. How accurate this knowledge is, may be seen by the currency his writings have amongst men of pure science,—meaning by this term, specialists in the smaller departments and branches of human understanding. Any errors of detail would have been fatal to this vogue. At the same time we are bound to admit that amongst metaphysicians, or philosophers *pur et simple*, Mr. Spencer has not so large a following. It is quite possible, however, that this may be only temporary; and that as years roll on, more may rally to the standard of a philosophy based on a greater knowledge of the human understanding than has ever before been brought to the world's notice.

One broad result stands out ever clearer. Mr. Spencer's development and applications of the theory of Evolution have more profoundly influenced contemporary thought, in every branch of life, than the work of any other modern thinker. It is not for no purpose that he has devoted the entire energies of an invalid to give an account to us, not only of the world on which we live, and of the other worlds which night alone shows forth, but of the whole Universe containing worlds of which we reck not.



MANNERS AND FASHION

From 'Illustrations of Universal Progress'

WHOEVER has studied the physiognomy of political meetings cannot fail to have remarked a connection between democratic opinions and peculiarities of costume. At a Chartist demonstration, a lecture on Socialism, or a *soirée* of the Friends of Italy, there will be seen many among the audience, and a still larger ratio among the speakers, who get themselves up in a style more or less unusual. One gentleman on the platform divides his hair down the centre, instead of on one side; another brushes it back off the forehead, in the fashion known as "bringing out the intellect"; a third has so long forsworn the scissors that his locks sweep his shoulders. A considerable sprinkling of mustaches may be observed; here and there an imperial; and occasionally some courageous breaker of conventions exhibits a full-grown beard.* This nonconformity in hair is countenanced by various nonconformities in dress, shown by others of the assemblage. Bare necks, shirt-collars *à la* Byron, waistcoats cut Quaker fashion, wonderfully shaggy great-coats, numerous oddities in form and color, destroy the monotony usual in crowds. Even those exhibiting no conspicuous peculiarity frequently indicate, by something in the pattern or make-up of their clothes, that they pay small regard to what their tailors tell them about the prevailing taste. And when the gathering breaks up, the

* This was written before mustaches and beards had become common.

varieties of head-gear displayed — the number of caps, and the abundance of felt hats — suffice to prove that were the world at large like-minded, the black cylinders which tyrannize over us would soon be deposed.

The foreign correspondence of our daily press shows that this relationship between political discontent and the disregard of customs exists on the Continent also. Red republicanism has always been distinguished by its hirsuteness. The authorities of Prussia, Austria, and Italy, alike recognize certain forms of hat as indicative of disaffection, and fulminate against them accordingly. In some places the wearer of a blouse runs the risk of being classed among the *suspects;* and in others, he who would avoid the bureau of police must beware how he goes out in any but the ordinary colors. Thus democracy abroad, as at home, tends towards personal singularity.

Nor is this association of characteristics peculiar to modern times, or to reformers of the State. It has always existed; and it has been manifested as much in religious agitations as in political ones. Along with dissent from the chief established opinions and arrangements, there has ever been some dissent from the customary social practices. The Puritans, disapproving of the long curls of the Cavaliers, as of their principles, cut their own hair short, and so gained the name of "Roundheads." The marked religious nonconformity of the Quakers was marked by an equally marked nonconformity of manners,— in attire, in speech, in salutation. The early Moravians not only believed differently, but at the same time dressed differently and lived differently, from their fellow-Christians.

That the association between political independence and independence of personal conduct is not a phenomenon of to-day only, we may see alike in the appearance of Franklin at the French court in plain clothes, and in the white hats worn by the last generation of radicals. Originality of nature is sure to show itself in more ways than one. The mention of George Fox's suit of leather, or Pestalozzi's school name, "Harry Oddity," will at once suggest the remembrance that men who have in great things diverged from the beaten track, have frequently done so in small things likewise. Minor illustrations of this truth may be gathered in almost every circle. We believe that whoever will number up his reforming and rationalist acquaintances, will find among them more than the usual proportion of

those who in dress or behavior exhibit some degree of what the world calls eccentricity.

If it be a fact that men of revolutionary aims in politics or religion are commonly revolutionists in custom also, it is not less a fact that those whose office it is to uphold established arrangements in State and church are also those who most adhere to the social forms and observances bequeathed to us by past generations. Practices elsewhere extinct still linger about the headquarters of government. The monarch still gives assent to Acts of Parliament in the old French of the Normans; and Norman French terms are still used in law. Wigs such as those we see depicted in old portraits, may yet be found on the heads of judges and barristers. The Beefeaters at the Tower wear the costume of Henry VII.th's body-guard. The university dress of the present year varies but little from that worn soon after the Reformation. The claret-colored coat, knee-breeches, lace shirt frills, ruffles, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, which once formed the usual attire of a gentleman, still survive as the court dress. And it need scarcely be said that at levées and drawing-rooms, the ceremonies are prescribed with an exactness, and enforced with a rigor, not elsewhere to be found.

Can we consider these two series of coincidences as accidental and unmeaning? Must we not rather conclude that some necessary relationship obtains between them? Are there not such things as a constitutional conservatism, and a constitutional tendency to change? Is there not a class which clings to the old in all things; and another class so in love with progress as often to mistake novelty for improvement? Do we not find some men ready to bow to established authority of whatever kind; while others demand of every such authority its reason, and reject it if it fails to justify itself? And must not the minds thus contrasted tend to become respectively conformist and nonconformist, not only in politics and religion but in other things? Submission, whether to a government, to the dogmas of ecclesiastics, or to that code of behavior which society at large has set up, is essentially of the same nature; and the sentiment which induces resistance to the despotism of rulers, civil or spiritual, likewise induces resistance to the despotism of the world's opinion. Look at them fundamentally, and all enactments, alike of the legislature, the consistory, and the saloon,—all regulations formal or virtual,—have a common character: they are all limitations of

man's freedom. "Do this — Refrain from that," are the blank formulas into which they may all be written: and in each case the understanding is that obedience will bring approbation here and paradise hereafter; while disobedience will entail imprisonment, or sending to Coventry, or eternal torments, as the case may be. And if restraints, however named, and through whatever apparatus of means exercised, are one in their action upon men, it must happen that those who are patient under one kind of restraint are likely to be patient under another; and conversely, that those impatient of restraint in general, will on the average tend to show their impatience in all directions.

That Law, Religion, and Manners are thus related — that their respective kinds of operation come under one generalization — that they have in certain contrasted characteristics of men a common support and a common danger — will, however, be most clearly seen on discovering that they have a common origin. Little as from present appearances we should suppose it, we shall yet find that at first the control of religion, the control of laws, and the control of manners, were all one control. However incredible it may now seem, we believe it to be demonstrable that the rules of etiquette, the provisions of the statute-book, and the commands of the Decalogue, have grown from the same root. If we go far enough back into the ages of primeval Fetishism, it becomes manifest that originally Deity, Chief, and Master of the Ceremonies were identical. To make good these positions, and to show their bearing on what is to follow, it will be necessary here to traverse ground that is in part somewhat beaten, and at first sight irrelevant to our topic. We will pass over it as quickly as consists with the exigencies of the argument.

That the earliest social aggregations were ruled solely by the will of the strong man, few dispute. That from the strong man proceeded not only monarchy, but the conception of a God, few admit; much as Carlyle and others have said in evidence of it. If, however, those who are unable to believe this will lay aside the ideas of God and man in which they have been educated, and study the aboriginal ideas of them, they will at least see some probability in the hypothesis. Let them remember that before experience had yet taught men to distinguish between the possible and the impossible, and while they were ready on the slightest suggestion to ascribe unknown powers to any object and make a fetish of it, their conceptions of humanity

and its capacities were necessarily vague, and without specific limits. The man who, by unusual strength or cunning, achieved something that others had failed to achieve, or something which they did not understand, was considered by them as differing from themselves; and as we see in the belief of some Polynesians that only their chiefs have souls, or in that of the ancient Peruvians that their nobles were divine by birth, the ascribed difference was apt to be not one of degree only, but one of kind.

Let them remember next, how gross were the notions of God, or rather of gods, prevalent during the same era and afterwards: how concretely gods were conceived as men of specific aspects dressed in specific ways; how their names were literally "the strong," "the destroyer," "the powerful one"; how, according to the Scandinavian mythology, the "sacred duty of blood revenge" was acted on by the gods themselves; and how they were not only human in their vindictiveness, their cruelty, and their quarrels with each other, but were supposed to have amours on earth, and to consume the viands placed on their altars. Add to which, that in various mythologies — Greek, Scandinavian, and others — the oldest beings are giants; that according to a traditional genealogy, the gods, demigods, and in some cases men, are descended from these after the human fashion; and that while in the East we hear of sons of God who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, the Teutonic myths tell of unions between the sons of men and the daughters of the gods.

Let them remember, too, that at first the idea of death differed widely from that which we have; that there are still tribes who on the decease of one of their number attempt to make the corpse stand, and put food into his mouth; that the Peruvians had feasts at which the mummies of their dead Incas presided, when, as Prescott says, they paid attention "to these insensible remains as if they were instinct with life"; that among the Fejees it is believed that every enemy has to be killed twice; that the Eastern Pagans give extension and figure to the soul, and attribute to it all the same substances, both solid and liquid, of which our bodies are composed; and that it is the custom among most barbarous races to bury food, weapons, and trinkets along with the dead body, under the manifest belief that it will presently need them.

Lastly, let them remember that the other world, as originally conceived, is simply some distant part of this world; some

Elysian fields, some happy hunting-ground,—accessible even to the living, and to which, after death, men travel in anticipation of a life analogous in general character to that which they led before. Then, co-ordinating these general facts,—the ascription of unknown powers to chiefs and medicine-men; the belief in deities having human forms, passions, and behavior; the imperfect comprehension of death as distinguished from life; and the proximity of the future abode to the present, both in position and character,—let them reflect whether they do not almost unavoidably suggest the conclusion that the aboriginal god is the dead chief; the chief not dead in our sense, but gone away, carrying with him food and weapons to some rumored region of plenty, some promised land whither he had long intended to lead his followers, and whence he will presently return to fetch them.

This hypothesis, once entertained, is seen to harmonize with all primitive ideas and practices. The sons of the deified chief reigning after him, it necessarily happens that all early kings are held descendants of the gods; and the fact that alike in Assyria, Egypt, among the Jews, Phœnicians, and ancient Britons, kings' names were formed out of the names of the gods, is fully explained.

From this point onwards these two kinds of authority, at first complicated together as those of principal and agent, become slowly more and more distinct. As experience accumulates, and ideas of causation grow more precise, kings lose their supernatural attributes; and instead of God-king, become God-descended king, God-appointed king, the Lord's anointed, the vicegerent of Heaven, ruler reigning by divine right. The old theory, however, long clings to men in feeling after it has disappeared in name; and "such divinity doth hedge a king" that even now, many on first seeing one feel a secret surprise at finding him an ordinary sample of humanity. The sacredness attaching to royalty attaches afterwards to its appended institutions,—to legislatures, to laws. Legal and illegal are synonymous with right and wrong; the authority of parliament is held unlimited; and a lingering faith in governmental power continually generates unfounded hopes from its enactments. Political skepticism, however, having destroyed the divine prestige of royalty, goes on ever increasing, and promises ultimately to reduce the State to a purely secular institution, whose regulations are limited in their sphere, and have no other authority than the general will. Meanwhile, the religious

control has been little by little separating itself from the civil, both in its essence and in its forms. . . .

Thus alike in authority, in essence, and in form, political and spiritual rule have been ever more widely diverging from the same root. That increasing division of labor which marks the progress of society in other things, marks it also in this separation of government into civil and religious; and if we observe how the morality which forms the substance of religions in general is beginning to be purified from the associated creeds, we may anticipate that this division will be ultimately carried much further.

Passing now to the third species of control, that of manners, we shall find that this too while it had a common genesis with the others, has gradually come to have a distinct sphere and a special embodiment. Among early aggregations of men before yet social observances existed, the sole forms of courtesy known were the signs of submission to the strong man; as the sole law was his will, and the sole religion the awe of his supposed supernaturalness. Originally, ceremonies were modes of behavior to the God-king. Our commonest titles have been derived from his names. And all salutations were primarily worship paid to him. Let us trace out these truths in detail, beginning with titles.

The fact already noticed, that the names of early kings among divers races are formed by the addition of certain syllables to the names of their gods,—which certain syllables, like our *Mac* and *Fitz*, probably mean "son of," or "descended from,"—at once gives meaning to the term *Father* as a divine title. And when we read, in Selden, that "the composition out of these names of Deities was not only proper to Kings: their Grandes and more honorable Subjects" [no doubt members of the royal race] "had sometimes the like,"—we see how the term *Father*, properly used by these also, and by their multiplying descendants, came to be a title used by the people in general. And it is significant, as bearing on this point, that among the most barbarous nations of Europe, where belief in the divine nature of the ruler still lingers, *Father* in this higher sense is still a regal distinction. When, again, we remember how the divinity at first ascribed to kings was not a complimentary fiction but a supposed fact; and how, further, under the Fetish philosophy the celestial bodies are believed to be personages who once lived among men,—we see that the appellations of Oriental rulers, "Brother

to the Sun," etc., were probably once expressive of a genuine belief; and have simply, like many other things, continued in use after all meaning has gone out of them. We may infer too that the titles God, Lord, Divinity, were given to primitive rulers literally; that the *nostra divinitas* applied to the Roman emperors, and the various sacred designations that have been borne by monarchs, down to the still extant phrase "Our Lord the King," are the dead and dying forms of what were once living facts. From these names, God, Father, Lord, Divinity,—originally belonging to the God-king, and afterwards to God and the king,—the derivation of our commonest titles of respect is clearly traceable.

There is reason to think that these titles were originally proper names. Not only do we see among the Egyptians, where Pharaoh was synonymous with king, and among the Romans, where to be Cæsar meant to be emperor, that the proper names of the greatest men were transferred to their successors, and so became class names; but in the Scandinavian mythology we may trace a human title of honor up to the proper name of a divine personage. In Anglo-Saxon, *bealdor* or *baldor* means *Lord;* and Balder is the name of the favorite of Odin's sons—the gods who with him constitute the Teutonic Pantheon. How these names of honor became general is easily understood. The relatives of the primitive kings—the grandees described by Selden as having names formed on those of the gods, and shown by this to be members of the divine race—necessarily shared in the epithets, such as *Lord*, descriptive of superhuman relationships and nature. Their ever multiplying offspring inheriting these, gradually rendered them comparatively common. And then they came to be applied to every man of power: partly from the fact that in these early days, when men conceived divinity simply as a stronger kind of humanity, great persons could be called by divine epithets with but little exaggeration; partly from the fact that the unusually potent were apt to be considered as unrecognized or illegitimate descendants of "the strong, the destroyer, the powerful one"; and partly also from compliment and the desire to propitiate.

Progressively as superstition diminished, this last became the sole cause. And if we remember that it is the nature of compliment, as we daily hear it, to attribute more than is due; that in the constantly widening application of "esquire," in the

perpetual repetition of "your Honor" by the fawning Irishman, and in the use of the name "gentleman" to any coalheaver or dustman by the lower classes of London, we have current examples of the depreciation of titles consequent on compliment; and that in barbarous times, when the wish to propitiate was stronger than now, this effect must have been greater,—we shall see that there naturally arose an extensive misuse of all early distinctions. Hence the facts that the Jews called Herod a god; that Father, in its higher sense, was a term used among them by servants to masters; that Lord was applicable to any person of worth and power. Hence too the fact that in the later periods of the Roman Empire, every man saluted his neighbor as Dominus and Rex.

But it is in the titles of the Middle Ages, and in the growth of our modern ones out of them, that the process is most clearly seen. Herr, Don, Signior, Seigneur, Señor, were all originally names of rulers—of feudal lords. By the complimentary use of these names to all who could on any pretense be supposed to merit them, and by successive degradations of them from each step in the descent to a still lower one, they have come to be common forms of address. At first the phrase in which a serf accosted his despotic chief, *mein herr* is now familiarly applied in Germany to ordinary people. The Spanish title Don, once proper to noblemen and gentlemen only, is now accorded to all classes. So too is it with Signior in Italy. Seigneur and Monseigneur, by contraction in Sieur and Monsieur, have produced the term of respect claimed by every Frenchman. And whether Sire be or be not a like contraction of Signior, it is clear that, as it was borne by sundry of the ancient feudal lords of France,—who, as Selden says, "affected rather to be stiled by the name of Sire than Baron, as Le Sire de Montmorencie, Le Sire de Beaulieu, and the like,"—and as it has been commonly used to monarchs, our word Sir, which is derived from it, originally meant lord or king. Thus too is it with feminine titles. Lady—which according to Horne Tooke means *exalted*, and was at first given only to the few—is now given to all women of education. Dame—once an honorable name, to which in old books we find the epithets of "high-born" and "stately" affixed—has now, by repeated widenings of its application, become relatively a term of contempt. And if we trace the compound of this, *Ma Dame*, through its contractions,—Madam, ma'am, mam, mum,—we find

that the "Yes'm" of Sally to her mistress is originally equivalent to "Yes, my Exalted," or "Yes, your Highness." Throughout, therefore, the genesis of words of honor has been the same. Just as with the Jews and with the Romans, has it been with the modern Europeans. Tracing these every-day names to their primitive significations of *lord* and *king*, and remembering that in aboriginal societies these were applied only to the gods and their descendants, we arrive at the conclusion that our familiar Sir and Monsieur are, in their primary and expanded meanings, terms of adoration.

Further to illustrate this gradual depreciation of titles, and to confirm the inference drawn, it may be well to notice in passing that the oldest of them have, as might be expected, been depreciated to the greatest extent. Thus, master — a word proved by its derivation and by the similarity of the connate words in other languages (Fr., maître for *master;* Russ., *master;* Dan., *mester;* Ger., *meister*) to have been one of the earliest in use for expressing lordship — has now become applicable to children only; and under the modification of "Mister," to persons next above the laborer. Again, knighthood, the oldest kind of dignity, is also the lowest; and Knight Bachelor, which is the lowest order of knighthood, is more ancient than any other of the orders. Similarly too with the peerage: Baron is alike the earliest and least elevated of its divisions. This continual degradation of all names of honor has from time to time made it requisite to introduce new ones, having that distinguishing effect which the originals had lost by generality of use; just as our habit of misapplying superlatives has, by gradually destroying their force, entailed the need for fresh ones. And if, within the last thousand years, this process has produced effects thus marked, we may readily conceive how, during previous thousands, the titles of gods and demigods came to be used to all persons exercising power; as they have since come to be used to persons of respectability.

If from names of honor we turn to phrases of honor, we find similar facts. The Oriental styles of address applied to ordinary people — "I am your slave," "All I have is yours," "I am your sacrifice" — attribute to the individual spoken to, the same greatness that Monsieur and My Lord do: they ascribe to him the character of an all-powerful ruler, so immeasurably superior to the speaker as to be his owner. So likewise with the Polish

expressions of respect,—"I throw myself under your feet," "I kiss your feet." In our now meaningless subscription to a formal letter, "Your most obedient servant," the same thing is visible. Nay, even in the familiar signature "Yours faithfully," the "yours," if interpreted as originally meant, is the expression of a slave to his master.

All these dead forms were once living embodiments of fact—were primarily the genuine indications of that submission to authority which they verbally assert; were afterwards naturally used by the weak and cowardly to propitiate those above them; gradually grew to be considered the due of such; and by a continually wider misuse, have lost their meanings as Sir and Master have done. That like titles they were in the beginning used only to the God-king, is indicated by the fact that like titles they were subsequently used in common to God and the king. Religious worship has ever largely consisted of professions of obedience, of being God's servants, of belonging to him to do what he will with. Like titles, therefore, these common phrases of honor had a devotional origin.

Perhaps, however, it is in the use of the word *you* as a singular pronoun that the popularizing of what were once supreme distinctions is most markedly illustrated. This speaking of a single individual in the plural, was originally an honor given only to the highest; was the reciprocity of the imperial "we" assumed by such. Yet now, by being applied to successively lower and lower classes, it has become all-but universal. Only by one sect of Christians, and in a few secluded districts, is the primitive *thou* still used. And the *you*, in becoming common to all ranks, has simultaneously lost every vestige of the honor once attaching to it.

But the genesis of manners out of forms of allegiance and worship is above all shown in men's modes of salutation. Note first the significance of the word. Among the Romans, the *salutatio* was a daily homage paid by clients and inferiors to superiors. This was alike the case with civilians and in the army. The very derivation of our word, therefore, is suggestive of submission. Passing to particular forms of obeisance (mark the word again), let us begin with the Eastern one of baring the feet. This was primarily a mark of reverence, alike to a god and a king. The act of Moses before the burning bush, and the practice of the Mahometans, who are sworn on the Koran with their

shoes off, exemplify the one employment of it; the custom of the Persians, who remove their shoes on entering the presence of their monarch, exemplifies the other. As usual, however, this homage, paid next to inferior rulers, has descended from grade to grade. In India it is a common mark of respect; a polite man in Turkey always leaves his shoes at the door, while the lower orders of Turks never enter the presence of their superiors but in their stockings; and in Japan, this baring of the feet is an ordinary salutation of man to man.

Take another case. Selden, describing the ceremonies of the Romans, says:—"For whereas it was usual either to kiss the images of their gods, or adoring them, to stand somewhat off before them, solemnly moving the right hand to the lips and then casting it, as if they had cast kisses, to turne the body on the same hand (which was the right forme of Adoration), it grew also by custom, first that the emperors, being next to Deities, and by some accounted as Deities, had the like done to them in acknowledgment of their greatness." If now we call to mind the awkward salute of a village schoolboy, made by putting his open arm up to his face, and describing a semicircle with his forearm; and if we remember that the salute thus used as a form of reverence in country districts is most likely a remnant of the feudal times,—we shall see reason for thinking that our common wave of the hand to a friend across the street represents what was primarily a devotional act.

Similarly have originated all forms of respect depending upon inclinations of the body. Entire prostration is the aboriginal sign of submission. The passage of Scripture "Thou hast put all under his feet," and that other one, so suggestive in its anthropomorphism, "The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool," imply, what the Assyrian sculptures fully bear out, that it was the practice of the ancient God-kings of the East to trample upon the conquered. And when we bear in mind that there are existing savages who signify submission by placing the neck under the foot of the person submitted to, it becomes obvious that all prostration, especially when accompanied by kissing the foot, expressed a willingness to be trodden upon—was an attempt to mitigate wrath by saying, in signs, "Tread on me if you will." Remembering further that kissing the foot, as of the Pope and of a saint's statue, still continues in Europe to be a mark of extreme

reverence; that prostration to feudal lords was once general; and that its disappearance must have taken place, not abruptly, but by gradual modification into something else,—we have ground for deriving from these deepest of humiliations all inclinations of respect, especially as the transition is traceable. The reverence of a Russian serf who bends his head to the ground, and the salaam of the Hindoo, are abridged prostrations; a bow is a short salaam; a nod is a short bow.

Should any hesitate to admit this conclusion, then perhaps on being reminded that the lowest of these obeisances are common where the submission is most abject; that among ourselves the profundity of the bow marks the amount of respect; and lastly, that the bow is even now used devotionally in our churches,—by Catholics to their altars, and by Protestants at the name of Christ,—they will see sufficient evidence for thinking that this salutation also was originally worship.

The same may be said too of the curtsy—or courtesy, as it is otherwise written. Its derivation from *courtoisie*, courteousness,—that is, behavior like that at court,—at once shows that it was primarily the reverence paid to a monarch. And if we call to mind that falling upon the knees, or upon one knee, has been a common obeisance of subjects to rulers; that in ancient manuscripts and tapestries, servants are depicted as assuming this attitude while offering the dishes to their masters at table; and that this same attitude is assumed towards our own Queen at every presentation,—we may infer, what the character of the curtsy itself suggests, that it is an abridged act of kneeling. As the word has been contracted from *courtoisie* into curtsy, so the motion has been contracted from a placing of the knee on the floor to a lowering of the knee towards the floor. Moreover, when we compare the curtsy of a lady with the awkward one a peasant girl makes,—which if continued would bring her down on both knees,—we may see in this last a remnant of that greater reverence required of serfs. And when from considering that simple kneeling of the West, still represented by the curtsy, we pass eastward and note the attitude of the Mahometan worshiper, who not only kneels but bows his head to the ground, we may infer that the curtsy also is an evanescent form of the aboriginal prostration.

In further evidence of this, it may be remarked that there has but recently disappeared from the salutations of men an

action having the same proximate derivation with the curtsy. That backward sweep of the foot with which the conventional stage sailor accompanies his bow — a movement which prevailed generally in past generations, when "a bow and a scrape" went together, and which, within the memory of living persons, was made by boys to their schoolmaster, with the effect of wearing a hole in the floor — is pretty clearly a preliminary to going on one knee. A motion so ungainly could never have been intentionally introduced, even if the artificial introduction of obeisances were possible. Hence we must regard it as the remnant of something antecedent: and that this something antecedent was humiliating may be inferred from the phrase "scraping an acquaintance"; which, being used to denote the gaining of favor by obsequiousness, implies that the scrape was considered a mark of servility, — that is, of *serf*-ility.

Consider, again, the uncovering of the head. Almost everywhere this has been a sign of reverence, alike in temples and before potentates; and it yet preserves among us some of its original meaning. Whether it rains, hails, or shines, you must keep your head bare while speaking to the monarch; and on no plea may you remain covered in a place of worship. As usual, however, this ceremony, at first a submission to gods and kings, has become in process of time a common civility. Once an acknowledgment of another's unlimited supremacy, the removal of the hat is now a salute accorded to very ordinary persons; and that uncovering, originally reserved for entrance into "the house of God," good manners now dictates on entrance into the house of a common laborer.

Standing, too, as a mark of respect, has undergone like extensions in its application. Shown by the practice in our churches to be intermediate between the humiliation signified by kneeling and the self-respect which sitting implies, and used at courts as a form of homage when more active demonstrations of it have been made, this posture is now employed in daily life to show consideration; as seen alike in the attitude of a servant before a master, and in that rising which politeness prescribes on the entrance of a visitor.

Many other threads of evidence might have been woven into our argument. As, for example, the significant fact that if we trace back our still existing law of primogeniture; if we consider it as displayed by Scottish clans, in which not only ownership

but government devolved from the beginning on the eldest son of the eldest; if we look further back, and observe that the old titles of Lordship, Signior, Seigneur, Señor, Sire, Sieur, all originally mean senior or elder; if we go Eastward, and find that Sheik has a like derivation, and that the Oriental names for priests — as Pir, for instance — are literally interpreted *old man;* if we note in Hebrew records how primeval is the ascribed superiority of the first-born, how great the authority of elders, and how sacred the memory of patriarchs; and if then we remember that among divine titles are "Ancient of Days," and "Father of Gods and Men"; — we see how completely these facts harmonize with the hypothesis that the aboriginal god is the first man sufficiently great to become a tradition, the earliest whose power and deeds made him remembered; that hence antiquity unavoidably became associated with superiority, and age with nearness in blood to "the powerful one"; that so there naturally arose that domination of the eldest which characterizes all history, and that theory of human degeneracy which even yet survives. . . .

A similar relationship of phenomena was exhibited in Europe during the Middle Ages. While all its governments were autocratic, while feudalism held sway, while the Church was unshorn of its power, while the criminal code was full of horrors and the hell of the popular creed full of terrors, — the rules of behavior were both more numerous and more carefully conformed to than now. Differences of dress marked divisions of rank. Men were limited by law to a certain width of shoe-toes; and no one below a specified degree might wear a cloak less than so many inches long. The symbols on banners and shields were carefully attended to. Heraldry was an important branch of knowledge. Precedence was strictly insisted on. And those various salutes of which we now use the abridgments were gone through in full. Even during our own last century, with its corrupt House of Commons and little-curbed monarchs, we may mark a correspondence of social formalities. Gentlemen were still distinguished from lower classes by dress; people sacrificed themselves to inconvenient requirements, — as powder, hooped petticoats, and towering head-dresses, — and children addressed their parents as Sir and Madam.

A further corollary naturally following this last, and almost indeed forming part of it, is that these several kinds of government decrease in stringency at the same rate. Simultaneously

with the decline in the influence of priesthoods, and in the fear of eternal torments,— simultaneously with the mitigation of political tyranny, the growth of popular power, and the amelioration of criminal codes,— has taken place that diminution of formalities and that fading of distinctive marks, now so observable. Looking at home, we may note that there is less attention to precedence than there used to be. No one in our day ends an interview with the phrase "your humble servant." The employment of the word Sir, once general in social intercourse, is at present considered bad breeding; and on the occasions calling for them, it is held vulgar to use the words "Your Majesty," or "Your Royal Highness," more than once in a conversation People no longer formally drink each other's healths; and even the taking wine with each other at dinner has ceased to be fashionable. The taking-off of hats between gentlemen has been gradually falling into disuse. Even when the hat is removed, it is no longer swept out at arm's length, but is simply lifted. Hence the remark made upon us by foreigners, that we take off our hats less than any other nation in Europe; a remark that should be coupled with the other, that we are the freest nation in Europe.

As already implied, this association of facts is not accidental. These titles of address and modes of salutation, bearing about them as they all do something of that servility which marks their origin, become distasteful in proportion as men become more independent themselves, and sympathize more with the independence of others. The feeling which makes the modern gentleman tell the laborer standing bareheaded before him to put on his hat; the feeling which gives us a dislike to those who cringe and fawn; the feeling which makes us alike assert our own dignity, and respect that of others; the feeling which thus leads us more and more to discountenance all forms and names which confess inferiority and submission,— is the same feeling which resists despotic power and inaugurates popular government, denies the authority of the Church and establishes the right of private judgment.

A fourth fact, akin to the foregoing, is that these several kinds of government not only decline together but corrupt together. By the same process that a Court of Chancery becomes a place not for the administration of justice, but for the withholding of it; by the same process that a national church, from

being an agency for moral control, comes to be merely a thing of formulas and titles and bishoprics,—by this same process do titles and ceremonies that once had a meaning and a power become empty forms.

Coats of arms which served to distinguish men in battle, now figure on the carriage panels of retired grocers. Once a badge of high military rank, the shoulder-knot has become on the modern footman a mark of servitude. The name Banneret, which once marked a partially created Baron—a Baron who had passed his military "little-go"—is now, under the modification of Baronet, applicable to any one favored by wealth or interest or party feeling. Knighthood has so far ceased to be an honor that men now honor themselves by declining it. The military dignity *Escuyer* has, in the modern Esquire, become a wholly unmilitary affix. Not only do titles and phrases and salutes cease to fulfill their original functions, but the whole apparatus of social forms tends to become useless for its original purpose,—the facilitation of social intercourse. Those most learned in ceremonies, and most precise in the observance of them, are not always the best behaved: as those deepest read in creeds and scriptures are not therefore the most religious; nor those who have the clearest notions of legality and illegality the most honest. Just as lawyers are of all men the least noted for probity; as cathedral towns have a lower moral character than most others: so, if Swift is to be believed, courtiers are "the most insignificant race of people that the island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners."

But perhaps it is in that class of social observances comprehended under the term Fashion, which we must here discuss parenthetically, that this process of corruption is seen with the greatest distinctness. As contrasted with Manners, which dictate our minor acts in relation to other persons, Fashion dictates our minor acts in relation to ourselves. While the one prescribes that part of our deportment which directly affects our neighbors, the other prescribes that part of our deportment which is primarily personal, and in which our neighbors are concerned only as spectators. Thus distinguished as they are, however, the two have a common source. For while, as we have shown, Manners originate by imitation of the behavior pursued *towards* the great, Fashion originates by imitation of the behavior *of* the great. While the one has its derivation in the titles, phrases, and salutes,

used *to* those in power, the other is derived from the habits and appearances exhibited *by* those in power.

The Carrib mother who squeezes her child's head into a shape like that of the chief; the young savage who makes marks on himself similar to the scars carried by the warriors of his tribe (which is probably the origin of tattooing); the Highlander who adopts the plaid worn by the head of his clan; the courtiers who affect grayness, or limp, or cover their necks, in imitation of their king; and the people who ape the courtiers,—are alike acting under a kind of government connate with that of Manners; and like it too, primarily beneficial. For notwithstanding the numberless absurdities into which this copyism has led the people, from nose-rings to ear-rings, from painted faces to beauty-spots, from shaven heads to powdered wigs, from filed teeth and stained nails to bell-girdles, peaked shoes, and breeches stuffed with bran,—it must yet be concluded that as the strong men, the successful men, the men of will, intelligence, and originality, who have got to the top, are on the average more likely to show judgment in their habits and tastes than the mass, the imitation of such is advantageous.

By-and-by, however, Fashion, corrupting like these other forms of rule, almost wholly ceases to be an imitation of the best, and becomes an imitation of quite other than the best. As those who take orders are not those having a special fitness for the priestly office, but those who see their way to a living by it; as legislators and public functionaries do not become such by virtue of their political insight and power to rule, but by virtue of birth, acreage, and class influence: so the self-elected clique who set the fashion, gain this prerogative not by their force of nature, their intellect, their higher worth or better taste, but gain it solely by their unchecked assumption. Among the initiated are to be found neither the noblest in rank, the chief in power, the best cultured, the most refined, nor those of greatest genius, wit, or beauty; and their reunions, so far from being superior to others, are noted for their inanity. Yet by the example of these sham great, and not by that of the truly great, does society at large now regulate its goings and comings, its hours, its dress, its small usages. As a natural consequence, these have generally little or none of that suitableness which theory of fashion implies they should have. But instead of a continual progress towards greater elegance and convenience, which might be expected to

occur did people copy the ways of the really best, or follow their own ideas of propriety, we have a reign of mere whim, of unreason, of change for the sake of change, of wanton oscillations from either extreme to the other — a reign of usages without meaning, times without fitness, dress without taste. And thus life *à la mode*, instead of being life conducted in the most rational manner, is life regulated by spendthrifts and idlers, milliners and tailors, dandies and silly women.

To these several corollaries — that the various orders of control exercised over men have a common origin and a common function, are called out by co-ordinate necessities and co-exist in like stringency, decline together and corrupt together — it now only remains to add that they become needless together. Consequent as all kinds of government are upon the unfitness of the aboriginal man for social life, and diminishing in coerciveness as they all do in proportion as this unfitness diminishes, they must one and all come to an end as humanity acquires complete adaptation to its new conditions. The discipline of circumstances which has already wrought out such great changes in us, must go on eventually to work out yet greater ones. That daily curbing of the lower nature and culture of the higher, which out of cannibals and devil-worshipers has evolved philanthropists, lovers of peace, and haters of superstition, cannot fail to evolve out of these, men as much superior to them as they are to their progenitors. The causes that have produced past modifications are still in action; must continue in action as long as there exists any incongruity between man's desires and the requirements of the social state; and must eventually make him organically fit for the social state. As it is now needless to forbid man-eating and Fetishism, so will it ultimately become needless to forbid murder, theft, and the minor offenses of our criminal code. When human nature has grown into conformity with the moral law, there will need no judges and statute-books; when it spontaneously takes the right course in all things, as in some things it does already, prospects of future reward or punishment will not be wanted as incentives; and when fit behavior has become instinctive, there will need no code of ceremonies to say how behavior shall be regulated.

Thus then may be recognized the meaning, the naturalness, the necessity of those various eccentricities of reformers which we set out by describing. They are not accidental; they are not

mere personal caprices, as people are apt to suppose. On the contrary, they are inevitable results of the law of relationship as above illustrated. That community of genesis, function, and decay, which all forms of restraint exhibit, is simply the obverse of the fact at first pointed out, that they have in two sentiments of human nature a common preserver and a common destroyer. Awe of power originates and cherishes them all; love of freedom undermines and periodically weakens them all. The one defends despotism and asserts the supremacy of laws, adheres to old creeds and supports ecclesiastical authority, pays respect to titles and conserves forms; the other, putting rectitude above legality, achieves periodical installments of political liberty, inaugurates Protestantism and works out its consequences, ignores the senseless dictates of Fashion and emancipates men from dead customs. . . .

There needs then a protestantism in social usages. Forms that have ceased to facilitate and have become obstructive—whether political, religious, or other—have ever to be swept away; and eventually are so swept away in all cases. Signs are not wanting that some change is at hand. A host of satirists, led on by Thackeray, have been for years engaged in bringing our sham festivities and our fashionable follies into contempt; and in their candid moods, most men laugh at the frivolities with which they and the world in general are deluded. Ridicule has always been a revolutionary agent. That which is habitually assailed with sneers and sarcasm cannot long survive. Institutions that have lost their roots in men's respect and faith are doomed; and the day of their dissolution is not far off. The time is approaching, then, when our system of social observances must pass through some crisis, out of which it will come purified and comparatively simple.

How this crisis will be brought about, no one can with any certainty say. Whether by the continuance and increase of individual protests, or whether by the union of many persons for the practice and propagation of some better system, the future alone can decide. The influence of dissentients acting without co-operation seems, under the present state of things, inadequate. Standing severally alone, and having no well-defined views; frowned on by conformists, and expostulated with even by those who secretly sympathize with them; subject to petty persecutions, and unable to trace any benefit produced by their example,—they are apt

one by one to give up their attempts as hopeless. The young convention-breaker eventually finds that he pays too heavily for his nonconformity. Hating, for example, everything that bears about it any remnant of servility, he determines, in the ardor of his independence, that he will uncover to no one. But what he means simply as a general protest, he finds that ladies interpret into a personal disrespect. Though he sees that from the days of chivalry downwards, these marks of supreme consideration paid to the other sex have been but a hypocritical counterpart to the actual subjection in which men have held them,—a pretended submission to compensate for a real domination,—and though he sees that when the true dignity of woman is recognized, the mock dignities given to them will be abolished, yet he does not like to be thus misunderstood, and so hesitates in his practice.

In other cases, again, his courage fails him. Such of his unconventionalities as can be attributed only to eccentricity, he has no qualms about; for on the whole he feels rather complimented than otherwise in being considered a disregarder of public opinion. But when they are liable to be put down to ignorance, to ill-breeding, or to poverty, he becomes a coward. However clearly the recent innovation of eating some kinds of fish with knife and fork proves the fork-and-bread practice to have had little but caprice as its basis, yet he dares not wholly ignore that practice while fashion partially maintains it. Though he thinks that a silk handkerchief is quite as appropriate for drawing-room use as a white cambric one, he is not altogether at ease in acting out his opinion. Then, too, he begins to perceive that his resistance to prescription brings round disadvantageous results which he had not calculated upon. He had expected that it would save him from a great deal of social intercourse of a frivolous kind,—that it would offend the fools but not the sensible people; and so would serve as a self-acting test by which those worth knowing would be separated from those not worth knowing. But the fools prove to be so greatly in the majority, that by offending them, he closes against himself nearly all the avenues through which the sensible people are to be reached. Thus he finds that his nonconformity is frequently misinterpreted; that there are but few directions in which he dares to carry it consistently out; that the annoyances and disadvantages which it brings upon him are greater than he anticipated; and that the chances of his doing any good are very remote. Hence he gradually loses

resolution, and lapses step by step into the ordinary routine of observances.

Abortive as individual protests thus generally turn out, it may possibly be that nothing effectual will be done until there arises some organized resistance to this invisible despotism by which our modes and habits are dictated. It may happen that the government of Manners and Fashion will be rendered less tyrannical, as the political and religious governments have been, by some antagonistic union. Alike in church and State, men's first emancipations from excess of restriction were achieved by numbers, bound together by a common creed or a common political faith. What remained undone while there were but individual schismatics or rebels, was effected when there came to be many acting in concert. It is tolerably clear that these earliest installments of freedom could not have been obtained in any other way; for so long as the feeling of personal independence was weak, and the rule strong, there could never have been a sufficient number of separate dissentients to produce the desired results. Only in these later times, during which the secular and spiritual controls have been growing less coercive, and the tendency toward individual liberty greater, has it become possible for smaller and smaller sects and parties to fight against established creeds and laws; until now men may safely stand even alone in their antagonism.

The failure of individual nonconformity to customs, as above illustrated, suggests that an analogous series of changes may have to be gone through in this case also. It is true that the *lex non scripta* differs from the *lex scripta* in this,—that being unwritten it is more readily altered, and that it has from time to time been quietly ameliorated. Nevertheless we shall find that the analogy holds substantially good. For in this case, as in the others, the essential revolution is not the substituting of any one set of restraints for any other, but the limiting or abolishing the authority which prescribes restraints. Just as the fundamental change inaugurated by the Reformation was not a superseding of one creed by another, but an ignoring of the arbiter who before dictated creeds; just as the fundamental change which Democracy long ago commenced was not from this particular law to that, but from the despotism of one to the freedom of all,—so the parallel change yet to be wrought out in this supplementary government of which we are treating, is not the replacing of absurd

usages by sensible ones, but the dethronement of that secret irresponsible power which now imposes our usages, and the assertion of the right of all individuals to choose their own usages. In rules of living, a West End clique is our Pope; and we are all papists, with but a mere sprinkling of heretics. On all who decisively rebel comes down the penalty of excommunication, with its long catalogue of disagreeable and indeed serious consequences.

The liberty of the subject asserted in our Constitution, and ever on the increase, has yet to be wrested from this subtler tyranny. The right of private judgment, which our ancestors wrung from the Church, remains to be claimed from this dictator of our habits. Or as before said, to free us from these idolatries and superstitious conformities, there has still to come a protestantism in social usages. Parallel therefore as is the change to be wrought out, it seems not improbable that it may be wrought out in an analogous way. That influence which solitary dissentients fail to gain, and that perseverance which they lack, may come into existence when they unite. That persecution which the world now visits upon them, from mistaking their nonconformity for ignorance or disrespect, may diminish when it is seen to result from principle. The penalty which exclusion now entails may disappear when they become numerous enough to form visiting circles of their own. And when a successful stand has been made, and the brunt of the opposition has passed, that large amount of secret dislike to our observances which now pervades society may manifest itself with sufficient power to effect the desired emancipation.

Whether such will be the process, time alone can decide. That community of origin, growth, supremacy, and decadence, which we have found among all kinds of government, suggests a community in modes of change also. On the other hand, nature often performs substantially similar operations in ways apparently different. Hence these details can never be foretold.

Meanwhile let us glance at the conclusions that have been reached. On the one side, government (originally one, and afterwards subdivided for the better fulfillment of its functions) must be considered as having ever been, in all its branches,— political, religious, and ceremonial,— beneficial, and indeed absolutely necessary. On the other side, government under all its forms must be regarded as subserving a temporary office, made needful by the unfitness of aboriginal humanity for social life; and the

successive diminutions of its coerciveness in State, in church, and in custom, must be looked upon as steps towards its final disappearance. To complete the conception, there requires to be borne in mind the third fact,—that the genesis, the maintenance, and the decline of all governments, however named, are alike brought about by the humanity to be controlled; from which may be drawn the inference that on the average, restrictions of every kind cannot last much longer than they are wanted, and cannot be destroyed much faster than they ought to be.

Society in all its developments undergoes the process of exuviation. These old forms which it successively throws off have all been once vitally united with it; have severally served as the protective envelopes within which a higher humanity was being evolved. They are cast aside only when they become hindrances, —only when some inner and better envelope has been formed; and they bequeath to us all that there was in them good. The periodical abolitions of tyrannical laws have left the administration of justice not only uninjured but purified. Dead and buried creeds have not carried with them the essential morality they contained,—which still exists, uncontaminated by the sloughs of superstition. And all that there is of justice and kindness and beauty, embodied in our cumbrous forms of etiquette, will live perennially when the forms themselves have been forgotten.

EDMUND SPENSER

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(1552?–1599)

BY J. DOUGLAS BRUCE

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in or shortly before the year 1552. Although the obscurity which hangs about the life and circumstances of the poet's father has never been quite dispelled, it seems at least certain that he belonged to the Lancashire branch of the Spensers; and the family was connected with the «house of auncient fame» of Spencer, which, down to our own day, has continued to bear so honorable a part in the public life of England. The first event in the poet's life of which we have definite knowledge — although even here the precise date is wanting — is his admission to the Merchant Taylors' School of his native city. This event is probably to be referred to the very first year of the existence of this famous school — 1560; but however this may be, in 1568 we find his name in the list of «poore scholers» who were assisted in obtaining their education by the charities of Dean Nowell, — a list, it may be added, which in the subsequent years of the same century was destined to include still other names hardly less illustrious than Spenser's own. To Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, the poet was transferred in the spring of 1569; and there, amidst studies which apparently were often interrupted by ill-health, he passed the next seven years of his life, receiving in due succession the degrees of bachelor and master; but — owing to some disfavor with the authorities, it would seem — making no application for a fellowship, such as would probably otherwise have been made by a student whose tastes were so scholarly and whose means were so limited.

The years of the poet's life which immediately follow his University career are again involved in obscurity. Shadowy, however, as are both the lady and the circumstances, we know that this period was marked by the love affair with Rosalind, — more famous, perhaps, than is justified by the quality of verse which it called forth. To these years too, most probably, we should refer the beginning of Spenser's fateful connection with Ireland, since in 1577 it appears that he accompanied to that unhappy country the then Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip. Two years later he is again in England, and in the house of the powerful Earl of Leicester, brother-in-law of the Lord Deputy Sidney. From here we find him carrying

on a literary correspondence with his former college-mate, Gabriel Harvey; in which the perverse metrical theories and insufferable pedantry of the latter are almost atoned for by the genuineness of his friendship for the poet, and the stimulus he afforded to his literary activity. For this must indeed have been with Spenser — if we may judge by the list of works which are mentioned in the course of this correspondence, many of them lost — a period of such intense activity as can be paralleled from the lives of but few poets. The range of his literary experiments extended even to the drama, — the branch of literature which of all seems most alien to his genius; and we hear of the Nine Comedies by the side of the work with which he was about to open the great age of Elizabethan literature.

This work, — the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' — appearing towards the close of the year 1579, justified in the minds of contemporaries as well as posterity the title of "The New Poet," which the author tacitly accepted from his friend and commentator, "E. K." To say nothing of the varied command of metrical forms and of the music of verse which the eclogues in this collection revealed, readers of native poetry recognized in the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' for the first time since Chaucer, a work exhibiting the sustained vigor which is an essential of verse that is worthy of the name of literature. A plan had been adopted of no inconsiderable scope, — one which admitted the treatment of a great if somewhat singular variety of subjects and situations; and notwithstanding occasional grotesqueness of diction or injudicious choice of material, — matters as to which contemporary taste was by no means the same as our own, — or even a curious deficiency in that imaginative glow which the poet was afterwards to exhibit so pre-eminently, this plan had been executed without flagging from beginning to end.

But the year following this great literary success saw Spenser finally drawn into those circumstances which were to determine the sum of his happiness and sorrow during the rest of his too brief career. In the summer of 1580, as secretary to the new Lord Deputy, — Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the stern Arthegall of the 'Faery Queen,' — the poet once more turned his face toward Ireland; in which country, as a servant of the English Crown in various capacities, he was destined to spend the remaining years of his life. Only twice during this period did he revisit his native land before the final year of 1598; when, swept away from Ireland like many another Englishman by the storm of rebellion and devastation, he returned to die in London a broken man, in fortunes if not in spirit. In this savage and untamable Ireland of the closing sixteenth century, the poet who in his works stands furthest aloof of all men from the actual world, was called on to be a witness, and finally an actor, in some of the sternest of the world's work. He was in reality, however,

not less an English gentleman than a poet; and possessed not only the sense of civic duty characteristic of his class, but the fibre necessary to support the burdens of public service. Accordingly, by a striking coincidence, we find him at the end of his career, like the other great master of romance in our own century, filling the prosaic yet responsible office of sheriff, at the time when the rebellion of Tyrone burst over Munster, the province of his residence.

After a more than ten years' interval, covering the earlier years of Spenser's life in Ireland,—an interval in publication though not in composition,—in 1590 the 'Shepherd's Calendar' was followed by the first three books of the 'Faery Queen.' Six years more elapsed before the remaining books saw the light; but this latter period, including the final year, was marked by the publication of those minor poems, which—in beauty of form at least—constitute a no less precious inheritance of English literature than the 'Faery Queen' itself. In surveying this great body of work, the impression one receives of its variety is hardly less than that of its power. 'Mother Hubberd's Tale,' 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' the marriage songs,—to speak of no others,—represent achievements, in the last case of the first rank, in the others of all but the first rank, in their respective literary forms; achievements all the more remarkable, one might say, in view of the absence of English models at the time. Who, for instance, would have suspected in the author of the 'Faery Queen' one of the keenest of satirists, but for the existence of the first of the above-named poems? Reflection upon the range of power which works so different exhibit, causes us to regret even the loss of those earlier dramatic experiments.

But to the mind of the modern reader the name of Spenser is apt to call up simply the poet of the 'Faery Queen,'—a work indeed which filled more completely the intellectual life of its author, during a larger proportion of the years of his maturity, than has been the case perhaps with any other poem in literature of equal rank; and it is this work alone which we shall be able to consider, briefly, within the limits of this essay.

We may perhaps best attain a just insight into the nature and essential characteristics of the 'Faery Queen' by a consideration of its relation to its undoubted model, the 'Orlando Furioso.' It was unquestionably the example of Ariosto which led Spenser to dedicate his genius to this new representation of the idealized life of chivalry; and it was his object no less than that of his exemplar to render in his pages all the immemorial charm of romance. But the absence of one element from the Italian model could not but be keenly perceptible to the grave, even Puritan, nature of the Northern poet: the element of moral seriousness, which hardly less than the love of beauty was of the very essence of Spenser's genius. To give then a

moral basis to this ideal world seemed to Spenser necessary to render it complete even in its beauty, to say nothing of any more directly didactic object he may have had at heart. The method of allegory by which he attempts to supply this basis to the romance-epic, with his plan of the knights representing the twelve Moral and twelve Politic Virtues, seems a mechanical device for effecting his purpose, and indeed soon breaks down of its own weight; yet the nobility of Spenser's nature, his high moral seriousness from which the conception of the allegory sprang, diffuses itself through the whole poem, so that after all he might rightly appear to the great Puritan poet of the next generation as «a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.»

Even superior to these qualities of moral earnestness and purity, as an element of power in the 'Faery Queen,' is the passionate love of beauty to which the poet here gives the most luxuriant and vivid expression to be met with in English verse. In no English poet until Keats do we again find this pursuit of ideal beauty in the same degree the dominant element in the poet's genius; and here the superior moral vigor of Spenser supplied a check on the tendencies to sensuous excess, which was wanting in the case of Keats. It is especially in the management of his verse, and in the exercise of his unequaled powers of description, that Spenser's sensibility to beauty and capacity for its expression appear most striking. From no metrical instrument, perhaps, has a poet drawn richer harmonies than Spenser from his immortal stanza; and his descriptive powers, whether applied to the heroic figures who are the actors in his story, or to such splendid conceptions as the Cave of Mammon or the Bower of Bliss, mark the limits perhaps of the achievement of poetry in this direction.

But after all, it is doubtless the ideal aloofness of the world of the 'Faery Queen' from that which lies about us, that gives its greatest charm to the poem. From this new world of the imagination the commonplace is excluded; and if we encounter here again evil and ugliness, they have taken on forms of terror which are hardly less ideal than those of purity and beauty. We wander on at will amidst this endless variety of incident and figure, all steeped in the colors of the imagination, without being reminded that there are bounds to the world we have entered, such as are recalled to us even in the depths of the Forest of Arden.

And finally, the 'Faery Queen' is not without its philosophy,—a philosophy in conformity with the unsubstantiality of its world. In accordance with the nature of Spenser's genius, we must not expect to see him present the problems of destiny and moral evil with the direct and tragic power of the chief masters of human character, as exemplified above all in the dramas of his great contemporary. No

other poet, however, has expressed with equal power the mystery of change as the most fundamental of all the conditions of existence, as subjecting to its law the very heart of the world. This mystery of "mutability" seemed to lie like a burden on Spenser's spirit; and it is the depth of his feeling and reflection on this idea which has imparted an incomparable sublimity to the posthumous cantos of the 'Faery Queen,' where the solution to the mystery which Nature proposes, differs perhaps but little after all from that of ages maturer in science.

J. Douglas Bomer.

PROTHALAMION; OR, A SPOUSALL VERSE

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I (whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver-streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours,
Against the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of Nymphes I chauncèd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entraylèd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.

Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gathered some: the violet, pallid blew,
  The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
    With store of vermeil roses,
    To deck their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
  Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
  Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
    Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
  For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
  Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
    So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
  To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
    And marre their beauties bright,
    That shone as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones, the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
  Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
  As they came floating on the cristal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazèd still,
    Their wondring eyes to fill:
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
  Of fowles so lovely that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
  Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
    For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels, or of angels breede:
  Yet were they bred of Somers heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
    The earth did fresh aray;
    So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
  Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
  That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
    And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
  When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
  That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
    Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
  The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
    Whilst one did sing this lay,
    Prepar'd against that day,—
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

«Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
  And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
  Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
    Of your loves couplement!
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
  With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
  All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
    For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
  And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
    Which may your foes confound,
    And make your joyes redound
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.»

So ended she; and all the rest around
  To her redoubled that her undersong,
  Which said, their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
    Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along
  Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,

As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
  Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
    Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
  The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enrangèd well,
    Did on those two attend,
    And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,—
  To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
  That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
    An house of auncient fame:
There when they came whereas those bricky towres
  The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
  There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
    Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gaynèd giftes and goodly grace
  Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case;
    But ah! here fits not well
    Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
Against the brydale daye, which is not long:
  Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
  Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
  Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thun-
And Hercules two pillors standing neere [der,
    Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
  That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
  And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
    That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
  And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,

Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathèd fayre,
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their loves delight;
(Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde,)
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

BELPHŒBE THE HUNTRESS

From the 'Faery Queene'

EFTSOONES there steppèd forth
A goodly lady clad in hunters weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemèd not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angels hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,

And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing persaunt and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenchèd base desire.

Her ivory forehead full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead:
All good and honour might therein be read;
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words like dropping honey she did shed;
And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows,
Working belgrades and amorous retrate;
And every one her with a grace endows,
And every one with meekness to her bows:
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And sovereign moniment of mortal vows,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight:
And was yclad for heat of scorching air,
All in a silken Camus, lily white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden aygulets that glist'red bright,
Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
Was hemm'd with golden fringe. . . .

Her yellow locks, crispèd like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
They wavèd like a pennon wide dispread,
And low behind her back were scatterèd;
And whether art it were or heedless hap,
As through the flow'ring forest rash she fled,

In her rude hairs sweet flow'rs themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus green,
Where all the nymphs have her unwares forlore,
Wand'reth alone with bow and arrows keen,
To seek her game; or as that famous queen
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy
The day that first of Priam she was seen,
Did show herself in great triumphant joy,
To succour the weak state of sad afflicted Troy.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON

From the 'Faery Queene'

"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by-and-by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darksome way which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassèd around.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretched itself into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's griesly reign:
By that way's side there sate infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandishèd a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue
Did always soar, beating his iron-wings;

And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings:
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder could have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
At last him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gapèd wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the House of Riches from Hell-mouth divide.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard:
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thither-ward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compared,
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both betwixt.

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door
To him did open and afforded way:
Him follow'd eke Sir Guyon evermore;
Ne darkness him ne danger might dismay.
Soon as he ent'red was, the door straightway
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day;
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

Well hopèd he, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand or lustful eye
Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best,
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,
Should be his prey; and therefore still on high
He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threat'ning with greedy gripe to do him die,

And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgress'd the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift;
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
Enwrappèd in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof and floor and walls were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light:
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All barr'd with double bands, that none could ween
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placèd were along.
But all the ground with sculls was scatterèd
And dead mens bones, which round about were flung;
Whose lives, it seemèd, whylome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburièd.

They forward pass; ne Guyon yet spoke word
Till that they came unto an iron door,
Which to them openèd of his own accord,
And show'd of riches such exceeding store
As eye of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gather'd be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,

And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said:—
«Lo, here the worldès bliss! lo, here the end
To which all men do aim, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.»

«Certes,» said he, «I n'ill thine off'red grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend!
Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
Another happiness, another end.
To them that list, these base regards I lend;
But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
Do rather choose my fleeting hours to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave.»

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieved, so long to lack his greedy prey:
For well he weenèd that so glorious bait
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so done, he had him snatch'd away
More light than culver in the falcon's fist:
Eternal God thee save from such decay!
But whenas Mammon saw his purpose miss'd,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Unto another room, whose door forthright
To him did open as it had been taught;
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
By every furnace many fiends did bide,—
Deformèd creatures, horrible in sight;
And every fiend his busy pains applied
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gather'd filling air,
And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying brands repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled of the same
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who, mast'ring them, renew'd his former heat;
Some scumm'd the dross that from the metal came;

Some stirr'd the molten ore with ladles great;
And every one did swinck, and every one did sweat.

But when an earthly wight they present saw
Glist'ring in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way:
Their staring eyes, sparkling with fervent fire
And ugly shapes, did nigh the Man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retire;
Till that him thus bespake their sovereign lord and sire:—

"Behold, thou Faerys son, with mortal eye
That living eye before did never see!
The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late show'd by me
Proceeded, lo! now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldès good!
Now therefore if thou wilt enrichèd be,
Avise thee well, and change thy willful mood;
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

"Suffice it then, thou money-god," quoth he,
"That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needeth me
To covet more than I have cause to use?
With such vain shows thy worldlings vile abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprize."
Mammon was much displeased, yet n'ote he choose
But bear the rigor of his bold mesprise:
And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

SIR GUYON AND THE PALMER VISIT AND DESTROY THE BOWER OF BLISS

From the 'Faery Queene'

THUS being ent'red they behold around
A large and spacious plain on every side
Strowèd with pleasaunce; whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Floras pride,

Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bow'r she comes in th' early morn.

Thereto the heavens always jovial
Look'd on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
Ne suff'red storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attemp'red and disposed so well,
That still it breath'd forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
A giant babe, herself for grief did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus's heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair,
Whenever they their heavenly bow'rs forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair;
Or Eden self, if ought with Eden mote compare.

Much wond'red Guyon at the fair aspéct
Of that sweet place, yet suff'red no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect;
But passèd forth, and look'd still forward right,
Bridling his will and mastering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashionèd a porch with rare device,
Arch'd overhead with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice
All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gatherèd;
Some deep empurplèd as the hyacine,
Some as the ruby laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair emeralds, not yet well ripenèd.

And them amongst some were of burnish'd gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughs with so rich load opprest
Did bow adown as overburdenèd.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fair weeds but foul disorderèd,
And garments loose that seem'd unmeet for womanhead.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fullness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruzed with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
That so fair wine-press made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she used to give to drink to each
Whom passing by she happenèd to meet;
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon off'red it to taste,
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stainèd all the lond:
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffer'd him to pass, all were she loth:
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happiness envy:
The painted flow'rs; the trees upshooting high;
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace—
The art which all that wrought—appearèd in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scornèd parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,

Each did the others work more beautify;
So diff'ring both in wills agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd of lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue;
For the rich metal was so colorèd,
That wight, who did not well avised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true.
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flow'rs they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony:
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree;

The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemp'red sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
The waters' fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay:—
"Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flow'r the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty;
That fairer seems the less ye see her may!
Lo! see soon after how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display;
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away!

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bow'r
Of many a lady and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflow'r;
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equal crime."

He ceased; and then 'gan all the quire of birds
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleasing words.
The constant pair heard all that he did say,
Yet swervèd not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady, with her lover loose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose. . . .

The noble elf and careful palmer drew
So nigh them, minding naught but lustful game,
That sudden forth they on them rush'd and threw
A subtle net, which only for that same
The skillful palmer formally did frame:

So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for fear of fouler shame.
The fair enchantress, so unwares opprest,
Tried all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest;

And eke her lover strove: but all in vain;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distrain.
They took them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chains of adamant he tied,
For nothing else might keep her safe and sound;
But Verdant (so he hight) he soon untied,
And counsel sage instead thereof to him applied.

But all those pleasant bow'rs, and palace brave,
Guyon broke down with rigor pitiless;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness,
But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness:
Their groves he fell'd; their gardens did deface;
Their arbors spoil; their cabinets suppress;
Their banquet-houses burn; their buildings raze;
And of the fairest late, now made the foulest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowful and sad:
The way they came, the same return'd they right,
Till they arrivèd where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that raged with fury mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them 'gan fly,
As in their mistress' rescue, whom they lad:
But them the palmer soon did pacify.
Then Guyon ask'd, what meant those beasts which there did lie?

Said he: «These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this enchantress hath transformèd thus;
Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turnèd into figures hideous,
According to their minds like monstruous.
Sad end,» quoth he, «of life intemperate,
And mournful meed of joys delicious!
But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returnèd be unto their former state.»

Straightway he with his virtuous staff them strook,
And straight of beasts they comely men became:
Yet being men, they did unmanly look
And starèd ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
But one above the rest in special
That had an hog been late, hight Grylle by name,
Repinèd greatly, and did him miscall
That had from hoggish form him brought to natural.

Said Guyon: "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lack intelligence!"
To whom the palmer thus: "The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind;
But let us hence depart whilest weather serves and wind."

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN

(1829–)

WORKS so widely different as Gutzkow's 'Knights of the Mind,' Freytag's 'Debit and Credit,' and Spielhagen's 'Problematic Natures,' all acknowledge in 'Wilhelm Meister' their common spiritual ancestor. 'Wilhelm Meister' is at once the finest blossom of German novelistic literature, and the seed-sack of its later yield. Romanticist and realist alike have found in this granary of thought some seed to plant in their own minds, and to develop in their own ways. It is far from being a model of form and composition, but it is an inexhaustible treasure-house of ideas; and to these subsequent writers of fiction have gone, choosing each that which best suited him, and transforming it into something new and fair, and withal his own. Structurally these later novelists have made a great advance over 'Wilhelm Meister.' As the complex George Eliot was the lineal descendant of the simple Madame de La Fayette, so Spielhagen, with his mastery of technique, is the descendant of Goethe, with his careless construction and often amorphous heaping-up of thoughts. 'Problematic Natures' is related to 'Wilhelm Meister' in this respect also, that it contains materials enough to furnish forth half a dozen average novels: it is notable for its exuberance of creative power.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN

Friedrich Spielhagen was born at Magdeburg on February 24th, 1829. His taste for philosophical and philological pursuits was gratified at Berlin, Bonn, and Greifswald; but gradually he came to find in pure literature his surest and at last exclusive stay. In the autobiography which he published in 1890, under the title of 'Finder und Erfinder' (Finders and Inventors), we have a detailed and voluminous account of Spielhagen's early years. His young literary predilections were fostered chiefly by chance: in his father's house there was no complete set of Goethe; only 'Hermann and Dorothea' and the first part of 'Faust.' Good fortune threw an old set of Lessing into his hands. Heine's 'Book of Songs' and Freiligrath's poems were

likewise fortuitous favorites. But the rapid and strong growth of his literary genius he attributes above all to Homer, in whose works he saw nature transfigured. It was a weary and disheartening struggle with Spielhagen before he was able to make his love of poetry the central fact of his life. For him as for many another, the choice of a career raised obstinate questionings; and between his native impulses and torturing doubts of his own ability he for a long time wavered. His first novelistic ventures, 'Clara Vere' (1857), and 'Auf der Düne' (On the Dune: 1858), made no impression. It was not until 1860, with the publication of the first part of 'Problematische Naturen' in four volumes, that his fame as a German novelist was established. A position as feuilletonist for a Hanoverian newspaper was offered to him; and he was under a contract to produce four volumes of fiction a year. He now shudders at the thought; but he did not then. Moreover, he had four volumes ready in his mind: these formed the second part of his famous work, to which against the author's judgment a different title was given,—'Durch Nacht zum Licht' (Through Night to Light). With the completion of this book, Spielhagen was fairly launched upon the ocean of literature; and thenceforth he has been an indefatigable voyager on its many seas.

An attempt to give in brief space a notion of the wide range of interests and ideas covered by Spielhagen's many novels would be fruitless. His is essentially a bourgeois mind: with methodical facility he has produced works on most diverse themes. Writing easily and rapidly, he has made it a point never to let the printer's devil get at his heels. He has always taken life very seriously, though not lacking in humor, as his 'Skeleton in the House' shows. His contemporaries sat to him for his characters, and events amid which he lived furnished him with materials. This resulted in some cases in giving too much emphasis to passing states of public feeling; in other cases the enthusiasm of the partisan disturbed that serene aloofness from the strife of opinions which is essential to the poetic creator. But Spielhagen has kept pace with the progress of things, and has in some respects outgrown himself. An eminent English critic has said of him, that he more than any other seems to have retained his youth. Those who love him as the author of 'Problematic Natures' and 'In Reih' und Glied' (In Rank and File) must be disappointed in his more recent work. Overproduction has indeed caused a deterioration in quality; and we miss in the latest books that fineness and firmness which distinguish 'Quisisana' (1880). 'Quisisana' is free from tendency, psychologically interesting, faithful, direct, and tender: it best exhibits Spielhagen's best qualities. It is a romance of the man of fifty: a type which Goethe introduced into German literature, as Balzac introduced the woman of thirty into French,

This hale and vigorous man of fifty is in love with his beautiful ward; but he heroically sacrifices his own happiness by marrying her to the young man whom she loves, while her lavish filial affection for himself only augments his own anguish. This simple tale is in its workmanship and feeling at once delicate and strong.

Spielhagen was only twenty-two years of age when he began to work upon his first great novel. After a weary trip from publisher to publisher, it appeared in Berlin eight years later. Young authors naturally identify themselves with their heroes; and in their early works seek to reveal their own microcosm. This book is in essence, though not in form, a novel of the first person. Its title is taken from a phrase of Goethe's: «There are some problematical natures who are unsuited to any situation in life, and whom no situation suits. Thus there arises a terrible conflict, in which life is consumed without enjoyment.» For a time Spielhagen believed himself to be such a nature: but as the novel advanced, confidence in himself grew; slowly he detached himself from his hero, and gained in objectivity. The title, which originally read 'A Problematic Nature,' was changed to the plural. In it is depicted the strife between the anciently intrenched feudalism and the resistlessly advancing industrialism. The inner problem however is, to use the author's own words,—

«to portray the life of a man, most richly endowed by nature, who, in spite of his struggle towards the good, is ruined because he does not know how to set bounds to himself; and makes the discovery too late that the most enthusiastic efforts to attain ideal ends are doomed to failure, and the striver himself to destruction, if he refuse to recognize the conditions of our earthly existence.»

In spite of the author's great productivity, and the wide popularity of many of his later novels, it is always 'Problematic Natures' that one first recalls when Spielhagen's name is mentioned.

Of the dominant importance of this work in the author's life, he himself seems to be conscious. The circumstances, both inward and outward, under which it came to be written, are the leading theme of the autobiography. His theories of his craft in general are set forth in his 'Technique of the Novel,' a companion-piece to Freytag's 'Technique of the Drama.' Spielhagen also wrote several dramas, some of which attained a moderate success. He enriched the German reading public by translations from the French and English; several works of Michelet, Roscoe's 'Lorenzo de' Medici,' and Emerson's 'English Traits.' He was from his youth shy about publishing poems: his first collection appeared in 1893; in which many a poem reveals some soul experience in the poet's early life.

Spielhagen, however, is first of all the novelist. If his works display a «tendency,» his democratic principles and philosophy show

themselves in the development of the plot, and are never directly preached from the pages; his generalizations are under artistic restraint. «It is the business of novelists,» he says, «to give world pictures,—pictures of their nation and its aspirations during a certain period.» Thus each of Spielhagen's works has added a touch to his great picture of the age in which he lived; and the mass of his creations is a thoughtful and poetical portrayal of persons and events that have an actual counterpart in the private annals or public history of our time.

FROM 'QUISISANA'

[Uncle Bertram, in the grief of his hopeless and unconfessed love, has sought relief in the excitement of political life; and a brilliant career is opening before him, when his health, undermined by his secret sorrow and feverish activity, gives way. On the morrow he is to make an important speech; his physician has warned him that it would be «undesirable.» In death he «recovers his health,» and this lends to the title of the novel a subtle moral significance: «Where one grows well again.»]

«THEN you insist upon joining in to-morrow's debate?» the doctor was saying.

«I flatter myself that it is necessary!» replied Bertram.

«As a political partisan I admit it; as your medical adviser I repeat, it is impossible.»

«Come, my good friend, you said just now it is undesirable; now from that to impossible is rather a bold step. We had better stick to the first statement.»

The doctor, who had taken up his hat and stick a few minutes before, laid both down again; pushed Bertram into the chair before his writing-table; sat down again facing him; and said:—

«Judging from your momentary condition, it is merely desirable that you should have at present absolute repose for at least a few days. But I very much fear that to-morrow's inevitable excitement will make you worse; and then the downright necessity for rest will arise, and that not only for a few days. Let me speak quite frankly, Bertram. I know that I shall not frighten you, although I should rather like to do so. You are causing me real anxiety. I greatly regret that I kept you last autumn from your projected Italian trip, and that I pushed and urged you into the fatigues of an election campaign, and into the harassing anxieties of parliamentary life. I assumed that this energetic activity would contribute to your complete restoration to health;

and I find that I made a grievous mistake. And yet I am not aware exactly where the mistake was made. You mastered your parliamentary duties with such perfect ease, you entered the arena so well prepared and armed from top to toe, you used your weapons with all the skill of a past master, and you were borne along by such an ample measure of success — and that of course has its great value. Well, according to all human understanding and experience, the splendid and relatively easy discharge of duties for which you are so eminently fitted should contribute to your well-being; and yet the very opposite is occurring. In spite of all my cogitations I can find but one theory to account for it. In spite of the admirable equanimity which you always preserve, in spite of the undimmed serenity of your disposition and appearance, by which you charm your friends whilst you frequently disarm your foes, there must be a hidden something in your soul that gnaws away at your vitals, — a deep, dark undercurrent of grief and pain. Am I right? You know that I am not asking the question from idle curiosity."

"I know it," replied Bertram; "and therefore I answer: you are right and yet not right, or right only if you hold me responsible for the effect of a cause I was guiltless of."

"You answer in enigmas, my friend."

"Let me try a metaphor. Say, somebody is compelled to live in a house in which the architect made some grave mistake at the laying of the foundations, or at some important period or other of its erection. The tenant is a quiet, steady man, who keeps the house in good order; then comes a storm, and the ill-constructed building is terribly shaken and strained. The steady-going tenant repairs the damage as best he can, and things go on fairly enough for a time, a long time; until there comes another and a worse storm, which makes the whole house topple together over his head."

The doctor's dark eyes had been dwelling searchingly and sympathizingly upon the speaker. Now he said: —

"I think I understand your metaphor. Of course it only meets a portion of the case. I happen to know the house in question extremely well. True, there was one weak point in it from the beginning, in spite of its general excellent construction, but — "

"But me no buts," interrupted Bertram eagerly. "Given the one weak point, and all the rest naturally follows. I surely need not point out to such a faithful disciple of Spinoza's, that thought and expansion are but attributes of one and the same substance;

that there is no physiological case that does not, rightly viewed, turn to a psychological one; that so excitable a heart as mine must needs be impressed by things more than other hearts whose bands do not snap, happen what may and notwithstanding all the storms of Fate. Or are you sure that if you had had to examine the heart of Werther, or of Eduard in the 'Elective Affinities,' you would not have found things undreamed-of by æsthetic philosophers? I belong to the same race. I neither glory in this nor do I blush for it; I simply state a fact,—a fact which embodies my fate, before whose power I bow, or rather whose power bows me down in spite of my resistance. For however much I may by disposition belong to the last century, yet I am also a citizen of our own time; nor can I be deaf to its bidding. I know full well that modern man can no longer live and die exclusively for his private joys and sorrows; I know full well that I have a fatherland whose fame, honor, and greatness I am bound to hold sacred, and to which I am indebted as long as a breath stirs within me. I know it; and I believe that I have proved it according to my strength, both formerly, and again now when—"

He covered forehead and eyes with his hands, and so sat for a while in deep emotion, which his medical friend respected by keeping perfectly silent. Then looking up again, Bertram went on in a hushed voice:—

"My friend, that last storm was very, very strong. It shook the feeble building to its very foundation. What is now causing your anxiety is indeed but a consequence of that awful tempest. The terribly entrancing details no one as yet knows except one woman, whom an almost identical fate made my confidante; and who will keep my secret absolutely. So would you, I know. You have been before this my counselor and my father-confessor. And so you will be another time, perhaps, if you desire it and deem it necessary. To-day only this one remark more, for your own satisfaction: I read in your grave countenance the same momentous question which my confidante put to me, Whether I am willing to recover? I answered to the best of my knowledge and belief, Yes! I consider it my duty to be willing. It is a duty simply towards my electors, who have not honored me with their votes that I may lay me down and die of an unhappy and unrequited attachment. If the latter does happen,—I mean my dying,—you will bear witness that it was done against my will, solely in consequence of that mistake in the original construction which the architect was guilty of. But in order that it may not

happen, or may at least not happen so soon, you, my friend, must allow me to do the very thing which you have forbidden. The dream I dreamed was infinitely beautiful; and to speak quite frankly, real life seems barren and dreary in comparison with it. The contrast is too great; and I can only efface it somewhat by mixing with the insipid food a strong spice of excitement, such as our parliamentary kitchen is just now supplying in the best quality, and of which our head cook is sure to give us an extra dose to-morrow. And therefore I must be in my place at the table to-morrow and make my dinner speech. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

He held out his hand with a smile. His friend smiled too. It was a very melancholy smile, and vanished again forthwith.

"What a pity," he said, "that the cleverest patients are the most intractable. But I have vowed I will never have a clever one again, after you."

"In truth," replied Bertram, "I am giving you far too much trouble. In your great kindness and friendship you come to me almost in the middle of the night, when you ought to be resting from your day's heavy toil; you come of your own accord, simply impelled by a faithful care for my well-being; and finally, you have to return with ingratitude and disobedience for your reward. Well, well, let us hope for better things; and let me have the pleasure of seeing you again to-morrow."

Konski came in with a candle to show the doctor the way down; for the lights in the house had long since been extinguished. The gentlemen were once more shaking hands, and the physician slipped his on to Bertram's wrist. Then he shook his head.

"Konski," he said, turning to the servant, "if your master has a fancy one of these days to drink a glass of champagne, you may give him one, as an exception; but only one."

"Now remember that, Konski!" said Bertram.

"It is not likely that it will happen," grumbled Konski.

"Konski will leave me to-morrow," explained Bertram.

"Will, is it? No, I won't, but—"

"All right!" said his master: "we must not bother the doctor with our private affairs. Good-by, my friend! With your leave I will dine with you to-morrow."

The physician left; Bertram immediately again sat down at the writing-table, and resumed the work which this late visit had interrupted. It was a disputed election case, and he would

have to report upon it to the House. There had been some irregularities, and it was in the interest of his own party that the election should be declared null and void; he had been examining the somewhat complicated data with all the greater conscientiousness and care. But now he lost the thread, and was turning over the voluminous pages of the evidence, when lo! a daintily folded sheet of paper — a letter — fell out.

"Good heavens! how came this here?"

He seized upon it with eagerness, as a wandering beggar might seize upon a gold coin which he saw glittering among the dust on the road. The hot blood surged to the temples from the sick and sore heart; the hand that held the slight paper trembled violently.

"Now he would not be grumbling at my slow pulse!"

Yesterday morning he had received this letter, but had not succeeded in composing himself sufficiently to read more than a few lines. He had thought that perhaps on his return from the Reichstag he might be in a more settled frame of mind. Then he had not been able to find again the letter which had been laid aside, although he had searched for hours, — first alone, then with Konski.

And now — after all those documents were pushed aside — he was again, as yesterday, staring hard at the page; and again, as yesterday, the different lines ran into each other: but he shook his head angrily, drew his hand over his eyes, and then read: —

CAPRI, April 24th.

Dearest Uncle Bertram:

If to-day for the first time in our travels I write to you, take this as a gentle punishment for not having come to our wedding. Take it — no, I must not tell you a falsehood, not even in jest. We — I mean Kurt and myself — regretted your absence greatly; but were angry only with those wretched politics, which would not release you just at a time when, as Kurt explained to me, such important matters were at stake. Take then, I pray you, my prolonged silence as a proof of the confusion under which I labor amidst the thousand new impressions of travel, and through the hurry with which we have traveled. Kurt has just four weeks' leave, so we had indeed to make haste: and therefore we steamed direct from Genoa to Naples, calling at Leghorn only; and yesterday evening we arrived there, only to leave this morning and to sail to Capri, favored by a lively *tramontane*.

I am writing this my first letter upon the balcony of a house in Capri.

Dearest Uncle Bertram, do you know such a house, which "stands amidst orange groves, with sublimest view of the blue infinity of the ocean,—a fair white hostelry embowered in roses"?

The words are your own; and do you know when you spoke them to me? On that first night when I met you in the forest on the Hirschstein hill. You have probably forgotten it, but I remember it well; and all through the journey your words were ever before me: and of all the glories of Italy, I wanted first to see the house which had since then remained in your fond remembrance, where you "ever since longed to be back again," and the very name of which was always to you "a sound of comfort, of promise: *Qui si sana!*"

And now we are here—we who need no comfort, we to whom all promise of earthly bliss has been fulfilled; and so drink in the blue air of heaven, and inhale the sweet fragrance of roses and oranges.

And you, dearest Uncle Bertram, you dwell—your heart full of longing for fair Quisisana—yonder in the dull gray North, buried beneath parliamentary papers, wearied and worn: and, uncle, that thought is the one gray cloud, the only one in the wide blue vault of heaven; like the one floating yonder above the rugged rocky front of Monte Solaro, of which our young landlord, Federigo, foretells that it will bring us a *burrasca*. I gave him a good scolding, and told him I wanted sunshine, plenty of sunshine, and nothing but sunshine; but I thought of you only, and not of us. And surely for you too, who are so noble and good, the sun does shine, and you walk in its light, in the sunny light of great fame! Yes, Uncle Bertram, however modest you are, you must yet be glad and proud to learn how your greatness is recognized and admired. I am not speaking of your friends, for that is a matter of course; but of your political opponents. In Genoa, at the table d'hôte, we made the acquaintance of some count from Pomerania,—I have forgotten his name,—with whom Kurt talked politics a good deal. In the evening the count brought us a Berlin paper, which contained your last great speech. "Look here," he said: "there is a man from whom all can learn,—one of whom each party should be proud." He had no idea why Kurt looked so pleased and proud, nor why I burst into tears when I read your splendid speech.

Only fancy, Uncle Bertram! Signor Federigo has just brought me, at my request, an old visitors' book—the one for the year 1859, the year in which I knew you had been here. Many leaves had been torn out, but the one upon which you had written your name was preserved; and the date turns out to be that of the very day on which I was born! Is not this passing strange? Signor Federigo has

of course had to present the precious leaf to me; which he did with a most graceful bow,—the paper in one hand and the other laid upon his heart,—and we have resolved to celebrate here the day of your arrival in Capri and of my arrival in the world. Why indeed should we travel so swiftly? There can be no fairer scene than this anywhere. Sunshine, the fragrance of roses, the bright blue sky, the everlasting sea, my Kurt,—and the recollection of you, whose dear image every rock, every palm-tree, everything I see, brings as if by magic before my inner eye! No, no: we surely will stay here until my birthday.

Signor Federigo is calling from the veranda that «Madama» has only five minutes more for writing if the letter is to leave to-day. Of course it is to leave to-day; but I have the terrible conviction of having written nothing so far. It cannot now be helped. So next time I will tell you everything that I could not do to-day: about my parents, who are writing letters full of happiness—papa in particular, who seems delighted that he has given up his factories, which surprised me greatly; about Agatha's engagement to Herr von Busche, —which did not surprise me, for I saw it coming during the merry-makings previous to my wedding; about—

Signor Federigo, you are intolerable!

Dear Kurt, I cannot let you have the remaining space of two lines, for I absolutely require it myself to send my beloved Uncle Bertram a most hearty greeting and kiss from Quisisana.

Bertram laid the paper very gently down upon the table; he was stooping to imprint a kiss upon it, but before his lips touched the letter he drew himself up abruptly.

«No: she knows not what she does, but you know it, and she is your neighbor's wife! Shame upon you! Pluck it out,—the eye that offends you, and the base criminal heart as well!»

He seized the parliamentary papers, then paused.

«Until her birthday! Well, she will assuredly expect a few kind words, and has a right to expect them; nay, more, she would interpret my silence wrongly. I wonder whether there is yet time? When is her birthday? She has not mentioned the date: I think somewhere in the beginning of May. Now, on what day did I arrive there?»

He had not long to seek in the old diaries, which he kept methodically and preserved with care. There was the entry:—«May 1st. Arrived in Capri, and put up at a house which I found it hard to climb up to; the name had an irresistible attraction for me: Quisisana—*Sit omen in nomine!*»

"The first of May! Why, to-morrow is the first. It is too late for a letter, of course; but a telegram will do, if dispatched at once. Konski!"

The faithful servant entered.

"My good Konski, I am very sorry, but you must be off to the telegraph office at once. To-morrow is the birthday of Miss Erna;—well, well, you know! Of course she must hear from me."

He had written a few lines in German; then it occurred to him that it might be safer to write them in Italian. So he re-wrote them.

Konski, who had meanwhile got himself ready, entered the room.

"You will scarcely be back before midnight. And Konski, we must begin the morrow cheerfully. So put the key of the cellar into your pocket, and bring a bottle of champagne with you when you return. No remonstrance, otherwise I shall put into your 'character' to-morrow, 'Dismissed for disobedience'!" . . .

It was nearly three o'clock when the doctor came hurrying in. Konski would not leave the master, and had dispatched the porter. Konski took the doctor's hat and stick, and pointed in silence—he could not speak—to the big couch at the bottom of the room. The doctor took the lamp to the writing-table, and held it to the pale face. Konski followed and relieved him of the lamp, whilst the doctor made his investigation.

"He must have been dead an hour or more," he said, looking up. "Why did you not send sooner? Put the lamp back on the writing-table, and tell me all you know."

He had sat down in Bertram's chair. "Take a chair," he went on, "and tell me all."

Then Konski told.

He had come back at a quarter past twelve from the telegraph office; and had found his master writing away busily when he brought in the bottle of champagne which he had been ordered to fetch from the cellar. His master had scolded him for bringing only one glass, and made him fetch another; for they must both drink and clink glasses to the health of the young lady.

"Then," the servant went on, "I sat opposite to him, for the first time in my life, in that corner, at the small round table; he in the one chair and I in the other. And he chatted with me, not like a master with his servant, no: exactly—well, I cannot

describe it, sir; but you know how good and kind he always was. I never heard an unkind word from him all these ten years I have been with him; and if ever he was a bit angry, he always made up for it afterwards. And to-morrow I was to leave for Rinstedt to get married; and he had given us our furniture and all, and fitted up a new shop for us into the bargain. Then we talked a good deal of Rinstedt, and of the manœuvres last year, and of Miss Erna that was, and of Italy,—where, as you know, sir, I was with the master two years ago. Well, I mean, it was not I who was talking so much, but master; and I could have gone on listening, listening forever, when he was telling of Capri, where we did not get that time, and where Mrs. Ringberg is staying now—Miss Erna as was. And then his eyes shone and sparkled splendidly; but he hardly drank any wine,—just enough to pledge the young lady's health with, and the rest is in his glass still. But he made me fill up mine again and again, for I could stand it, said he, and he could not, he said, and he would presently finish his work; and there are the papers on the table in front of you, sir, that he had been looking at. And then, of a sudden like, he says, 'Konski, I am getting tired: I shall lie down for half an hour. You just finish the bottle meanwhile, and call me at half past one sharp.' It was just striking one o'clock then.

"So he lay down, and I put the rug over him, sir; and oh—I'll never forgive myself for it; but all day long I had been running backward and forward about these things of mine, and then at last the long walk at night to the telegraph office, and perhaps the champagne had gone to my head a bit, since I am sure that I had not sat for five minutes before I was asleep. And when I woke it was not half past one but half past two; so that I was regular frightened like. But as the master was a-sleeping calm and steady, I thought, even as I was standing quite close to him, that it was a pity to wake him, even though he was lying on his left side again; which formerly he could not bear at all, and which you, sir, had forbidden so particularly. I mind of our first meeting in Rinstedt, sir, but then he did wake up again;—and now he is dead."

Konski was crying bitterly. The doctor held out his hand to him.

"It is no fault of yours. Neither you nor I could have kept him alive. Now leave me here alone; you may wait in the next room."

After Konski had left, the doctor went to the little round table on which the empty bottle and two glasses were standing, — one empty, one half full. Above the sofa, to the right and left, were gas brackets, with one lighted jet on either side. He held the half-full glass to the light and shook it. Bright beads were rising from the clear liquid.

He put the glass down again, and murmured: —

"He never spoke an untruth! It was in any case solely a question of time. He drank his death draught six months ago. The only wonder is that he bore it so long."

Erna's letter was lying on the table. The doctor read it almost mechanically.

"Pretty much as I thought!" he muttered. "Such a clever, and as it would seem, large-hearted girl; and yet — but they are all alike!"

A scrap of paper, with something in Bertram's handwriting, caught his eye. It was the German telegram.

"All hail — happiness and blessing — to-day and forever for my darling child in Quisisana."

The doctor rose, and was now pacing up and down the chamber with folded arms. From the adjoining room, the door of which was left ajar, he heard suppressed sobs. The faithful servant's unconcealed grief had well-nigh unchained the bitter sorrow in his own heart. He brushed the tears from his eyes, stepped to the couch, and drew the covering back.

He stood there long, lost in marveling contemplation.

The beautiful lofty brow, overshadowed by the soft and abundant hair, the dark color of which was not broken by one silvery thread; the daintily curved lips, that seemed about to open for some witty saying, — lips the pallor of which was put to shame by the whiteness of the teeth, which were just visible; the broad-arched chest, — what wonder that the man of fifty had felt in life like a youth! — like the youth for whom Death had taken him.

From those pure and pallid features Death had wiped away even the faintest remembrance of the woe which had broken the noble heart.

Now it was still — still for evermore!

He laid his hand upon that silent heart.

"*Qui si sana!*" he said, very gently.

Translated by H. E. Goldschmidt.

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BENEDICT SPINOZA

(1632–1677)

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

IN A Jewish family of Spanish origin dwelling at Amsterdam, was born in the year 1632, Baruch (in later years known as Benedict) Spinoza. The family were refugees, who had come to Holland directly from Portugal to escape persecution. The Jewish community to which Spinoza's people belonged numbered several hundred,— all wanderers, for similar reasons, from the Spanish peninsula. These people enjoyed a very full liberty as to their own religious and national affairs, and some of them were wealthy. Spinoza's parents however were of moderate means; but the boy received a good training in a Jewish school under the Rabbi Morteira, head of the synagogue. Later he read not only much Talmudic literature, but something of the mediæval Jewish philosophers. He also learned the trade of polishing lenses,— an art by which, after his exile from the Jewish community, he earned his living.

But influences of a very different sort from those of his boyhood were to determine his maturer life. Independent thinking, no doubt, began in his mind even before he had nearly finished his early studies in Jewish literature; but this very trend towards independence soon found expression in an interest in life and thought far removed from those of the orthodox Jewish community. He made a comparatively close friendship with an Anabaptist, Jarigh Jelles; and from this intercourse he acquired both a deep respect for Christianity and a very free interpretation of its spirit. He studied Latin, as well as several modern European languages. In consequence he was soon able to have a wide acquaintance with contemporary thinking. He read a good deal of physical science. As recent scholarship has come to recognize, he also became fairly well versed in the genuine scholastic philosophy, as it was taught in the text-books then most current. And finally, he carefully studied the philosophical system of Descartes, then at the height of its influence. The trains of thought thus determined were from the first various, and not altogether harmonious; and it is doubtful whether Spinoza was ever a disciple either of the system of Descartes, or of any other one doctrine, before he reached his own final views. But at all events Spinoza thus

became, even as a young man, a thinker as resolute as he was calm, and as little disposed to remain in the orthodoxy of his childhood as he was to become an agitator against the faith of others. Although free from hypocrisy, he was never disposed to disturb the little ones; and he was as discreet as he was sincere. Yet fortune forced him to assume ere long, and openly, the heretic's position. Youthful companions, formerly schoolmates of Spinoza, deliberately drew out of him in confidence some of his opinions, denounced him, and thus brought him to trial before the synagogue court. Refusing to recant, he was expelled from the synagogue, under circumstances involving much agitation in the Jewish community; even an attempt was made by an excited Jew upon Spinoza's life.

For Spinoza, excommunication meant a freedom not at all undesirable, and a sort of loneliness in no wise intolerable. Fond as he always remained of the literary and scientific friendship of wiser men, humane and kindly as he throughout appears in all his relations with the common folk, Spinoza was of a profoundly independent disposition. No trace of romance can be found in the authentic records of his career. He called no man master. He willingly accepted favors from no one; and he craved only intellectual sympathy, and that only where he respected, in a thoroughgoing way, the person who was the source of this sympathy. A shrewd critic of human weaknesses, a great foe of illusions, and especially of every form of passionate illusion, Spinoza lived amongst men for the sake of whatever is rational in meaning and universal in character in the world of human intercourse. Exclusive affection, overmastering love, he felt and cultivated only towards God, viewed as he came to view God. Individual men were worthy, in his eyes, only in so far as they lived and taught the life of reason. Social ambitions our philosopher never shared. Worldly success he viewed with a gentle indifference. A somewhat proud nature,—cool, kindly, moderately ascetic, prudent; easily contented as to material goods, patiently strenuous only in the pursuit of the truth; sure of itself, indifferent to the misunderstandings, and even to the hatred, of others; fond of manifold learning, yet very carefully selective of the topics and details that were to be viewed as worth knowing; unaggressive but obstinate, rationalistic but with a strong coloring of mystical love for eternal things,—such is the personality that we find revealed in Spinoza's correspondence as well as in his writings. He was a good citizen, but an unconventional thinker. His comprehension of human nature, while it was far wider, by virtue of his native keenness of insight, than his somewhat narrow experience of life would seem easily to explain, was still limited by reason of his own well-defined and comparatively simple private character. He has no comprehension of the romantic

side of life, and sees in human passions only the expression of confused and inadequate ideas as to what each individual imagines to be advantageous or disadvantageous to the welfare of his own organism. On the other hand, whenever Spinoza speaks of the world of absolute truth, he reveals a genuine warmth of religious experience, which, as already indicated, often allies him to the mystics. In brief, he is in spirit a Stoic, tinged with something of the ardor of the mediæval saint, but also tempered by the cautious reasonableness of a learned and free-thinking Jew. In consequence of these various motives that determine his thought, it is easy at times to view him as a somewhat cynical critic of life; and even as if he were one who prudently veiled an extremely radical, almost materialistic doctrine, under formulas whose traditional terms, such as God, Mind, Eternity, and the like, only hinted, through symbols, their meaning. Yet such a view is not only one-sided, but false. Equally easy, and less mistaken, it is to view Spinoza, on the basis of other parts of his work, as the «God-intoxicated» man whom a well-known tradition of the German Romantic school declared him to be. Yet this too is a one-sided view. Spinoza's doctrine, so far as it expresses his own temperament, is a product of three factors: (1) His idea of God, whose historical origin lies in the tradition common to all mysticism; (2) his ingenious interpretation of certain empirical facts about the relation of body and mind,—an interpretation which modified the former views of the Occasionalists; and (3) his shrewd Jewish common-sense, in terms of which, although again not without much use of the work of his predecessors, he estimated the strength and the weakness, the passions and the powers, of our common human nature.

Enough has been already said to indicate that Spinoza's fundamental personal interest in philosophy lay rather more in its bearing upon life than in its value as a pure theory. Yet Spinoza, for good reasons, is best known by his metaphysical theories; and has influenced subsequent thinking rather by his doctrine regarding Reality than by his advice as to the conduct of life. The reason for this fact is easy to grasp. Stoics and mystics all advise some more or less ascetic form of retirement from the world. The advice is often inspiring, but the deepest problem of life for mankind at large is how to live *in* the world. Moreover, the Stoics and the mystics have all alike certain beautiful but somewhat colorless and unvarying tales to tell—tales either of resignation, or of passionless insight, or of rapt devotion. Hence originality is possible in these types of doctrine only as regards the form, the illustration, or the persuasiveness of exposition, of a teaching that in substance is as old as the Hindoo Upanishads. In so far as Spinoza belongs to this very general and ancient genus of thinkers, he deeply moves his special disciples; but has less

distinctive meaning for the world, since many others would so far do as well to represent the gospel of the peace that passeth understanding. On the other hand, what is historically distinctive about Spinoza as a thinker is not the prime motive which inspired him,—namely a determination to be at peace with life,—but the theoretical conception of the universe in terms of which he justified his teaching. Hence while Spinoza the man, the practical philosopher, the mystic, profoundly attracts, it is Spinoza the thinker whose theories have been of most importance for later literature. As for that central interest in the conduct of life, its importance for Spinoza appears in the titles of several of his books. He wrote an unfinished essay 'On the Improvement of the Intellect'; a 'Theologico-Political Tractate' (the only confessedly original and independent philosophical treatise that he published during his life,—a book inspired by a distinctly practical and social aim); an essay 'De Monarchia'; a little work long lost, and only recently known through a Dutch translation,—on 'God, Man, and Man's Happiness'; and in addition to these he wrote his great systematic philosophical exposition, his principal production, under the title 'Ethics.' These titles suggest a writer whose main purposes are purely practical. Yet the contents of all these books involve elaborately wrought theories. This gospel of Stoic or of mystic type must receive a demonstrative defense. The defense involves, however, both fundamental and supplementary theories regarding God, Matter, Mind, and Knowledge. It is to these theories that Spinoza's influence upon the history of thought is due; and this influence extends to men and to doctrines very remote from Spinoza's own ethical and religious interests. During his life he also published an exposition of the Cartesian philosophy, and this book is indeed a confessed contribution to theoretical thought.

To return for a moment from the man's character and influence to the story of his life,—there is indeed here little more to tell. Spinoza removed from Amsterdam to escape persecution; lived first in the country near by, then near Leyden, and later (1663) passed to the vicinity of The Hague. In 1670 he again moved into The Hague itself, and remained there until his death. In 1673 he received a call from the Elector Palatine to a professorship of philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, with a guarantee, very liberal in view of that age, as to his freedom of teaching. Spinoza carefully considered this flattering proposal; and then, with characteristic prudence and unworldliness, declined it. Meanwhile he had become a man of prominence. He corresponded with numerous friends, some of them persons of great note. His published 'Principles of Cartesian Philosophy' were in many hands; his 'Theologico-Political Tractate,' which appeared in 1670, aroused a storm of opposition, by reason of

its rationalistic criticism of Scripture, and because of its admirable defense of the freedom of thought and of speech; and his posthumously published 'Ethics' had already become known in manuscript to his more confidential friends, either as a whole or in part. In one or two instances only is Spinoza known to have shown an interest in the political events of that decidedly eventful time. In the slander and personal abuse to which malevolent critics often exposed his name he showed almost as little concern.

His health was throughout these years never very bad; but also, apparently, never robust. Without any previous warning by illness, so far as known to the family in whose house he lived, he died quite suddenly, February 21st, 1677. His 'Ethics' first received publication in his 'Posthumous Works' in the same year.

The philosophical doctrine of Spinoza belongs to the general class of what are called monistic theories of the universe. It is more or less dimly known to common-sense that the universe in which we live has some sort of deep unity about it. Everything is related, in some fashion or other, to everything else. For, not to begin with any closer ties, all material objects appear as in one space; all events take place in one time; and then if we look closer, we find far-reaching laws of nature, which, in surprising ways, bring to our knowledge how both things and events may be dependent in numerous ways upon facts that, as at first viewed, seem indefinitely remote from them. It is this apparent unity of natural things, obscurely recognized even in many superstitions of savage tribes, which, as it becomes more clearly evident, gives rise to the belief that one God created the world, and now rules all that is therein. But to refer every fact in the world to the will of the one Creator still leaves unexplained the precise relation of this God to his world. If he is one and the world is another, there remains a certain puzzling duality about one's view of things,—a duality that in the history of thought has repeatedly given place, in certain minds, to a doctrine that all reality is one, and that all diversity—or that in particular the duality of God and the world—is something either secondary, or subordinate, or unreal. The resulting monism has numerous forms. Sometimes it has appeared as a pure materialism, which knows no reality except that of the physical world, and which then reduces all this reality to some single type. In forms that are historically more potent, monism has appeared when it has undertaken to be what is called pantheistic. In this case monism regards the one Reality, not as the barely apparent physical world of visible or tangible matter, but as some deeper power, principle, substance, or mind, which in such doctrines is viewed as impersonal, and usually as unconscious, although its dignity or its spirituality is supposed to

be such that one can call it Divine. One then views God and the world as forming together, or as lapsing into, the one ultimate Being. Of this Being one calls the physical universe a «show,» or a «manifestation,» or a more or less «illusory» hint, or perhaps an «emanation.» Of such pantheistic doctrines the Vedānta philosophy of the Hindoos is the classic representative; and very possibly, in large part, the ultimate historical source. In Greek philosophy the Eleatic school, and later the Stoics, and in one sense the Neo-Platonic doctrines, were representatives of pantheism. In unorthodox mediæval philosophy pantheism is well represented. It was not without its marked and important influence upon the formulation of even the orthodox scholastic philosophy. And as was remarked above, Spinoza drew some of the weapons which he wielded from the armory of orthodox scholasticism itself.

Spinoza's doctrine is the classical representative of pure pantheism in modern philosophy. God and the world are, for Spinoza, absolutely one. There is in reality nothing but God,—the Substance, the Unity with an infinity of attributes, the source whence all springs; but also the home wherein all things dwell, the «productive» or «generating» Nature, in whose bosom all the produced or generated nature that we know or that can exist, lives and moves and has its being. For all that is produced, or that appears, is only the expression, the incorporation, the manifestation, of the one Substance; and has no separate being apart from this Substance itself. Moreover, all that is produced *necessarily* results from the nature of the one Substance. There is no contingency or free-will in the world.

So far Spinoza's doctrine, as thus stated, occupies on the whole the ground common to all pantheism. The special interest of this doctrine lies however in three features: first, in Spinoza's method of giving a proof for his doctrine; secondly, in his devices for explaining the seeming varieties that appear in our known world; and thirdly, in the application and use that he makes of his theory when once it has been expounded. The first of these topics concerns the student of philosophy rather than any one else, and must here be left out of account. Suffice it to say only that Spinoza, in his 'Ethics,' imitates the traditional form of Euclid's geometrical treatise,—starts with definitions, axioms, and the like, and proposes to give a rigid demonstration of every step of his argument; while as a fact, what he accomplishes is a very brilliant and skillful analysis, one-sided but instructive, of certain traditional (and largely scholastic) ideas about the ultimate nature of real Being. He naturally convinces no one who does not start with just his chosen group of traditional notions, emphasized in precisely his own fashion,—which differed, we need hardly say, from the old scholastic fashion. Yet his study

is profoundly instructive; and is lighted up by numerous passing remarks, comments, and criticisms, of no small interest.

Grant however for the moment the central thesis of Spinoza's pantheism: suppose him to have proved that one Substance, called God, not only produces, but *is* all things: and then comes the question, always critical for any monistic view of the world, How can we apply this ultimate conception to explain the diversities of things as we see them? Above all, how reconcile with the mysterious unity of the Divine Substance the largest and most important diversity of the world as known to us men,—namely, the contrast between matter and mind? How can matter and mind be, and be so diverse as they seem, and yet manifest equally the nature of the one Real Being, God? and what are the true relations of matter and mind?

Spinoza's answer to this question has been of great historical importance. It has influenced much of the most recent speculation, and has played a part in the most modern discussions of psychology, of evolution, and in some cases of general physical science. Spinoza here asserted that the one Substance, being essentially and in all respects infinite, has to reveal the wealth of its nature in infinitely numerous attributes, or fundamental fashions of showing what it is and what it can express. Each of these attributes embodies, in its own independent way, and «after its own kind,» the true nature of the Substance, and the whole true nature thereof, precisely in so far as the nature of each attribute permits. Of these infinitely numerous attributes, two are known to man. They are extension, or the attribute expressed in the whole world of material facts, and thought, or the attribute expressed in the whole world of mental facts. Each of these attributes of the Substance reveals in its own way, or after its own kind, and quite independently of the other attribute, the whole nature of the Substance. Each is infinite after its own kind, just as the Substance, which possesses the entire Reality and expresses itself in the attributes, is absolutely infinite. In other words, to adopt Taine's famous comparison, matter and mind are like two expressions, in two precisely parallel texts, of the same ultimate meaning; or together they form, as it were, a bilingual book, with text and interlinear translation. They are precisely parallel; but as to the succession of the single words in each, they are mutually independent. Each in its own way tells the whole truth as to what the Substance is, in so far as the Substance can be viewed now under this and now under that aspect,—*i. e.*, now as Substance extended, and now as Substance thinking. Each attribute is text, each translation, yet neither interferes with the other. Accordingly, wherever there is matter there is mind, and *vice versa*. That this last fact escapes us ordinarily is due to the limitation of our natures. Our minds

are part of the Divine Thought, just as our bodies are part of the Divine Extension. But we know directly only so much of mind as corresponds to our own bodily processes, viewed in their linkage and in their unity. Hence other bodies seem to us inanimate. As a fact, matter and mind are parallel and coextensive throughout the universe. On the other hand, although perfectly correspondent, inseparable, and parallel (for each is in its own way an expression of precisely the same Divine truth which the other expresses), matter and mind, close companions as they are, never causally affect each other; but each is determined solely by its own inner laws. Ideas cause ideas; bodies move bodies: but bodies never produce mental states, nor do thoughts issue in physical movements, even in case of our own bodies and minds. The appearance which makes this seem true, when our mind and bodies appear to interact, is due to the principle that «The order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things,» owing precisely to the parallelism of the attributes. Hence just when a given physical state takes place in our bodies, the parallel idea, by virtue of the laws of mind, is sure to arise in our consciousness.

This theory of the independence and parallelism of mind and body has played, as we have said, a great part in more recent discussion; and survives, as the doctrine of the «psycho-physical parallelism,» in modern scientific discussions which are far removed in many respects from Spinoza's metaphysics.

The practical consequences of the system of Spinoza are worked out by the author in the later divisions of his 'Ethics,' in a manner which has become classic; although, as pointed out above, Spinoza's distinctive historical influence is due rather to his general theories. But as one way of telling the ancient tale of the wise man's life in God, the practical interpretation which Spinoza gives to monism may well stand beside the other classics of Stoical and of mystical lore. Since there is naught but God, and since in God there is fulfilled, in an impersonal but none the less perfect way, all that our thought aims to know, and all that even our blind passions mistakenly strive to attain, the wise man, according to Spinoza, enjoys an absolute «acquiescence» in whatever the infinite wisdom produces. God is absolute, and can lack nothing; hence apparent evil is a merely negative «deprivation» of good, a deprivation itself due only to our inadequate view,—*i. e.*, only to error. Evil is, then, nothing positive. And the wise man, seeing all things in God, loves God with a love that is identical with God's love of his own perfection. For God, if not conscious in our fleeting way, has still the fulfillment of all that consciousness means, in the very perfection of his thinking attribute; so that our thoughts are God's very thoughts precisely in so far as

our thoughts are rational, complete, adequate, true. In other words, in so far as we are wise, we directly enter into the perfection of God himself.

Since thoughts of a very similar type have received a frequent expression in writings reputed orthodox, it is not surprising that many who easily fear the name pantheism have still been ready to reverence, in Spinoza, the spirit, profound if inadequate, which in such fashion embodies, in our philosopher's work, one of the most universal motives of piety.

Josiah Royce.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE UNDERSTANDING

After experience had taught me that all the usual surroundings of social life are vain and futile,—seeing that none of the objects of my fears contained in themselves anything either good or bad, except in so far as the mind is affected by them,—I finally resolved to inquire whether there might be some real good having power to communicate itself, which would affect the mind singly, to the exclusion of all else; whether, in fact, there might be anything of which the discovery and attainment would enable me to enjoy continuous, supreme, and unending happiness. I say "I *finally* resolved"; for at first sight it seemed unwise willingly to lose hold on what was sure for the sake of something then uncertain. I could see the benefits which are acquired through fame and riches, and that I should be obliged to abandon the quest of such objects if I seriously devoted myself to the search for something different and new. I perceived that if true happiness chanced to be placed in the former, I should necessarily miss it; while if, on the other hand, it were not so placed, and I gave them my whole attention, I should equally fail.

I therefore debated whether it would not be possible to arrive at the new principle, or at any rate at a certainty concerning its existence, without changing the conduct and usual plan of my life; with this end in view I made many efforts, but in vain. For the ordinary surroundings of life which are esteemed by men (as their actions testify) to be the highest good, may be classed

under the three heads — Riches, Fame, and the Pleasures of Sense: with these three the mind is so absorbed that it has little power to reflect on any different good. By sensual pleasure the mind is enthralled to the extent of quiescence, as if the supreme good were actually attained, so that it is quite incapable of thinking of any other object: when such pleasure has been gratified it is followed by extreme melancholy, whereby the mind, though not enthralled, is disturbed and dulled.

The pursuit of honors and riches is likewise very absorbing, especially if such objects be sought simply for their own sake, inasmuch as they are then supposed to constitute the highest good. In the case of fame the mind is still more absorbed; for fame is conceived as always good for its own sake, and as the ultimate end to which all actions are directed. Further, the attainment of riches and fame is not followed, as in the case of sensual pleasures, by repentance: but the more we acquire the greater is our delight, and consequently the more are we incited to increase both the one and the other; on the other hand, if our hopes happen to be frustrated, we are plunged into the deepest sadness. Fame has the further drawback that it compels its votaries to order their lives according to the opinions of their fellow-men; shunning what they usually shun, and seeking what they usually seek.

When I saw that all these ordinary objects of desire would be obstacles in the way of a search for something different and new,— nay, that they were so opposed thereto, that either they or it would have to be abandoned,— I was forced to inquire which would prove the most useful to me; for as I say, I seemed to be willingly losing hold on a sure good for the sake of something uncertain. However, after I had reflected on the matter, I came in the first place to the conclusion that by abandoning the ordinary objects of pursuit, and betaking myself to a new quest, I should be leaving a good, uncertain by reason of its own nature, — as may be gathered from what has been said,— for the sake of a good not uncertain (for I sought for a fixed good) save only in the possibility of its attainment.

Further reflection convinced me that if I could really get to the root of the matter, I should be leaving certain evils for a certain good. I thus perceived that I was in a state of great peril, and I compelled myself to seek with all my strength for a remedy, however uncertain it might be; as a sick man struggling

with a deadly disease, when he sees that death will surely be upon him unless a remedy be found, is compelled to seek such a remedy with all his strength, inasmuch as his whole hope lies therein. All the objects pursued by the multitude not only bring no remedy that tends to preserve our being, but even act as hindrances; causing the death not seldom of those who possess them, and always of those who are possessed by them. There are many examples of men who have suffered persecution even to death for the sake of their riches, and of men who in pursuit of wealth have exposed themselves to so many dangers that they have paid away their life as a penalty for their folly. Examples are no less numerous of men who have endured the utmost wretchedness for the sake of gaining or preserving their reputation. Lastly, there are innumerable cases of men who have hastened their death through over-indulgence in sensual pleasure. All these evils seem to have arisen from the fact that happiness or unhappiness is made wholly to depend on the quality of the object which we love. When a thing is not loved, no quarrels will arise concerning it, no sadness will be felt if it perishes, no envy if it is possessed by another, no fear, no hatred, —in short, no disturbances of the mind. All these arise from the love of what is perishable, such as the objects already mentioned. But love towards a thing eternal and infinite feeds the mind wholly with joy, and is itself unmingled with any sadness; wherefore it is greatly to be desired, and sought for with all our strength. Yet it was not at random that I used the words, "If I could go to the root of the matter;" for though what I have urged was perfectly clear to my mind, I could not forthwith lay aside all love of riches, sensual enjoyment, and fame. One thing was evident; namely, that while my mind was employed with these thoughts it turned away from its former objects of desire, and seriously considered the search for a new principle: this state of things was a great comfort to me, for I perceived that the evils were not such as to resist all remedies. Although these intervals were at first rare, and of very short duration, yet afterwards, as the true good became more and more discernible to me, they became more frequent and more lasting; especially after I had recognized that the acquisition of wealth, sensual pleasure, or fame, is only a hindrance, so long as they are sought as ends, not as means: if they be sought as means, they will be under restraint; and far from being hindrances, will further not

a little the end for which they are sought, as I will show in due time.

I will here only briefly state what I mean by true good, and also what is the nature of the highest good. In order that this may be rightly understood, we must bear in mind that the terms good and evil are only applied relatively; so that the same thing may be called both good and bad, according to the relations in view, in the same way as it may be called perfect or imperfect. Nothing regarded in its own nature can be called perfect or imperfect; especially when we are aware that all things which come to pass, come to pass according to the eternal order and fixed laws of nature. However, human weakness cannot attain to this order of its own thoughts; but meanwhile man conceives a human character much more stable than his own, and sees that there is no reason why he should not himself acquire such a character. Thus he is led to seek for means which will bring him to this pitch of perfection, and calls everything which will serve as such means a true good. The chief good is that he should arrive, together with other individuals if possible, at the possession of the aforesaid character. What that character is we shall show in due time,—namely, that it is the knowledge of the union existing between the mind and the whole of nature. This, then, is the end for which I strive: to attain to such a character myself, and to endeavor that many should attain to it with me. In other words, it is part of my happiness to lend a helping hand that many others may understand even as I do, that their understanding and desire may entirely agree with my own. In order to bring this about, it is necessary to understand as much of nature as will enable us to attain to the aforesaid character; and also to form a social order such as is most conducive to the attainment of this character by the greatest number, with the least difficulty and danger. We must seek the assistance of moral philosophy and the theory of education; further, as health is no insignificant means for attaining our end, we must also include the whole science of medicine; and as many difficult things are by contrivance rendered easy, and we can in this way gain much time and convenience, the science of mechanics must in no way be despised. But before all things, a means must be devised for improving the understanding and purifying it, as far as may be, at the outset, so that it may apprehend things without error, and in the best possible way.

Thus it is apparent to every one that I wish to direct all sciences to one end and aim, so that we may attain to the supreme human perfection which we have named; and therefore, whatsoever in the sciences does not serve to promote one object will have to be rejected as useless. To sum up the matter in a word, all our actions and thoughts must be directed to this one end. Yet as it is necessary that while we are endeavoring to attain our purpose, and bring the understanding into the right path, we should carry on our life, we are compelled first of all to lay down certain rules of life as provisionally good,—to wit, the following:—

I. To speak in a manner intelligible to the multitude, and to comply with every general custom that does not hinder the attainment of our purpose. For we can gain from the multitude no small advantages, provided that we strive to accommodate ourselves to its understanding as far as possible; moreover, we shall in this way gain a friendly audience for the reception of the truth.

II. To indulge ourselves with pleasures only in so far as they are necessary for preserving health.

III. Lastly, to endeavor to obtain only sufficient money or other commodities to enable us to preserve our life and health, and to follow such general customs as are consistent with our purpose.

MENTAL FREEDOM

At length I pass to the remaining portion of my 'Ethics,' which is concerned with the way leading to freedom. I shall therefore treat therein of the power of the reason, showing how far the reason can control the emotions, and what is the nature of mental freedom or blessedness: we shall then be able to see how much more powerful the wise man is than the ignorant. It is no part of my design to point out the method and means whereby the understanding may be perfected, nor to show the skill whereby the body may be so tended as to be capable of the due performance of its functions. The latter question lies in the province of medicine, the former in the province of logic. Here, therefore, I repeat, I shall treat only of the power of the mind, or of reason; and I shall mainly show the extent

and nature of its dominion over the emotions, for their control and moderation.

That we do not possess absolute dominion over them, I have already shown. Yet the Stoics have thought that the emotions depended absolutely on our will, and that we could absolutely govern them. But these philosophers were compelled — by the protest of experience, not from their own principles — to confess that no slight practice and zeal is needed to control and moderate them; and this some one endeavored to illustrate by the example (if I remember rightly) of two dogs, — the one a house-dog and the other a hunting-dog. For by long training it could be brought about that the house-dog should become accustomed to hunt, and the hunting-dog to cease from running after hares.

To this opinion Descartes not a little inclines. For he maintained that the soul or mind is specially united to a particular part of the brain, — namely, to that part called the pineal gland, — by the aid of which the mind is enabled to feel all the movements which are set going in the body, and also external objects; and which the mind by a simple act of volition can put in motion in various ways. He asserted that this gland is so suspended in the midst of the brain that it could be moved by the slightest motion of the animal spirits; further, that this gland is suspended in the midst of the brain in as many different manners as the animal spirits can impinge thereon; and again, that as many different marks are impressed on the said gland as there are different external objects which impel the animal spirits towards it: whence it follows, that if the will of the soul suspends the gland in a position wherein it has already been suspended once before by the animal spirits driven in one way or another, the gland in its turn reacts on the said spirits, driving and determining them to the condition wherein they were when repulsed before by a similar position of the gland.

He further asserted that every act of mental volition is united in nature to a certain given motion of the gland. For instance, whenever any one desires to look at a remote object, the act of volition causes the pupil of the eye to dilate; whereas if the person in question had only thought of the dilation of the pupil, the mere wish to dilate it would not have brought about the result, inasmuch as the motion of the gland, which serves to impel the animal spirits towards the optic nerve in a way which would dilate or contract the pupil, is not associated in nature

with the wish to dilate or contract the pupil, but with the wish to look at remote or very near objects.

Lastly, he maintained that although every motion of the aforesaid gland seems to have been united by nature to one particular thought, out of the whole number of our thoughts, from the very beginning of our life, yet it can nevertheless become through habituation associated with other thoughts: this he endeavors to prove in the 'Passions de l'Âme.' He thence concludes that there is no soul so weak that it cannot, under proper direction, acquire absolute power over its passions. For passions as defined by him are "perceptions, or feelings, or disturbances of the soul, which are referred to the soul as species, and which (mark the expression) are produced, preserved, and strengthened, through some movement of the spirits." But seeing that we can join any motion of the gland, or consequently of the spirits, to any volition, the determination of the will depends entirely on our own powers; if therefore we determine our will with sure and firm decisions in the direction to which we wish our actions to tend, and associate the motions of the passions which we wish to acquire with the said decisions, we shall acquire an absolute dominion over our passions.

Such is the doctrine of this illustrious philosopher (in so far as I gather it from his own words): it is one, which, had it been less ingenious, I could hardly believe to have proceeded from so great a man. Indeed, I am lost in wonder that a philosopher who had stoutly asserted that he would draw no conclusions which do not follow from self-evident premises, and would affirm nothing which he did not clearly and distinctly perceive, and who had so often taken to task the scholastics for wishing to explain obscurities through occult qualities, could maintain a hypothesis beside which occult qualities are commonplace. What does he understand, I ask, by the union of the mind and the body? What clear and distinct conception has he got of thought in most intimate union with a certain particle of extended matter? Truly I should like him to explain this union through its proximate cause. But he had so distinct a conception of mind being distinct from body, that he could not assign any particular cause of the union between the two, or of the mind itself, but was obliged to have recourse to the cause of the whole universe,—that is, to God.

Further, I should much like to know what degree of motion the mind can impart to this pineal gland, and with what force can it hold it suspended? For I am in ignorance whether this gland can be agitated more slowly or more quickly by the mind than by the animal spirits, and whether the motions of the passions, which we have closely united with firm decisions, cannot be again disjoined therefrom by physical causes; in which case it would follow that although the mind firmly intended to face a given danger, and had united to this decision the motions of boldness, yet at the sight of the danger the gland might become suspended in a way which would preclude the mind thinking of anything except running away.

In truth, as there is no common standard of volition and motion, so is there no comparison possible between the powers of the mind and the power or strength of the body; consequently the strength of one cannot in any wise be determined by the strength of the other. We may also add that there is no gland discoverable in the midst of the brain, so placed that it can thus easily be set in motion in so many ways; and also that all the nerves are not prolonged so far as the cavities of the brain. Lastly, I omit all the assertions which he makes concerning the will and its freedom, inasmuch as I have abundantly proved that his premises are false. Therefore since the power of the mind, as I have shown above, is defined by the understanding only, we shall determine solely by the knowledge of the mind the remedies against the emotions, which I believe all have had experience of, but do not accurately observe or distinctly see; and from the same basis we shall deduce all those conclusions which have regard to the mind's blessedness.

SUPERSTITION AND FEAR

Men would never be superstitious if they could govern all their circumstances by set rules, or if they were always favored by fortune; but being frequently driven into straits where rules are useless, and being often kept fluctuating pitiably between hope and fear by the uncertainty of fortune's greedily coveted favors, they are consequently, for the most part, very prone to credulity. The human mind is readily swerved

this way or that in times of doubt, especially when hope and fear are struggling for the mastery; though usually it is boastful, over-confident, and vain.

This as a general fact I suppose every one knows, though few, I believe, know their own nature: no one can have lived in the world without observing that most people, when in prosperity, are so over-brimming with wisdom (however inexperienced they may be) that they take every offer of advice as a personal insult; whereas in adversity they know not where to turn, but beg and pray for counsel from every passer-by. No plan is then too futile, too absurd, or too fatuous for their adoption; the most frivolous causes will raise them to hope, or plunge them into despair; if anything happens during their fright which reminds them of some past good or ill, they think it portends a happy or unhappy issue, and therefore (though it may have proved abortive a hundred times before) style it a lucky or unlucky omen. Anything which excites their astonishment they believe to be a portent signifying the anger of the gods or of the Supreme Being; and mistaking superstition for religion, account it impious not to avert the evil with prayer and sacrifice. Signs and wonders of this sort they conjure up perpetually, till one might think Nature as mad as themselves, they interpret her so fantastically.

Thus it is brought prominently before us that superstition's chief victims are those persons who greedily covet temporal advantages; they it is, who (especially when they are in danger, and cannot help themselves) are wont with prayers and womanish tears to implore help from God: upbraiding Reason as blind, because she cannot show a sure path to the shadows they pursue, and rejecting human wisdom as vain; but believing the phantoms of imagination, dreams, and other childish absurdities, to be the very oracles of Heaven. As though God had turned away from the wise, and written his decrees, not in the mind of man but in the entrails of beasts, or left them to be proclaimed by the inspiration and instinct of fools, madmen, and birds. Such is the unreason to which terror can drive mankind!

Superstition then is engendered, preserved, and fostered, by fear. If any one desire an example, let him take Alexander, who only began superstitiously to seek guidance from seers, when he first learnt to fear fortune in the passes of Sysis (Curtius, v. 4); whereas after he had conquered Darius he consulted prophets

no more, till a second time frightened by reverses. When the Scythians were provoking a battle, the Bactrians had deserted, and he himself was lying sick of his wounds, "he once more turned to superstition, the mockery of human wisdom, and bade Aristander, to whom he confided his credulity, inquire the issue of affairs with sacrificed victims." Very numerous examples of a like nature might be cited, clearly showing the fact that only while under the dominion of fear do men fall a prey to superstition; that all the portents ever invested with the reverence of misguided religion are mere phantoms of dejected and fearful minds; and lastly, that prophets have most power among the people, and are most formidable to rulers, precisely at those times when the State is in most peril. I think this is sufficiently plain to all, and will therefore say no more on the subject.

The origin of superstition above given affords us a clear reason for the fact that it comes to all men naturally,—though some refer its rise to a dim notion of God, universal to mankind,—and also tends to show that it is no less inconsistent and variable than other mental hallucinations and emotional impulses, and further that it can only be maintained by hope, hatred, anger, and deceit; since it springs not from reason, but solely from the more powerful phases of emotion. Furthermore, we may readily understand how difficult it is to maintain in the same course men prone to every form of credulity. For as the mass of mankind remains always at about the same pitch of misery, it never assents long to any one remedy, but is always best pleased by a novelty which has not yet proved illusive.

This element of inconsistency has been the cause of many terrible wars and revolutions; for as Curtius well says (Lib. iv., Chap. 10), "The mob has no ruler more potent than superstition," and is easily led, on the plea of religion, at one moment to adore its kings as gods, and anon to execrate and abjure them as humanity's common bane. Immense pains have therefore been taken to counteract this evil by investing religion, whether true or false, with such pomp and ceremony that it may rise superior to every shock, and be always observed with studious reverence by the whole people; a system which has been brought to great perfection by the Turks, for they consider even controversy impious, and so clog men's minds with dogmatic formulas that they leave no room for sound reason,—not even enough to doubt with.

But if, in despotic statecraft, the supreme and essential mystery be to hoodwink the subjects, and to mask the fear which keeps them down with the specious garb of religion, so that men may fight as bravely for slavery as for safety, and count it not shame but highest honor to risk their blood and their lives for the vainglory of a tyrant; yet in a free State no more mischievous expedient could be planned or attempted. Wholly repugnant to the general freedom are such devices as enthralling men's minds with prejudices, forcing their judgment, or employing any of the weapons of quasi-religious sedition; indeed, such seditions only spring up when law enters the domain of speculative thought, and opinions are put on trial and condemned on the same footing as crimes, while those who defend and follow them are sacrificed, not to public safety, but to their opponents' hatred and cruelty. If deeds only could be made the grounds of criminal charges, and words were always allowed to pass free, such seditions would be divested of every semblance of justification, and would be separated from mere controversies by a hard and fast line.

Now, seeing that we have the rare happiness of living in a republic, where every one's judgment is free and unshackled, where each may worship God as his conscience dictates, and where freedom is esteemed before all things dear and precious, I have believed that I should be undertaking no ungrateful or unprofitable task, in demonstrating that not only can such freedom be granted without prejudice to the public peace, but also that without such freedom, piety cannot flourish nor the public peace be secure.

Such is the chief conclusion I seek to establish in this treatise: but in order to reach it, I must first point out the misconceptions which, like scars of our former bondage, still disfigure our notion of religion; and must expose the false views about the civil authority which many have most imprudently advocated, endeavoring to turn the mind of the people, still prone to heathen superstition, away from its legitimate rulers, and so bring us again into slavery. As to the order of my treatise I will speak presently; but first I will recount the causes which led me to write.

I have often wondered that persons who make a boast of professing the Christian religion — namely, love, joy, peace, temperance, and charity to all men — should quarrel with such rancorous animosity, and display daily towards one another such bitter

hatred; that this, rather than the virtues they claim, is the readiest criterion of their faith. Matters have long since come to such a pass, that one can only pronounce a man Christian, Turk, Jew, or heathen, by his general appearance and attire, by his frequenting this or that place of worship, or employing the phraseology of a particular sect; as for manner of life, it is in all cases the same. Inquiry into the cause of this anomaly leads me unhesitatingly to ascribe it to the fact that the ministries of the Church are regarded by the masses merely as dignities, her offices as posts of emolument,—in short, popular religion may be summed up as respect for ecclesiastics. The spread of this misconception inflamed every worthless fellow with an intense desire to enter holy orders, and thus the love of diffusing God's religion degenerated into sordid avarice and ambition. Every church became a theatre, where orators instead of church teachers harangued; caring not to instruct the people, but striving to attract admiration, to bring opponents to public scorn, and to preach only novelties and paradoxes, such as would tickle the ears of their congregation. This state of things necessarily stirred up an amount of controversy, envy, and hatred, which no lapse of time could appease; so that we can scarcely wonder that of the old religion nothing survives but its outward forms (even these, in the mouth of the multitude, seem rather adulation than adoration of the Deity), and that faith has become a mere compound of credulity and prejudices,—aye, prejudices too which degrade man from rational being to beast, which completely stifle the power of judgment between true and false, which seem in fact carefully fostered for the purpose of extinguishing the last spark of reason! Piety—great God!—and religion are become a tissue of ridiculous mysteries: men who flatly despise reason, who reject and turn away from understanding as naturally corrupt, these I say, these of all men, are thought—oh, lie most horrible! —to possess light from on high. Verily, if they had but one spark of light from on high, they would not insolently rave, but would learn to worship God more wisely, and would be as marked among their fellows for mercy as they now are for malice: if they were concerned for their opponents' souls instead of for their own reputations, they would no longer fiercely persecute, but rather be filled with pity and compassion.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

(1835–)

THE work of Harriet Prescott Spofford possesses to a high degree the quality of distinction. About her prose and her verse is the atmosphere of spiritual aristocracy, of rarity, as of that which emanates from one elect in mind and soul; yet this refinement of vision in no sense implies coldness. Mrs. Spofford, like Pater, combines an almost austere spirituality with the warm sensuousness of the artist, who lives in full and blissful consciousness of color and light and form. These characteristics receive their completest expression in her greatest short story, 'The Amber Gods.' Seldom or never has the appreciation of the imperiousness of the senses been blended so perfectly with the recognition of the authority of the soul. These two elements, of flesh and of spirit, are again fused in 'In Titian's Garden,' a poem itself like some great flower.

HARRIET SPOFFORD

A New England Puritan by descent, Harriet Prescott was born in Calais, Maine, April 3d, 1835. During her childhood the family removed to the quaint old coast-town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, where her early girlhood passed, and where she attended school,—her unfolding genius attracting the attention of T. W. Higginson, who, now widely known as a distinguished man of letters, was at that time a clergyman and the young girl's pastor. It is related that when she sent to the Atlantic Monthly her first contribution,—a brilliant and subtle study of French life, called 'In a Cellar,'—the editor wrote to Newburyport for an assurance that this ingenious tale of love and diplomacy was not a translation from some French master of the short story; and that Mr. Higginson cheerfully gave the necessary guarantee of good faith, adding that the young author had never been out of New England, and that her brilliant Paris was a city of the imagination. At twenty she had finished a romance, 'Sir Rohan's Ghost'; and she was only a year or two older when 'The Amber Gods' appeared in the Atlantic. The sustained strength, intense dramatic movement, psychic perception, and rich vocabulary, so prodigally displayed therein, became the

obvious characteristics of her later work. If she has done many other things as well, during a long and scarcely interrupted literary career, she has done nothing better. Her fiction is characterized not alone by opulent style, mastery of plot, charm of quick transition from the gay to the sad, from the tragic to the comic, by skill in dialogue and management of climax; but by that quality of distinction already spoken of. Moreover, in every-day themes of every-day existence she has the happy art of transfiguring the commonplace.

Among her stories of greater length than the ordinary magazine sketch are 'Sir Rohan's Ghost'; 'The Thief in the Night'; 'The Master-Spirit,' which reveals a deep knowledge of the history of music and comprehension of its divine language; and 'The Inheritance,' which deals both keenly and tenderly with an appalling problem of human destiny.

In 1865 Miss Prescott married Mr. Richard Spofford; a brilliant young lawyer of the Massachusetts bar, whose literary tastes and cultivated critical judgment encouraged her gifts to a fine and constant flowering.

Mrs. Spofford's published volumes are seventeen in all, among them several volumes of poems and ballads; the last, 'In Titian's Garden,' displaying the rich maturity of her powers,—for it is in poetry that her mind finds its fullest expression. Her literary masters have been Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Browning.

As an essayist, and a writer of forcible editorials on current events, she has great skill; having the courage of her convictions, and a manner at once energetic, sincere, and winning. She takes first rank among American women of letters, because she possesses the entire range of the artist,—the domain of the seen and the domain of the unseen.

[By permission of Mr. John Brisben Walker, editor of 'The Cosmopolitan.']

THE GODMOTHERS

They were all bidden to the christening, all the godmothers—if by good hap none had been forgotten.

And of course they came. The christening of a L'Aiglenoir Franche du Roy was no mean occasion, under the circumstances, but one to which the family must do honor, if they hastened from the ends of the earth—and beyond.

They did not arrive with the stir befitting L'Aiglenoir Franche du Roys. But that might be because of the inborn gentilesse which taught them the proprieties of the sick-room. The young mother, as she lay in the dim vast chamber of the

old castle, hearing the cry of the wind over the cold Atlantic, saw them come in singly, and in groups, and at intervals. Very faint and weak, and with some awe in her soul before the new being she had evoked, perhaps she dropped asleep in the space of time between their coming; for when she opened her startled eyes, another was appearing.

At first Rosomond did not comprehend it. She felt annoyed at the intrusion. She turned her eyes to the place where the bassinet swung under its laces; the pair of candles in the wall sconce behind it making that the sole spot of light in the long room full of shadows, where lay the little morsel of life for which she had so nearly surrendered her own, and toward which her heart swelled with a sense of infinite dearness. "Do not, do not touch him!" she murmured apprehensively to the woman bending there with her purples sweeping about her, and the glitter of her diamonds like dagger-points.

And then the plumed and coroneted woman had disappeared behind a curtain into the recesses of the deep casements, perhaps; and the young countess closed her eyes forgetfully.

"Yes," she was saying to herself, when with a little flutter her lids opened again, some time afterwards, "that is the old countess who brought the Franche du Roy lands to the L'Aiglenoirs. It is her portrait that hangs high next the oriel in the sea-gallery. I could never satisfy myself, as I walked there in the late afternoons, if it were a shadow of the carved ceiling on her forehead, or a stain that had come out. The stain is there now. She was a king's favorite.

"Do not touch my little innocent child!" she cried suddenly, rising on one arm. Did her senses deceive her? Did she hear the woman answer, "But it is my child too!"

And a shudder seized her as suddenly: that woman's blood ran in her child's veins! Ah, if she knew just where, she would let it out this minute! And then she fell back, laughing at herself.

There were others in the room when her gaze again wandered down its length. Oh, yes, she had seen them all before. Had they stepped from their frames in the long sea-gallery?

The beautiful young being in the white brocade sown with violets, the band of brilliants in her red-gold hair, mother of the count's father, she who later had rivaled Eugénie in Eugénie's court,—Eugénie, who had the resources of an empire, and the L'Aiglenoirs had nothing,—yet, ah no, it was empty sound, the

scandal that those resplendent toilets were a part of the bribes of senators. She who was a Bourbon D'Archambeau! Nor would Rosomond believe the rumor concerning moneys obtained by the dexterous writing of great officials' names — forgery, counterfeit, what you will — by that other laughing lovely thing, a wife out of the convent, a mother at sixteen, the last countess, launched upon life without a scruple or a sou, who loved pleasure so passionately that she came to live at last upon chloral and opium, and died dancing.

She had often silently made friends with these captivating young women, when unable to go out, and during her lonely pacing up and down the length of the sea-gallery, with the low roar of the surge in her ears; while her husband, who had brought her down here with a loving fancy that his child might be born in the ancestral stronghold which some of her own millions were restoring to its ancient grandeur, was away on the water, or in the hunt, or perhaps at the races.

She would not think ill of them now: they alone of all the women on the wall had not seemed to think ill of her, to look at her as a parvenu and an interloper; had seemed to have about them something of the spirit of the century, to have breathed air she breathed herself.

It was natural that the last countess, the pretty piquant creature, should have loved splendid gowns; — kept in homespun all the earlier days by her father's mother, the old marchioness, — the miser whose hands grew yellow counting her gold. Tante Alixe had told Rosomond of it. There she was now, — the old marchioness, — gasping for more air, but just as she was painted in her dusky robes; with the long ivory hands like the talons of a bird of prey, — the talons of a L'Aiglenoir, — mumbling of the revenue she had wrung from her peasants, who starved on black bread to buy of her the privilege of living.

Perhaps it was thought she had that privilege too long herself. She had died suddenly — very suddenly. Her son, the marquis, was a partisan and a man of power: a great deal of gold was needed in the intrigues concerning the two kings.

And here was another who had died suddenly — but in the open air. There was a red line round her slender throat, too dull for the ruby necklace she wore in the portrait in the panel; the tall, fair aristocrat whose long white throat, alas! had felt the swift kiss of the guillotine's blade. There was not the look

of hate and horror in the portrait that was on her face now; only the languor of many pleasures there, the proud and insolent indifference to the pain, the want, the suffering, from which those pleasures had been pressed like wine that left the must.

"The canaille," she seemed to say,—"they die? so much the less vermin. They suffer? and what of it?"

Her husband had told Rosomond when he first led her down the long sea-gallery, the story of this proud lady who thought the world made only for her class. It had passed the idle hour: Rosomond had not thought of it again. He had told her all their stories,—that of the strangely wrinkled old baroness, with her eyes like sparks of fire in the midst of ashes, once herself blooming and fair to see, who had kept the keys of the king's hunting-lodge, and provided for his pleasures there. "Well, yes," the young count had said, "but what will you have? She was no worse than her time. They were infamous times." He had told her of that blue-eyed waxen woman painted in the Sir Peter Lely,—a beauty who had followed the fortunes of Charles Stuart into France, very like, but who had come into the L'Aiglenoir family later by the church door; of the Vandyke,—the blonde devotee who went over with La Reine Henriette, and came to a madhouse at last; of the Antonio Moro, vanishing in her golden-brown shadows,—an attendant of the English Mary, a confidante of Philip of Spain, who had read her missal at an auto da fé; of the Rubens,—the half-clad woman like an overblown rose, a great red rose with the sun on its velvet and dewy petals;—if face and frame spoke for her, a woman who was only an embodied sin;—of the Holbein,—a creature whose appetites had devoured her and left themselves only on the canvas; of the possible Titian—"See the gold of her hair," said the count. "It was dyed. But all the same, Titian—it must have been Titian—knew how to hide the sun in every strand. What a lustre of skin! What a bloom on the cheek—it never blushed with shame. What a luscious lip—it knew forbidden kisses, it denounced a brother to the Ten. What a glory in the eye—yet if all traditions are true, that eye saw a lover disappear as the gondola touched the deep water that tells no tales. See the hand: what contour, what fineness, what delicacy—and the life in it! But it knew how to play with a poniard whose tip was touched with poison. She did her little best to betray Venice for a price; and she had to leave with the French army, of course."

"I should think you would be glad it is all only tradition," Rosomond had said.

"I don't know. You see the king gave her a duchy, and she brought it into the family. The title lapsed, to be sure; and the revenues went long ago in gaming debts. Do you note that damsel in the white satin,—the Geraart Terburg? Her face is like a live pearl. Well, she was the stake once in some high play."

"That would have been dreadful if it were true."

"As you please," said the count with a shrug.

"And were there no good women, no honorable men?"

"Oh, but plenty! But, ma chérie, happiness has no history, virtue has few adventures. Their portraits fade out on the wall as they themselves do in the line. It is the big wills, the big passions, that are memorable—that drown out those others, the weak, that have made the L'Aiglenoirs what they are. Those imbeciles, they are like René's father the day of his burial, 'as if he had never existed.'" And he went on with his narrative.

"But it is a gallery! If we had it at home, and—pardon—reckoned its commercial value—"

"Alas! The pictures are no more certified than the traditions! And then, one does not willingly part with one's people. Yet—if that were indeed a Titian—"

"You would not have gone over to America to marry me."

"I should not perhaps have gone over to America to marry the heiress of the New World, repeating the adventures of the knights of long ago, but in modern dress. I should have had no need. But I would have married you, Rosomond, had I met you on the dark side of the moon, or else have flung myself headlong into space!"

"You forget the attraction of gravitation."

"Your attraction is the greater."

"Now I do not believe you. The language of hyperbole is not the language of truth."

"Pleasantry aside, you must always believe I speak truth, my wife, when I say that whatever led me in the beginning, it is love that overcame me in the end. I could not perhaps have married,—I who love pleasure too,—if you had not been the daughter of Dives. For we were beggared—we poor L'Aiglenoir Franche du Roys. But the thing being made possible, I simply entered heaven, Rosomond!"

"And I," said Rosomond, as she stood in the deep window-place, looking up at him a moment, and back again swiftly to the sea.

"And if it were a title against a fortune, as Newport said, and as the Faubourg held a matter of course — although Heaven knows a title means nothing now, and will not till the King — the good God have his Majesty in keeping! — is at home again — "

"Oh, let us forget all that, fortune or title!" Rosomond had said.

"No, no. For if the fortune arrive to repair the fortunes of the house of L'Aiglenoir, why not? It is your house, Rosomond. It is the house of your child. And we will make a new house of it. The L'Aiglenoir of the twentieth century shall again be the prime minister of the King of France. The new blood, the new gold, shall make new fortunes, shall bring back the old force and will and power; and we will leave these dusty memories behind, and ask no one of them to the christening!"

"Perhaps so," Rosomond had said, half under her breath. "But you have been a self-indulgent, pleasure-loving people," she added presently. "And with rank, with wealth, with opportunity — it does not tend to bring back the old brute strength."

"Well, then," the count lightly answered her, "let us take some of the pleasure! See, how purple is the water beyond the white lip on the reefs. We will go try the outer sea, and drift an hour or two in the soft wind. And I will tell you how beautiful you are, ma belle Américaine, and you shall tell me what a sailor I am. It is not the sailing of the old sea-robber who came down here to assault the castle in the days of that grandmother of mine twenty times removed, in the days of La Dame Blanche, to take her with her belongings and marry her by storm — but it is pleasanter, my sweet."

That had been in the bright spring months. Now autumn winds swept the Atlantic, and cried in the tops of the ragged pines below the castle's cliff. Many a day had Rosomond sat there, listening for the sea measures, and fancying the beat of the surf was the washing of the wave under the keel that carried Tristan and Isolde, a thousand years ago and more, on the waters just beyond; heard the very music of Isolde's wild lament; watched for the white sail across the reef as if the sick knight lay in the court-yard within under the linden-tree, in all the

pathos of song and beauty and tragic fate; felt herself taken into a world of romance, where the murmuring of the breeze in the bough was the murmur of the skirts of the great forest of Broceliande.

But this had nothing to do with romance now. She lay in bed, with her little child near at hand,—the attendants just without,—in the tower chamber where for generations the L'Aiglenoirs had been born.

Through the deep windows she saw the swift-flying moon touch the clouds sweeping in the wind, and light the swale on the dark and lifted sea beyond; look in and now and again silver the faces of the paladins and maidens in the pale blue-green forest of the old tapestry, that slightly rippled and rose and fell, as if with a consciousness of the windy gust that sung outside the tower. It was that old paladin with the truncheon—a paladin of Charlemagne's—from whom the Franche du Roys counted. It was the châtelaine with the flagon that gave him his quietus.

What did it all mean, though, at this moment? With the heavy swaying of the tapestry, had these people by any chance left their silken shroud and come out into the room to look at the child?

Not the twelve white-faced nuns; not the featureless young squires and dames: but that old châtelaine of whose needle-wrought semblance she had always been half afraid,—who carried the golden flagon and gave the knight to drink, perhaps for sleep, perhaps for death. Yes, that was she; but she had left her majesty in the hangings, with her veil and horned head-piece, her trailing samite and cloth of gold of cramoisie. Here, with her thin gray tattered locks, pallid, pinched, and shrunken, white as some reptile blanched beneath a stone, what was she to be afraid of now? But this other—"Once the place was mine, mine and my love's!" she was exclaiming. "Till the sea darkened with their gilded prows, the sky darkened with their bitter arrows!" Ah, yes, how many hundreds of years ago it was since she defended the castle after a lance-head laid her lord low; and the sea-rover had scaled the heights and taken her, loathing and hating him, to wife. And from them had been born the line of the L'Aiglenoirs!

And what was she doing here? What were they all doing here, these women? What right had they in her room? Why

were they looking with such ardent and eager eyes, murmuring among themselves, hurrying past one another toward the child?

"Give way!" was La Dame Blanche exclaiming. "I was the first."

"Après moi," said the laughing lady, flittering along in her butterfly gauzes, the diamonds in her tiara flashing out and reluming again. "I am the last."

"If so false a thing ever existed at all," said the woman with the mass-book,—or was it a book of jests?—the Flemish woman who sold her daughter for a tulip.

"I give you my word I existed!" was the gay reply.

"Under your own signature?" asked the pretty patched and powdered Watteau.

"Never mind whose signature."

"Worthless," murmured a lady, lifting her black lace mask from features sharp as a death's-head, and of a tint as wan as the tints of a Boucher design,—"worthless in any event."

"Ah, madame, from you to me? I was but your natural consequence, you Voltairiennes, as you were all born on the night of St. Bartholomew!"

"Its tocsin still rings in the air! I am condemned ever to hear the boom of the bell," complained the dark person with the rosary.

And then the laughing lady twitched her beads; and there fell out from her sleeve the perfumed fan whose breath was fever, the gloves whose palms were deadly, brought with her Medicean mistress from Italy.

"A truce!" cried the gay lady. "The birth of an heir to the L'Aiglenoir Franche du Roys, with wealth to restore the ancient splendor, is an event for due ceremony and precedence. I am the child's grandmother, his very next of kin among us. And you know the rights of the grandmother in France."

"They are our rights!" came a shrill multitudinous murmur. "We all are grandmothers!"

"Are we all here?" came a hollow whisper from the châtelaine, the candlelight flickering in her flagon.

"All the fairy godmothers?" cried the gay lady.

"No, no," said La Dame Blanche: "there is one who has been forgotten."

"The wicked fairy," said the gay lady. "The rest of us are of such a virtue. He will value us like his other *objets de vertu.*"

A COLD shiver coursed over Rosomond, but her eyes burned with the intensity of her gaze. She understood it now. He was the child of their blood. That was why they were here, why they intruded themselves into her room. They had a right. It had been their own room. For how many generations had the L'Aiglenoirs been born in this room! She had never thought of this when she sailed so gayly out of harbor, a bride with her bridegroom, wearing his title, protected by his arm, so proud, so glad, so happy that she had the wealth he needed,—all that so trifling beside the fact that they loved each other. She had never dreamed of the little child to come, who would be dearer than her life to her, and in whose veins must run a black drop of the blood of all these creatures.

And now—oh, was there no remedy? Was there nothing to counteract it, nothing to dissipate that black drop, to make it colorless, powerless, harmless, a thing of air? Were there no sweet, good people among all those dead and gone women?

Ah, yes, indeed, there they were! Far off, by the curtain of the doorway, huddled together like a flock of frightened doves: gentle ladies, quiet, timid, humble before heaven; ladies of placid lives, no opportunities, small emotions, narrow routine; praying by form, acting by precedent, without individuality; whose goodness was negative, whose doings were paltry; their poor drab beings swamped and drowned and extinguished in the purples and scarlets of these women of great passions, of scope, of daring and deed and electric force, mates of men of force, whose position had called crime to its aid, whose very crimes had enlarged them, whose sins were things of power, strengthening their personality if but for evil, transmitting their potentiality—oh, no, these gentle ladies signified nothing here!

A cold dew bathed Rosomond and beaded her brow. But were the L'Aiglenoirs and their order all there were? Where were her own people? Had they no right in the child? Could they not cross the seas? Was there no requiting strength among them? None in the mother of her father,—king of railroads and mines and vast southwestern territory,—that stern, repressed woman, who had spared and starved and saved to start her son in life? "Come!" cried Rosomond. "Come, my own people! Oh, I need you now, I and my child!"

But among all these splendid dames of quality, accustomed to wide outlook on the world, and a part of the events of nations,

what had these village people to do,—these with their petty concerns, the hatching of chickens, the counting of eggs, the quilting of stitches; these perhaps more prosperous, with interests never going outside the burgh, whose virtues were passive, whose highest dream was of a heaven like their own parlors, a God in their own image: whose lives were eventless, whose memories were pallid, laid aside in the sweep of the great drama and without a part; whose slighter nature was swollen, and whose larger nature was shriveled from disuse? This colonial dame,—her father the distilled essence of old Madeira and oily Jamaica, her heart in her lace, her china, and her sweetmeat closet, her scrofulous and scorbutic son lixiviated by indulgence,—had she much counteracting force to give? Or had this one, in whom quarreled forever the mingled blood of persecuted Quaker and persecuting Puritan? Or this pale wife of the settler, haunted by fear of the Indian, the apparitions of the forest, and the terrors of her faith; or this other, the red-cloaked matron, fighting fire with fire, the familiar of witches? Was there help to be hoped for from this bland Pilgrim woman, who, through force of circumstances, was married with her nursling in her arms while her husband was but three months dead? And did this downcast-eyed, white-kerchiefed mistress, whose steadfastness her hardness countervailed,—daughter of the Mayflower, the new sea-rover coming out of the East, whose Norse fathers had come out of the East before,—do more than carry her back to the old Danes and Vikings ambushed in their creeks? Her people, indeed! Returning on the source—oh, it was all one and the same! It was all misery!

What gifts were these grandmothers going to give the child then? she asked. Pride and lust and cruelty, mocking impiety and falsehood, bigotry that belied heaven as bitterly as unbelief, vanity and selfishness and hate, theft and avarice and murder? In the wild and wicked current of their blood the tide was hopelessly against him—his bones would be poured out like water! Her pulse bounded, her brain was on fire.—Oh, no, no, the little child—the new-born—some one must come—some one must help—some one!

Some one was coming. There was a stir without; the wind was singing round the buttress as if it brought on its wings the cry of the bright sea, the murmur of the wide wood; the moonlight streamed in full and free.

"It is she," said La Dame Blanche.

"The wicked fairy — the unbidden godmother," said the gay lady with a warning gesture.

"The one whom civilization has forgotten," said the Voltairienne, readjusting her mask, "and whom culture has ignored."

How sweet were the thunders of the sea sifted through distance, the whispers of the wave creaming up the shingle, that crept into the room like the supporting harmony of the wind's song! There was a rustle as if of all the leaves of the forest, a quiver of reeds over blue water reflecting blue heaven, a sighing of long grass above the nests of wild bees in the sunshine. And who was this swift and supple creature with her free and fearless foot, large-limbed and lofty as Thusnelda, clad in her white wolfskin, with the cloud of her yellow hair fallen about her, carrying her green bough, strong, calm, sure, but with no smile upon her radiant face?

"The original savage," whispered the gay lady, as sovereign and serene the unbidden godmother moved up the room; and the others seemed to dissolve before her coming — to waver away and to vanish.

She parted the hangings of the bassinet, and rested her hand upon the sleeper of his first sleep, bending and gazing long.

"Waken," she said then, as she lifted and laid him at her breast. "Drink of thy first mother's life, a balsam for every ill; mother's milk that shall unpoison thy blood, and bring the thick black drops to naught. Child of the weather and all out-doors, latest child of mine, draw from me will and might and the love of the undefiled, acquaintance with the rune that shall destroy the venom that taints you, shall blast the wrong done you! Draw large, free draughts! Return to me, thou man-child! I give thee the strength of my forest, my rivers, my sea, my sunshine, my starshine, my own right arm, my heart! I cleanse thee. The slime of the long years shall not cling to thee. I start thee afresh, new-born. By night in my star-hung tent the gods shall visit thee, by day thou shalt walk in the way of becoming a god thyself. I give thee scorn for the ignoble, trust in thy fellow, dependence on thine own lusty sinew and unconquerable will,— familiar friend of hardship and content, spare and pure and strong,— joy in the earth, the sun, the wind, faith in the unseen. This is thy birthright. Whatever else the years may bring, see that thou do it no wrong. I, the unpolluted,

strong wild strain in thy blood, the vital savage, save thee from thyself. Sleep now, sweet hope. The winds sing to thee, the waves lull thee, the stars affright thee not! Dear son of thy mother, sleep."

And then a shiver ran through the long, moon-lighted tapestry, as the gust rose and fell, and the sea sighed up the reef, and there was only silence and slumber in the room.

But Rosomond's women, when they came again, wondered and were wise concerning a green bough that lay across the child.

THE KING'S DUST

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"THOU shalt die," the priest said to the King.
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
"Nay, not so," the King said: "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the King died. And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm-wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha-gum, and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the King.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they hid him first away.
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,—
He, it seemed, the King, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
Swarming sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,
Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame;
Then a wind among the ashes came,
Blew them lightly,—and the King was not!

ON AN OLD WOMAN SINGING

From 'Titian's Garden and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Copeland & Day

SWEET are the songs that I have heard
From green boughs and the building bird;
From children bubbling o'er with tune
While sleep still held me half in swoon,
And surly bees hummed everywhere
Their drowsy bass along the air;
From hunters and the hunting-horn
Before the day-star woke the morn;
From boatmen in ambrosial dusk,
Where, richer than a puff of musk,
The blossom breath they drifted through
Fell out of branches drenched with dew.

And sweet the strains that come to me
When in great memories I see
All that full-throated quiring throng
Go streaming on the winds of song:
Her who afar in upper sky
Sounded the wild Brunhilde's cry,
With golden clash of shield and spear,
Singing for only gods to hear;
And her who on the trumpet's blare
Sang 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair,'
Her voice, her presence, where she stood,
Already part of Angelhood.

But never have I heard in song
Sweetness and sorrow so prolong
Their life — as muted music rings
Along vibrating silver strings —
As when, with all her eighty years,
With all her fires long quenched in tears,
A little woman, with a look
Like some flower folded in a book,
Lifted a thin and piping tone,
And like the sparrow made her moan,
Forgetful that another heard,
And sang till all her soul was stirred.

And listening, oh, what joy and grief
Trembled there like a trembling leaf!

The strain where first-love thrilled the bars
Beneath the priesthood of the stars;
The murmur of soft lullabies
Above dear unconsenting eyes;
The hymns where once her pure soul trod
The heights above the hills of God,—
All on the quavering note awoke,
And in a silent passion broke,
And made that tender tune and word
The sweetest song I ever heard.

AT THE POTTER'S

From 'Titian's Garden and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Copeland & Day

THERE were two vases in the sun:
A bit of common earthenware,
A rude and shapeless jar, was one;
The other — could a thing more fair
Be made of clay? Blushed not so soft
The almond blossom in the light;
A lily's stem was not so slight
With lovely lines that lift aloft
Pure grace and perfectness full-blown;
And not beneath the finger tip
So smooth, or pressed upon the lip,
The velvet petal of a rose.
Less fair were some great flower that blows
In a king's garden, changed to stone!

King's gardens do not grow such flowers,—
In a dream garden was it blown!
Fine fancies, in long sunny hours,
Brought it to beauty all its own.
With silent song its shape was wrought
From dart of wing, from droop of spray,
From colors of the breaking day,
Transfigured in a poet's thought.
At last, the finished flower of art —
The dream-flower on its slender stem —
What fierce flames fused it to a gem!
A thousand times its weight in gold
A prince paid, ere its price was told;
Then set it on a shelf apart.

But through the market's gentle gloom,
  Crying his ever-fragrant oil,
That should anoint the bride in bloom,
  That should the passing soul assoil,
Later the man with attar came,
  And tossed a penny down and poured
  In the rude jar his precious hoard.
What perfume, like a subtile flame,
    Sprang through its substance happy-starred!
Whole roses into blossom leapt,
Whole gardens in its warm heart slept!
  Long afterwards, thrown down in haste,
  The jar lay, shattered and made waste,
    But sweet to its remotest shard!

EQUATIONS

From 'Titian's Garden and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Copeland & Day

You so sure the world is full of laughter,
  Not a place in it for any sorrow,
Sunshine with no shadow to come after—
  Wait, O mad one, wait until to-morrow!

You so sure the world is full of weeping,
  Only gloom in all the colors seven,
Every wind across a new grave creeping—
  Think, O sad one, yesterday was heaven!

* * *

Young and strong I went along the highway,
  Seeking Joy from happy sky to sky;
I met Sorrow coming down a byway—
  What had she to do with such as I?

Sorrow with a slow detaining gesture
  Waited for me on the widening way,
Threw aside her shrouding veil and vesture—
  Joy had turned to Sorrow's self that day!

* * *

If some great giver give me life,
  And give me love, and give me double,
Shall I not also at his hand
    Take trouble?

And if through awful gloom I see
The lightnings of his great will thrusting,
Shall I not, dying at his hand,
Die trusting?

«WHEN FIRST YOU WENT»

From 'Titian's Garden and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Copeland & Day

When first you went, oh, desert was the day,
The lonely day, and desert was the night;
And alien was the power that robbed from me
The white and starlike beauty of your face,
The white and starlike splendor of your soul!
Since you were all of life, I too had died,—
Died, not as you into the larger life,
But into nothingness,—had not the thought
Of your bright being led outward, as a beam
Piercing the labyrinthine gloom shows light
Somewhere existing.
Like a golden lure
Bringing me to the open was the thought,—
For since I loved you still, you still must be,
And where you were, there I must follow you.
And follow, follow, follow, cried the winds,
And follow, follow, murmured all the tides,
And follow, sang the stars that wove the web
Of their white orbits far in shining space,
Where Sirius with his dark companion went.
Bound in the bands of Law they ranged the deep;
And Law, I said, means Will to utter Law;
And Will means One, indeed, to have the Will.
And having found that One, shall it not be
The One Supreme of all, whose power I prove,
Whose inconceivable intelligence
Faintly divine, and who perforce must dwell
Compact of love, that most supreme of all?
Had I found God, and should I not find you?

That love supreme will never mock my search.
That thought accordant in the infinite
The great flame of your spirit will not quench.
That power embattled through the universe

Needs in all firmaments your panoply
Of stainless purity, of crystal truth;
Your sympathy that melts into the pang,
Your blazing wrath with wrong, your tenderness
To every small or suffering thing, as sweet
As purple twilight touching throbbing eyes;
Your answer to great music when it breathes
Silver and secret speech from sphere to sphere;
Your thrill before the beauty of the earth;
Your passion for the sorrow of the race!
You who in the gray waste of night awoke
When clashing mill-bells frolicking in air
Called up the day, and sounded in your ear
Clank of enormous fetters that have bound
Labor in all lands; you whose pity went
Out on the long swell where the fisherman
Slides with his shining boat-load in the dark;
You whom the versed in statecraft paused to hear,
The sullen prisoner blest, the old man loved,
The little children ran along beside;
You who to women were the Knight of God.
Therefore as God lives, so I know do you.

And with that knowledge comes a keener joy
Than blushing, beating, folds young love about.
Again the sky burns azure, and the stars
Lean from their depths to tell me of your state.
Again the sea-line meets the line divine,
And the surge shatters in wide melody;
The unguessed hues that the soul swells to note
Haunting the rainbow's edges lead me on;
And all the dropping dews of summer nights
Keep measure with the music in my heart.
And still I climb where you have passed before,
Unchallenged spirit who inclosed my days
As in a jewel, walled about with light!
And far, far off, I seem to see you go
Familiar of unknown immensity,
And move, enlarged to all the rosy vast,
And boon companion of the dawn beyond.

MADAME DE STAËL

(1766–1817)

IN THE very interesting and admirable notice of Madame de Staël by her cousin, Madame Necker de Saussure, it is said: «The works of Madame de Staël seem to belong to the future. They indicate, as they also tend to produce, a new epoch in society and in letters; an age of strong, generous, living thought,—of emotions springing from the heart:» and there follows a description of the sort of literature to which Madame de Staël's writings belong, —a literature «more spoken than written,» a literature of spontaneous, informal expression, which appeals to us more intimately and more powerfully than any elaborate and studied composition. This appeal is especially intimate and powerful in Madame de Staël's pages, because she may be called, perhaps, the first «modern woman.» She had in many respects a tone of mind resembling our own more than it resembled that of the greater number of even the noteworthy men and women of her own day. There is a much greater moral distance between her and her immediate predecessors in society and in literature, than between her and her immediate successors—whether in France or elsewhere. This kinship with the last half of the nineteenth century, and with other modes of thought than those of her own country, is partly due to her Protestant form of faith. She cared little for dogmas, but the fibre of her being had been fed by liberal Protestant thought. From this cause chiefly, though there were others also, arose a striking contrast between the tone of her mind and that of her great contemporary Châteaubriand. Their opinions on all subjects were affected and colored by their religious opinions. He is now remote from us, he is read as «a classic»: she comes close to us, and inspires us with friendly emotions.

MADAME DE STAËL

To be in advance of one's age, if one is a genius, is to tread a sure path to immortality; but if, like Madame de Staël, one is only the possessor of intellectual ability, it is the straight road to forgetfulness. Those who come after us take little interest in hearing

their own ideas expressed less effectively than they themselves are expressing them; and so it happens that the world of letters now takes too little account of Madame de Staël, while her own times were incompetent to judge her. We do not value her enough: they did not value her rightly. The false and brilliant light thrown upon her by the enmity of Napoleon, obscured rather than revealed what was really interesting and noble in her; while the assumption that because there was a masculine scope and strength in her intelligence she had a masculine nature, has completely confused her image. She was not precisely *feminine*, but she was essentially a *woman;* and her most admirable powers, her highest successes, her real importance to the world, lie in the fact that her thoughts passed from her brain through a woman's heart. It must be confessed it did not always make them wiser thoughts; but it invested them with a sincerity and an ardor that give the force of fine passion to studies in politics and in literature. For these studies in politics and in literature are at bottom studies in *sociology*,—that science whose name was unknown, while its foundations were being laid by the promoters, the victims, the critics of the French Revolution; the science whose students are *lovers of humanity*.

This noble title is one to which Madame de Staël has full right. She is a leader in the great army of those who love, who honor, and who desire to serve their kind: one of those leaders who disseminate their principles and communicate their emotions, but who give no positive counsels; who show their quality chiefly by their love of liberty and their love of light. Wherever she saw the traces of liberty or the track of light, she followed fearlessly. And therefore it is, that as one of the last and one of the ablest of her critics—M. Albert Sorel—has remarked (in the excellent study of her published in the series of 'Les Grands Écrivains Français'), few writers have exercised in so many different directions, so prolonged an influence. She had during her life, and she continues to have after her death, an immense power of inspiring other souls with lofty aspirations and high thoughts.

It is chiefly the qualities of her character that make her writings now worth reading. Her character illuminates the whole mass. Many of her pages would be dull and empty to the reader of to-day, if it were not that every sentence—involuntarily but unrestrainedly—reveals the writer. She recognized this herself, and said: "When one writes for the satisfaction of the inward inspiration that takes possession of the soul, the writings make known, even without intending it, the writer's mental conditions, of every kind and degree." Between the lines of her own writings her whole life may be read; not her life of thought only, but her life of action.

This life of action, of incessant humane action on others, and with and for others, was of too complicated a character, and involved too many relations, to be narrated here save in the most general terms. The supreme affections of her life were, from birth to death, for her father, and during twenty years for her lover, Benjamin Constant. These two passions colored her whole existence: her ardent love and admiration for her father supplied unfailing nutriment to her heart, and her enthusiasm for Benjamin Constant (of which he was little worthy) stimulated her intellect to its most brilliant achievements. Too much stress can hardly be laid on the ennobling effects on her character of her father's influence. He can scarcely be called a great man; but she fervently adored him with the deepest gratitude all his life, and after his death, in a singularly delightful intimacy of relation.

As her father's daughter, and from her own noble powers, she became one of the most conspicuous figures in the party of the constitutional reformers, and was more or less drawn into political affairs. But she never threw herself into the current; she never left her salon, whatever was going on outside; and when the earthquake of the Revolution came and her four walls fell, she could find no refuge in any party lines. She was from first to last a witness of political events rather than an actor in them; a witness of most exceptional quality, who could distinguish in the confused and troubled present the old instincts of the past and the new beliefs of the future, and could indicate in lasting lines the meaning of the passing day.

This is the more remarkable because, woman-like, she was always more interested in persons than in purposes,—in the actors than in the actions: and while her sympathies were strong for «the people,» she hardly took count of «the State» in the abstract; the word rarely occurs in her writings. The establishment of guarantees of political liberty was what her political friends strove for; and as M. Sorel points out, this enlightened demand was not quite the same as the blind demand for civil liberty and its concomitants, which inspired the passions of the great majority of Frenchmen. It was the latter cause and not the former that was gained by the Revolution; and consequently the political interests of Madame de Staël were only a source of disappointment and suffering to her, complicated as they were with the political disgrace of her father, his unpopularity, and the oblivion into which he fell.

After the Revolution broke out, she lived for the most part at Coppet, her father's Swiss home. An object of bitter enmity first to the Directory, later to the First Consul, and afterward to Napoleon when Emperor, she was exiled from Paris from 1792 to 1814. During these years she visited England, Germany, and Italy, studying

the politics of England, the literature of Germany, the art of Italy, and embodying her thorough researches in one remarkable book after another. She was one of the first in date, and is still among the first in ability, of *cosmopolitan* writers and thinkers. Her appreciation of the intellectual achievements of other lands than France was stigmatized in her own day as a lack of patriotism; and at this moment — since the German War — Madame de Staël is esteemed the less by many of her countrymen for what students consider her chief claim to honor, her recognition of the high rank to be assigned to German thought and to German men of letters. This is perhaps the best service her generous mind rendered her country; and it is a true expression of her character.

When at Coppet she was the brilliant hostess of brilliant guests; most of them celebrated men, many of them affectionate friends, many of them admiring strangers. There were often a company of thirty persons collected in the château; and frequently among them Benjamin Constant. It was when he was there that Madame de Staël's genius as a talker — and this was her greatest genius — shone most vividly and intensely. It is said that no one ever stimulated her to such marvelous achievements in conversation as he — whom she speaks of as «gifted with one of the most remarkable minds that nature ever bestowed on any man.» Nothing, Sainte-Beuve reports from those who were present, was ever so dazzling and consummate as the manner in which, hours long, they tossed the shuttlecock of thought between them, with inimitable ease and grace and gayety.

Even in her books Madame de Staël is rather a great talker than a great writer; and her writings are only rightly read when read as eager and prolonged conversations. They are not even monologues: they demand constantly the co-operation of the reader's responsive intelligence. Her habits of life are in some measure an explanation of this: they were fitted to develop a «great style» in a talker, but not in a writer. Her books were written rapidly: sometimes when she was at Coppet, she wrote surrounded by her many guests, gayly meeting all interruptions half-way; when she was traveling, she wrote «on the road.» Her writings fill seventeen octavo volumes, and the list of them mounts to some thirty numbers.

Sainte-Beuve in one of his fervent essays on Madame de Staël, remarking that as the personal remembrances of her die out, her fame rests only on her works, continues in a passage which may well be prefixed to selections from her books: —

«Her writings only are left to us; and they need to be filled out, to be explained: their greatest charm and power is when they are considered in the mass; and it is scarcely possible to detach one page from the others. The phrases even do not retain their meaning when read separately; they must not

be displaced. . . . She needs more than other writers to be read with friendly, intelligent eyes. Let me take, for example, the most celebrated of her phrases, if it can be called so,—that in which her life is summed up:—'I have always been the same: full of life and full of sadness; I have loved God, my father, and Liberty.' How emotional, how suggestive: but how elliptical! She has always been the same, '*vive et triste*': but she has been many things besides, and that must be added; she does not say so. '*Dieu et la liberté*' is lofty, is the noblest aspiration; but '*mon père*' inserted there between *Dieu* and *la liberté* creates a sort of enigma, or at least is a singularity, and demands explanation. When these words were uttered by her, she was mortally ill and fading away: at that moment they must have seemed admirable, and they were so; but only when there is added to them the illumination of her look, of her expression, of her accent. Her words constantly need that to fill them out; her pen did not complete them; there lacks almost always to her written phrase some indescribable accompaniment. This is perhaps an added reason for the refined reader to delight in it: there is a pleasure in imaginatively conceiving the appropriate gesture and accent. Sensitive souls enjoy such occasions of exercising their sensitiveness.»

CLOSE OF THE INTRODUCTION TO THE TREATISE ON THE 'INFLUENCE OF THE PASSIONS'

WHATEVER may be thought of my plan, it is certain that my only object has been to combat unhappiness in all its forms; to study the thoughts, the sentiments, the institutions, that cause suffering to men; to seek what form of reflection, action, combination, can somewhat diminish the intensity of the troubles of the soul. The image of misfortune, under whatever aspect it presents itself, pursues and overwhelms me. Alas! I have so fully experienced what it is to suffer, that an inexpressible emotion, a sad uneasiness, takes possession of me at the thought of the sorrows of all men, and of every man: the thought of their inevitable misfortunes, and of the torments of the imagination; of the reverses of the good man, and even of the remorse of the guilty; of the wounds of the heart,—the most grievous of all,—and of the regrets that are felt none the less because they are felt with shame: in short, of all which is the source of tears; tears that the ancients preserved in a consecrated vase, so august in their eyes was human grief. Ah! it is not enough to have vowed that in the precincts of one's own existence,—whatever injustice, whatever wrong, we may be the object of,—we will never voluntarily cause a moment's pain, we will never voluntarily relinquish the possibility of comforting a

sorrow: the further effort must be made to strive by some ray of talent, by some power of meditation, to find the touching language that gently opens the heart, and to help in discovering the philosophic height where the weapons that wound cannot reach us.

FROM THE 'PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE TO THE TREATISE ON LITERATURE'

MAN stands in need of support from the opinions of his fellow-beings: he dares not rely entirely on the perceptions of his conscience; he distrusts his own judgment if others do not agree with him; and such is the weakness of human nature, such is its dependence on society, that a man might almost repent of his good qualities as if they were bad qualities, did public opinion unite in blaming him for them: but he has recourse, in his uneasiness, to these books,—the records of the best and noblest sentiments of all ages. If he loves liberty,—if that name of republic, so full of power in fraternal souls, is connected in his mind with images of all virtues,—his soul, cast down by contemporary events, will be uplifted by the perusal of some of the 'Lives' of Plutarch, a Letter from Brutus to Cicero, the thoughts of Cato of Utica in the language of Addison, the reflections with which the hatred of tyranny inspired Tacitus, the emotions reported or imagined by historians and poets. A lofty character becomes content with itself if it finds itself in accord with these noble emotions, with the virtues which Imagination herself selects when portraying a model for all time. What consolations are bestowed on us by writers of high talents and lofty souls! The great men of the primal ages, if they were calumniated during their lives, had no resource save in themselves; but for us, the 'Phædo' of Socrates, the beautiful masterpieces of eloquence, sustain our souls in times of trial. Philosophers of all countries exhort us and encourage us; and the penetrating language of the moral nature, and of intimate knowledge of the human heart, seems to address itself personally to all those whom it consoles.

How human it is, how useful it is, to attach great importance to literature—to the art of thinking!

FROM 'DELPHINE'

Letter of Delphine to Léonce

What motive could prevent me from seeing you? Léonce, no selfish emotions have power over me. God is my witness that for no possible advantages would I give up an hour, a single hour, that I could pass with you without remorse. . . .

We are very wretched. O Léonce, do you think I do not feel it? Everything seemed to unite only a few months ago to promise us the purest happiness. I was free; my position and my fortune assured me perfect independence; I had seen you; I had loved you with my whole soul: and the most fatal stroke—one that the slightest accident, the merest word, might have turned aside—has separated us forever! . . .

If it is sweet to you, Léonce, when you suffer, to think that at that moment, whenever it may be, Delphine, your poor friend, overwhelmed by her sorrows, implores Heaven for power to bear them,—the Heaven which hitherto has always supported her, and which now she implores in vain,—if this idea, both cruel and sweet, can comfort you, ah! you may indulge in it at will! But what have our sorrows to do with our duties? That nobleness of life we worship in our days of happiness, is it not always the same? Shall it have less empire over us, because the moment has come to attain those heights we admired?

Fate has willed that the purest enjoyments of heart and soul should be denied us. Perhaps, my friend, Providence has thought us worthy of that which is noblest in the world,—the sacrifice of love to duty. . . .

What still depends on us is to command our actions: our happiness is no longer in our power; we must trust that to the care of Heaven: after many struggles, God will give us at least calmness,—yes, at least calmness. . . . Let us strive to lead a life of devotion to others, a life of sacrifices and of duties; such a life has given almost happiness to virtuous souls.

M. de Serbellane (*in conversation*)

"One can still make serviceable for the happiness of others a life that promises ourselves only pain; and this hope will give you the courage to live."

FROM 'CORINNE'

THE following day, the same company* again assembled at her house; and to interest her in conversation, Lord Nelvil turned the talk to Italian literature, and excited her natural animation by affirming that England possessed a greater number of true poets than all those of which Italy could boast,—poets superior in strength and delicacy of feeling.

"In the first place," answered Corinne, "foreigners only know, for the most part, our poets of the highest rank,—Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Guarini, Tasso, and Metastasio; while we have a number of others, such as Chiabrera, Guidi, Filicaja, Parini, etc., —without counting Sannazaro, Politian, etc., who have written admirably in Latin. All these poets, with more or less talent, know how to bring the marvels of the fine arts, and of nature, into the pictures created by words. Undoubtedly there is not in our poets that profound melancholy, that knowledge of the human heart, that characterizes yours; but does not this kind of superiority belong rather to philosophical writers than to poets? The brilliant melodiousness of the Italian language is better suited to express the splendor of external objects than the moods of meditation. Our language is more adapted to depict passion than sadness, because the sentiments of reflection demand more metaphysical expressions than it possesses." . . .

"Undoubtedly," answered Lord Nelvil, "you explain as well as possible both the beauties and the deficiencies of your poetry; but when these deficiencies, without the beauties, are perceived in prose, how will you defend them? What is only vagueness in poetry becomes emptiness in prose; and this crowd of commonplace ideas that your poets know how to embellish by the melodious and the imaginative qualities of their language, reappears unveiled in prose with wearisome vividness. The greater part of your prose writers, to-day, use a language so declamatory, so diffuse, so abounding in superlatives, that one would say they all wrote by command with every-day phrases, and for an artificial intelligence: they seem not to suspect that to write is to express one's personal character and one's own thought." . . .

* The principal personages were Lord Nelvil and Mr. Edgermond, Englishmen; the Count d'Erfeuil, a Frenchman; and the Prince Castel-Forte, an Italian. Corinne was an Italian.

"You forget," Corinne eagerly interrupted, "first Machiavelli and Boccaccio; then Gravina, Filangieri; and in our own day, Cesarotti, Verri, Bettinelli, and so many others who know how to write and to think. But I agree with you that during these last centuries, unfortunate circumstances having deprived Italy of her independence, her people have lost all interest in truth, and often even the possibility of uttering it. From this has resulted the habit of taking pleasure in words, without daring to approach ideas. . . . When prose writers have no sort of influence on the happiness of a nation, when men write only to become conspicuous, when the means is substituted for the end,—a thousand steps are taken, but nothing is attained. . . . Besides, southern nations are constrained by prose, and depict their true feelings only in verse. It is not the same with French literature," she added, addressing Count d'Erfeuil: "your prose writers are often more poetic than your poets."

"It is true," replied Count d'Erfeuil, "that we have in this style true classical authorities: Bossuet, La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Buffon, cannot be surpassed. . . . These perfect models should be imitated as far as possible by foreigners as well as by ourselves."

"It is difficult for me to believe," answered Corinne, "that it would be desirable for the whole world to lose all national color, all originality of heart and mind; and I venture to say that even in your country, Count d'Erfeuil, this literary orthodoxy, if I may so call it, which is opposed to all happy innovation, would in the long run render your literature very sterile." . . .

"Would you desire, fair lady," answered the count, "that we should admit among us the barbarisms of the Germans, the 'Night Thoughts' of the English Young, the *concetti* of the Italians and the Spaniards? What would become of the truthfulness, the elegance, of the French style, after such a mixture?"

Prince Castel-Forte, who had not yet spoken, said: "It seems to me we all have need of each other: the literature of each country opens, to one familiar with it, a new sphere of ideas. The Emperor Charles V. said that a man who knows four languages is four men. If this great political genius so judged in regard to affairs, how much truer it is as regards letters! All foreigners know French, and so their point of view is more extensive than that of Frenchmen who do not know foreign languages." . . .

"You will at least acknowledge," answered the count, "that there is one matter in which we have nothing to learn from any

one. Our theatrical works are certainly the first in Europe; for I do not think that even the English themselves would dream of opposing Shakespeare to us."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Edgermond: "they do imagine that."

"Then I have nothing to say," continued Count d'Erfeuil with a smile of gracious disdain. "Every man may think what he will: but still I persist in believing that it may be affirmed without presumption that we are the first in the dramatic art; and as to the Italians, if I may be allowed to speak frankly, they do not even suspect that there is such a thing as dramatic art. The music of a play is everything with them, and what is spoken, nothing. If the second act of a play has better music than the first, they begin with the second act; if they like two first acts of two different pieces, they play these two acts the same day, and put between the two one act of a prose comedy. . . . The Italians are accustomed to consider the theatre as a great drawing-room, where people listen only to the songs and the ballet. I say rightly, where *they listen to the ballet*, for it is only when that begins that there is silence in the theatre; and this ballet is a masterpiece of bad taste." . . .

"All you say is true," answered Prince Castel-Forte gently: "but you have spoken only of music and dancing; and in no country are those considered dramatic art."

"It is much worse," interrupted Count d'Erfeuil, "when tragedies are represented: more horrors are brought together in five acts than the imagination could conceive. . . . The tragedians are perfectly in harmony with the coldness and extravagance of the plays. They all perform these terrible deeds with the greatest calmness. When an actor becomes excited, they say that he appears like a preacher; for in truth there is much more animation in the pulpit than on the stage. . . . There is no better comedy than tragedy in Italy. . . . The only comic style that really belongs to Italy is the harlequinades: a valet, who is a rascal, a glutton, and a coward, and an old guardian who is a dupe, a miser, and in love,—that's the whole subject of these plays. . . . You will agree that 'Tartuffe' and 'The Misanthrope' imply a little more genius."

This attack from Count d'Erfeuil greatly displeased the Italians who were listening to it, but yet they laughed; and Count d'Erfeuil in conversation liked better to display wit than courtesy. . . . Prince Castel-Forte, and other Italians who were

there, were impatient to refute Count d'Erfeuil, but they thought their cause better defended by Corinne than by any one else; and as the pleasure of shining in conversation scarcely tempted them, they begged Corinne to make reply, and contented themselves with only citing the well-known names of Maffei, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, Monti.

Corinne at once agreed that the Italians had no great body of dramatic works; but she was ready to prove that circumstances and not lack of talent were the cause of this. The play-writing which is based on the observation of society, can exist only in a country where the writer lives habitually in the centre of a populous and brilliant world: in Italy there are only violent passions or lazy enjoyments. . . . But the play-writing that is based on the unreal, that springs from the imagination, and adapts itself to all times as to all countries, was born in Italy.

The observation of the human heart is an inexhaustible source for literature; but the nations who are more inclined to poetry than to reflection give themselves up rather to the intoxication of joy than to philosophic irony. There is something, at bottom, sad in the humor that is based on knowledge of men: true gayety is the gayety of the imagination only. It is not that Italians do not ably study men with whom they have to deal; and they discover more delicately than any others the most secret thoughts: but it is as a method of action that they have this talent, and they are not in the habit of making a literary use of it. . . . One can see in Machiavelli what terrible knowledge of the human heart the Italians are capable of: but from such depths comedy does not spring; and the leisureliness of society, properly so called, can alone teach how to depict men on the comic stage. . . .

The true character of Italian gayety is not derision, it is fancy; it is not the painting of manners, but poetic extravagances. It is Ariosto and not Molière who has the power to amuse Italy. . . . But to know with certainty what comedy and tragedy might attain to in Italy, there is need that there should be somewhere a theatre and actors. The multitude of little cities who all choose to have a theatre, waste by dispersing them the few resources that could be collected. . . .

These different ideas and many others were brilliantly developed by Corinne. She understood extremely well the rapid art of light talk, which insists on nothing; and the business of pleasing, which brings forward each talker in turn. . . .

Mr. Edgermond had so eager a desire to know what she thought about tragedy, that he ventured to speak to her on this subject. "Madam," he said, "what seems to me especially lacking in Italian literature are tragedies: it seems to me there is less difference between children and men than between your tragedies and ours. . . . Is not this true, Lord Nelvil?"

"I think entirely with you," answered Oswald. "Metastasio, who is famed as the poet of love, gives to this passion, in whatever country, in whatever situation he represents it, precisely the same color. . . . It is impossible for us who possess Shakespeare — the poet who has most deeply sounded the history and the passions of man — to endure the two couples of lovers who divide between them almost all the plays of Metastasio. . . . With profound respect for the character of Alfieri, I shall permit myself to make some criticisms on his plays. Their aim is so noble, the sentiments that the author expresses are so in accord with his personal conduct, that his tragedies must always be praised as actions, even when criticized in some respects as literary works. But it seems to me that some of his tragedies have as much monotony of strength as Metastasio has monotony of sweetness." . . .

"My lord," said Corinne, "I am of your opinion almost entirely; but I would offer some exceptions to your observations. It is true that Metastasio is more a lyrical than a dramatic poet. . . . By force of writing amorous verses, there has been created among us a conventional language in this direction; and it is not what the poet has felt, but what he has read, that serves for his inspiration. . . . In general, our literature but little expresses our character and our modes of life. . . .

"Alfieri, by a singular chance, was, so to speak, transplanted from antiquity into modern days: he was born to act, and he was able only to write. . . . He desired to accomplish through literature a political purpose: this purpose was undoubtedly the noblest of all; but no matter: nothing so distorts works of imagination as to have a purpose. . . . Although the French mind and that of Alfieri have not the least analogy, they are alike in this, that both carry their own contours into all the subjects of which they treat."

Count d'Erfeuil, hearing the French mind spoken of, entered again into the conversation. "It would be impossible for us," he said, "to endure on the stage the inconsequences of the Greeks,

or the monstrosities of Shakespeare: the taste of the French is too pure for that. . . . It would be to plunge us into barbarism, to wish to introduce anything foreign among us."

"You would do well, then," said Corinne, smiling, "to surround yourselves with the great wall of China. There are assuredly rare beauties in your tragic authors; perhaps new ones would develop among them if you sometimes permitted to be shown you on the stage something not French, . . . the 'Merope' of Maffei, the 'Saul' of Alfieri, the 'Aristodemo' of Monti, and above all else, the poem of Dante — though he composed no tragedy, it seems to me, capable of giving the idea of what dramatic art in Italy might be." . . .

"When Dante lived," said Oswald, "the Italians played a great political part in Europe and at home. Perhaps it is impossible for you now to have national tragedies. That such works should be produced, it is needful that great circumstances should develop in life the sentiments expressed on the stage." . . .

"It is unfortunately possible that you are right, my lord," answered Corinne; "nevertheless I always hope much for us from the natural intellectual vigor in Italy: . . . but what is especially lacking to us for tragedy are the actors; . . . yet there is no language in which a great actor could show as much talent as in ours." . . .

"If you would convince us of what you say," interrupted Prince Castel-Forte, "you must prove it to us: . . . give us the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you play tragedy." . . .

"Well," she replied, "we will accomplish, if you desire it, the project I have had for a long time, of playing the translation I have made of 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"The 'Romeo and Juliet' of Shakespeare!" cried Mr. Edgermond: "you love Shakespeare!"

"As a friend," she answered; "for he knows all the secrets of grief."

"And you will play it in Italian?" he exclaimed: "ah! how fortunate we shall be to assist at such a spectacle!"

FROM 'ON GERMANY'

Goethe

Goethe might represent the whole body of German literature: not but that there are in it other writers superior to him in some respects, but in himself alone he unites all that distinguishes the German genius; and no one is as remarkable as he for the kind of imagination which the Italians, the English, and the French do not at all possess. . . .

When one succeeds in making Goethe talk he is admirable: his eloquence is rich with thought; his gayety is full of grace and of wisdom; his imagination is excited by external objects as was that of ancient artists; and none the less his reason has only too completely the full development of our own times. Nothing disturbs the strength of his brain; and the irregularities of his very nature—his ill-humor, his embarrassment, his constraint—pass like clouds beneath the summit of the mountain to which his genius has attained. . . .

Goethe has no longer that contagious ardor which was the inspiration of 'Werther'; but the warmth of his thought still suffices to vivify his writings. One feels that he is no longer touched by life,—that he paints it from a distance: he attaches more value now to the pictures he presents to us than to the emotions he himself experiences; time has made of him only a spectator. When he still played an active part in scenes of passion,—when his own heart suffered,—his writings produced a more vivid impression.

As one always believes in the ideal of one's own abilities, Goethe maintains at present that the author should be calm even when he composes a passionate work, and that the artist must preserve his composure if he would act most strongly on the imagination of his readers. Perhaps he would not have held this opinion in his early youth; perhaps then he was possessed by his genius instead of being the master of it; perhaps he felt then that since what is sublime and what is divine exist but momentarily in the heart of man, the poet is inferior to the inspiration that animates him, and that he cannot criticize it without destroying it.

In first seeing him, one is astonished in finding something of coldness and of stiffness in the author of 'Werther'; but when he

has graciously become at ease, the play of his imagination completely does away with the previous constraint. The intelligence of this man is universal, and impartial because it is universal: for there is no indifference in his impartiality. He is a double existence, a double power, a double light, which illuminates both sides of a subject simultaneously. When thinking, nothing bars his way,—neither his times, nor his forms of life, nor his personal relations: his eagle's-glance falls straight on the objects he observes. Had he had a political career, had his soul been developed by action, his character would be more decided, more firm, more patriotic; but his mind would not so freely float through the air over different points of view: passions or interests would have traced for him a definite path.

Goethe takes pleasure, in his writings and in conversation also, in breaking threads he has himself spun, in deriding emotions he has excited, in casting down statues of which he has pointed out the beauties. . . . Were he not estimable, fear would be inspired by this lofty superiority, which degrades and then exalts, is now tender and now ironical, which alternately affirms and doubts, and all with equal success.

NAPOLEON

From 'Considerations on the French Revolution'

General Bonaparte made himself as conspicuous by his character and his intellect as by his victories; and the imagination of the French began to be touched by him [1797]. His proclamations to the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics were talked of. . . . A tone of moderation and of dignity pervaded his style, which contrasted with the revolutionary harshness of the civil rulers of France. The warrior spoke in those days like a lawgiver, while the lawgivers expressed themselves with soldier-like violence. General Bonaparte had not executed in his army the decrees against the émigrés. It was said that he loved his wife, whose character is full of sweetness; it was asserted that he felt the beauties of Ossian; it was a pleasure to attribute to him all the generous qualities that form a noble background for extraordinary abilities. . . .

Such at least was my own mood when I saw him for the first time in Paris. I could find no words with which to reply to

him when he came to me to tell me that he had tried to visit my father at Coppet, and that he was sorry to have passed through Switzerland without seeing him. But when I had somewhat recovered from the agitation of admiration, it was followed by a feeling of very marked fear. Bonaparte then had no power: he was thought even to be more or less in danger from the vague suspiciousness of the Directory; so that the fear he inspired was caused only by the singular effect of his personality upon almost every one who had intercourse with him. I had seen men worthy of high respect; I had also seen ferocious men: there was nothing in the impression Bonaparte produced upon me which could remind me of men of either type. I soon perceived, on the different occasions when I met him during his stay in Paris, that his character could not be defined by the words we are accustomed to make use of: he was neither kindly nor violent, neither gentle nor cruel, after the fashion of other men. Such a being, so unlike others, could neither excite nor feel sympathy: he was more or less than man. His bearing, his mind, his language, have the marks of a foreigner's nature,—an advantage the more in subjugating Frenchmen. . . .

Far from being reassured by seeing Bonaparte often, he always intimidated me more and more. I felt vaguely that no emotional feeling could influence him. He regards a human creature as a fact or a thing, but not as an existence like his own. He feels no more hate than love. For him there is no one but himself: all other creatures are mere ciphers. The force of his will consists in the imperturbable calculations of his egotism: he is an able chess-player whose opponent is all humankind, whom he intends to checkmate. His success is due as much to the qualities he lacks as to the talents he possesses. Neither pity, nor sympathy, nor religion, nor attachment to any idea whatsoever, would have power to turn him from his path. He has the same devotion to his own interests that a good man has to virtue: if the object were noble, his persistency would be admirable.

Every time that I heard him talk, I was struck by his superiority; it was of a kind, however, that had no relation to that of men instructed and cultivated by study, or by society, such as England and France possess examples of. But his conversation indicated that quick perception of circumstances the hunter has in pursuing his prey. Sometimes he related the political and

military events of his life in a very interesting manner; he had even, in narratives that admitted gayety, a touch of Italian imagination. Nothing, however, could conquer my invincible alienation from what I perceived in him. I saw in his soul a cold and cutting sword, which froze while wounding; I saw in his mind a profound irony, from which nothing fine or noble could escape, not even his own glory: for he despised the nation whose suffrages he desired; and no spark of enthusiasm mingled with his craving to astonish the human race. . . .

His face, thin and pale at that time, was very agreeable: since then he has gained flesh,—which does not become him; for one needs to believe such a man to be tormented by his own character, at all to tolerate the sufferings this character causes others. As his stature is short, and yet his waist very long, he appeared to much greater advantage on horseback than on foot; in all ways it is war, and war only, he is fitted for. His manner in society is constrained without being timid; it is disdainful when he is on his guard, and vulgar when he is at ease; his air of disdain suits him best, and so he is not sparing in the use of it. . . . He took pleasure already in the art of embarrassing people by saying disagreeable things: an art which he has since made a system of, as of all other methods of subjugating men by degrading them.

NECKER

From 'Considerations on the French Revolution'

It is now twelve years since death separated me from my father, and every day my admiration for him has increased: the remembrance that I preserve of his mind and of his virtues serves me as a point of comparison to appreciate the worth of other men; and although I have traveled through the whole of Europe, no genius of such quality, no moral nature of such strength, has been made known to me. M. Necker might be weak from kindness, uncertain because of reflection: but when he believed duty to be involved in a determination, it seemed to him he heard the voice of God; and he listened only to that, whatever efforts might be made to affect him. I have more confidence to-day in the lightest of his words than I should have in any living person however admirable; all M. Necker has said

to me is fixed as a rock in me. All that I have gained by myself may disappear; the identity of my being is in the attachment that I retain to his memory. I have loved those whom I love no more; I have esteemed those whom I esteem no more; the flood of life has swept all in its current, save this great figure, which I see on the mountain-top pointing me the life to come.

I owe no true gratitude on this earth but to God and my father: all my days had been days of struggle had not his benediction rested on them. But how much he suffered! The most brilliant prosperity had marked the first half of his life: he had become rich; he had been made first minister of France; the boundless attachment of the French nation had rewarded him for his devotion to it; during the seven years of his first retirement, his works had been placed in the first rank of those of statesmen: and perhaps he was the only man who had shown himself skilled in the art of administering a great country without ever departing from the most scrupulous morality, and even from the purest delicacy. As a religious writer he never ceased to be philosophical; as a philosophic writer he never ceased to be religious: eloquence never carried him beyond reason, and reason never deprived him of a single true impulse of eloquence. To these great advantages was united the most flattering success in society. . . .

Alas! who could have foreseen that so much admiration would be followed by so much injustice; that he who had loved France with almost too great a predilection would be reproached with having the sentiments of a foreigner; that by one party he would be called the author of the Revolution because he respected the rights of the nation, and that the leaders of this nation would accuse him of having desired to sacrifice it to the support of the monarchy? Thus, in other times, I please myself with thinking the Chancelier de l'Hospital was threatened by the Catholics and Protestants alternately; that Sully would have been seen to succumb under party hatreds, had not the firmness of his master sustained him. But neither of these two statesmen had that imagination of the heart which makes a man open to all kinds of suffering. M. Necker was calm before God, calm in the presence of death; because conscience alone speaks at that moment. But when the interests of this world still occupied him, there was not a reproach that did not wound him, not an enemy whose malevolence did not reach him, not a day in which he did not twenty

times question himself: sometimes blaming himself for ills that he had not been able to prevent; sometimes going back behind events, and weighing anew the different determinations he might have made. The purest enjoyments of life were poisoned for him by the unheard-of persecutions of party spirit. This party spirit showed itself even in the manner in which émigrés in the time of their need addressed themselves to him to ask help. Many of them writing to him for this purpose, excused themselves for not going to see him, on the plea that the most important personages of their party had forbidden their doing so; they judged truly at least of the generosity of M. Necker, when they believed that this submission to the violence of their leaders would not deter him from being of use to them. . . .

After years so full of grief, so full of virtue, the power of loving seemed to increase in my father at the age when it diminishes in other men; and everything about him declared, when life ended, his return to heaven.

PERSECUTIONS BY NAPOLEON

From 'Ten Years of Exile'

In the month of March, 1811, a new Prefect [of Geneva] arrived from Paris. He was a man peculiarly adapted to the conditions of the time; that is to say, possessing a great knowledge of facts, and no principles with regard to rule, . . . and placing his conscience in devotion to power. The first time that I saw him he said to me immediately that a talent like mine was made to celebrate the Emperor,—that he was a subject worthy of the kind of enthusiasm that I had shown in 'Corinne.' I answered him, that persecuted as I had been by the Emperor, any praise on my part addressed to him would have the air of a petition; and that I was persuaded that the Emperor himself would find my eulogiums absurd in such conditions. He opposed this opinion vehemently; he came again several times to see me, to beg me (for the sake of my interests, he said) to write something for the Emperor. Were it not more than four pages, that would suffice, he assured me, to put an end to all my troubles.

And what he said to me he repeated to all my acquaintances. At last one day he came proposing that I should sing the birth of the King of Rome. I answered him, with laughter, that I had no thought to express on this subject beyond my wishes that his nurse might be a good one. This jest put an end to the prefect's negotiations with me, as to the necessity that I should write something in favor of the government.

A short time after, the physicians ordered my youngest son the baths of Aix in Savoy, twenty miles from Coppet. . . . Scarcely had I been there ten days, when a courier from the prefect of Geneva brought me orders to return home. The prefect of Mont Blanc where I was [*i. e.*, in whose prefecture she was], also was afraid, he said, that I might set off from Aix to go to England, to write against the Emperor; and although London was not very near Aix in Savoy, he sent his gendarmes over the road to forbid my being provided with post-horses. I am ready to laugh now at all this prefectorial activity directed against such an insignificant object as myself; but then I was ready to die at the sight of a gendarme. I was always fearing that from so rigorous an exile the next step might easily be a prison, more terrible to me than death. I knew that once arrested, once this scandal dared, the Emperor would permit no word to be spoken for me, had any one had the courage to attempt it,—a courage scarcely probable in his court, where terror reigns every moment of the day, and about every detail of life.

I returned to Geneva; and the prefect informed me that not only he forbade me to go under any pretext into the countries adjoining France, but that he advised me not to travel in Switzerland, and never to venture more than two leagues in any direction from Coppet. I observed to him that having my domicile in Switzerland, I did not well understand by what right a French authority could forbid my traveling in a foreign country. He thought me, undoubtedly, rather a simpleton to discuss in those days a question of right; and he repeated his advice, which was singularly akin to an order. I held to my remonstrance; but the next day I learned that one of the most distinguished men of letters of Germany, M. Schlegel, who for eight years had been good enough to take charge of the education of my sons, had just received the order not only to leave Geneva, but also

Coppet. I was desirous to represent once more that in Switzerland the prefect of Geneva could give no orders [Geneva was then under French rule]: but I was told that if I liked better that this order should come from the French ambassador, I could so have it: that this ambassador would address himself to the landamman, and the landamman to the canton de Vaud, and the authorities of the canton would turn M. Schlegel out of my house. By forcing despotism to take this roundabout way, I should have gained ten days; but nothing more. I asked to know why I was deprived of the society of M. Schlegel, my friend, and that of my children. The prefect — who was accustomed, like most of the Emperor's agents, to connect very gentle phrases with very harsh acts — told me that it was from consideration for me that the government removed from my house M. Schlegel, who made me unpatriotic. Truly touched by this paternal care on the part of the government, I inquired what M. Schlegel had done inimical to France: the prefect spoke of his literary opinions, and among other things, of a brochure by him, in which, comparing the 'Phædra' of Euripides to that of Racine, he gave the preference to the former. It showed much delicate feeling in a monarch of Corsican birth, to take sides in this manner about the finer details of French literature. But the truth was, M. Schlegel was exiled because he was my friend, because his conversation animated my solitude; the system was beginning to be worked that was to manifest itself more clearly, of making for me a prison of my soul, by depriving me of all the enjoyments of society and of friendship.

ROME ANCIENT AND MODERN

From 'Corinne'

One of the most singular churches in Rome is St. Paul's: its exterior is that of an ill-built barn; yet it is bedecked within by eighty pillars of such exquisite material and proportion that they are believed to have been transported from an Athenian temple described by Pausanias. If Cicero said in his day, "We are surrounded by vestiges of history," what would he say now? Columns, statues, and pictures are so prodigally crowded in the churches of modern Rome, that in St. Agnes's, bas-reliefs turned face downward serve to pave a staircase; no

one troubling himself to ascertain what they might represent. How astonishing a spectacle was ancient Rome, had its treasures been left where they were found! The immortal city would be still before us nearly as it was of yore; but could the men of our day dare to enter it? The palaces of the Roman lords are vast in the extreme, and often display much architectural grace; but their interiors are rarely arranged in good taste. They have none of those elegant apartments invented elsewhere for the perfect enjoyment of social life. Superb galleries, hung with the chefs-d'œuvre of the tenth Leo's age, are abandoned to the gaze of strangers by their lazy proprietors, who retire to their own obscure little chambers, dead to the pomp of their ancestors, as were *they* to the austere virtues of the Roman republic. The country-houses give one a still greater idea of solitude, and of their owners' carelessness amid the loveliest scenes of nature. One walks immense gardens, doubting if they have a master; the grass grows in every path, yet in these very alleys are the trees cut into shapes, after the fantastic mode that once reigned in France. Strange inconsistency — this neglect of essentials and affectation in what is useless! Most Italian towns, indeed, surprise us with this mania, in a people who have constantly beneath their eyes such models of noble simplicity. They prefer glitter to convenience; and in every way betray the advantages and disadvantages of not habitually mixing with society. Their luxury is rather that of fancy than of comfort. Isolated among themselves, they dread not that spirit of ridicule, which in truth seldom penetrates the interior of Roman abodes. Contrasting this with what they appear from without, one might say that they were rather built to dazzle the peasantry than for the reception of friends.

Translation of Isabel Hill.

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